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VOL. XIX.—NO. 39. BOSTON, TUESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 29, 1891. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

BUSINESS MATTERS.

General Prosperity Noted in Country's Trade Circles.

Deacon White's Failure—Grape Disease and Market Inspection.

Harvest Reports, Domestic and Foreign—Weather Notes.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: The reports from all quarters indicate a continuance of the general improvement in trade.

At Boston business is good, with more activity and a firm feeling in boots and shoes, more buying of leather, wool firm, with sales of 3,287,000 pounds, dry goods in better demand and quite active, and lumber quiet.

At Chicago the week was one of the largest on record on cattle receipts, which were over 95,000 head, and while some increase appears in flour, oats and corn, dressed beef hides and wool, receipts of wheat and rye were nine times last year's, though in barley, cured meats, lard, cheese and butter there was some decrease. Sales of dry goods, clothing and shoes exceed last year's, and while collections are not quite satisfactory, there is some improvement.

At Milwaukee the hot weather which secures corn and tobacco, retards trade in woollens, but general business is good.

At Minneapolis trade is especially brisk in flour, the output being 180,000 barrels, against 160,000 last year, and wheat receipts 1,800,000 bushels, against 1,000,000 last year, while lumber is strong and higher prices contemplated.

Reports as to money market are generally favorable. The great industries are doing well. There is a distinctly better demand for iron, without advance in price. More inquiry is seen for rails, 20,000 tons being sold here; a stronger demand for bar, moderate activity in plate, and structural mills fairly employed.

Copper is stronger on large consumption, distribution of tin is larger, and lead is stronger.

Steady sales of wool give proof of consumption equal to last year's, though in dress goods larger, desirable fabrics being sold beyond the capacity of many mills, and the better grades of worsteds, all-wool cassimeres and heavy cheviots selling well, with unprecedented demand for good white flannels, while the medium "veneered" and cotton warp goods and the cheaper flannels are no longer wanted.

It is a notable evidence of growing prosperity that the demand thus changes from inferior to better goods.

In cotton goods the buying is larger than for years in many lines.

THE DEACON DOWNED.

S. V. White Badly Squeezed in the Chicago Corn Pit.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—Wall st. was today the scene of the biggest sensation it has witnessed in many months.

The suspense was at its height when the chairman announced that S. V. White & Co. of 36 Wall st. had made an assignment.

The cause of this assignment as given out by Hon. S. V. White, is a corner in the corn deal.

Mr. E. C. Stedman said:

"This trouble is due entirely to the great decline in corn. For two or three months past the firm has been very long of corn contracts in the September option.

"The good weather has produced such heavy crops that there was more corn in the country than was probably known.

"No assignment has as yet been made, but one is in process of making. I do not know who the assignee will be.

The liabilities or the assets are not known, but the former are supposed to be about $2,000,000.

A number of firms who were borrowing stocks from S. V. White & Co. received notice from the firm before the opening of business today to sell these shares.

There has undoubtedly been more old corn in the country than any one has supposed.

Deacon White started out as a farmer's boy in the South and Illinois. He was next a school teacher, then an editor of a country weekly and finally a lawyer.

While practising the law, as he tells the story himself, he observed men making a great deal of money in Wall st. He concluded that he could do likewise, and tried it.

It was in 1865 that Mr. White decided to turn his attention from the law to become a banker and broker, and became one of the firm of Marvin & White, in Wall st.

Mr. White made his greatest reputation upon the "street" in connection with the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western stock in March, 1884.

He is reputed to have cleared at least $1,000,000 by the operation.

A number of other achievements in the stock exchange have established Mr. White's reputation as an able and successful financier.

Deacon White is one of the most approachable men in Wall st., as he is also considered one of the most honorable speculators. He is likewise a very charitable man. He gives away yearly large sums of money of which the public knows nothing.

"Any one who knows S. V. White knows that he will resume," is the common saying.

WEATHER IN BLASTS.

Forecasts to be Given to Farmers by Steam Whistles.

The United States weather bureau will in the future telegraph to a limited number of mills, foundries, etc., in the agricultural section where flags cannot be displayed to advantage, the weather reports, and they will be indicated to the farmers by means of whistles. The explanation of the signal system is as follows:

One long blast indicates fair weather.

Two long blasts indicate rain or snow.

Three long blasts indicate local rains.

One short blast indicates lower temperature.

Two short blasts indicate higher temperature.

Three short blasts indicate cold wave.

Previous to the above signals a warning signal will be sounded. The local press will announce the arrangements made in different sections to the country.

All applications for forecasts should be sent to the director, New England Meteorological Society, Cambridge, Mass.

GRAPE DISEASE PREVALENT.

Copper Used to Brighten up Fruit—Boston Inspection.

Boston was considerably disturbed this morning to read in the papers that the grape crop generally was diseased, and more than this, that those now being offered on the market had been sprinkled with a poisonous solution of copper.

As a guarantee of this report it was also published that several New York dealers had been raided and their stock of grapes seized.

Dr. Durgin of the board of health was this morning interviewed on the subject by a GLOBE reporter.

That official said:

"We have had the report from New York and consider it sufficient to warrant an investigation on our part.

"We first heard of it yesterday afternoon, and at once visited a large number of places where grapes are sold.

"We found nothing whatever to excite our suspicions.

"All the grapes we could find were looking clean and pure. But we shall continue our search for several days."

"Phylloxera," Dr. Durgin said, "is simply an insect at work on the fruit, leaving a mark closely resembling what might be called rust. This kills the fruit, but is not, so far as I know, particularly injurious to the person eating it.

"Fruit thus affected, however, can be sold only at a nominal sum.

"It is the preparation of copper, however, which is splendid on the grapes as a preventative of this disease, that is hurtful, and that is what we are looking for."

A well-known wholesale dealer in fruits writes THE GLOBE as follows:

To the Editor of The Globe:

In this morning's issue of your paper I read the news from New York that the board of health had gone around among the grape dealers, confiscating and destroying grapes that had been sprinkled with some preparation of copper.

As the report does not make any exception as to the locality wherein the grapes are grown, I think it does an injustice, not only to growers, but also to the receivers in this city as well as New York.

I think that the preparation is used only among the grape growers on the Hudson river, and it is the same that they have been using for the last three or four years.

After a long interview with one of the large growers last season, and being informed of the manner in which it was used, I became convinced that the preparation was harmless and have never heard of a case where it has caused any bad effects.

The majority of the grapes sold in this market are raised in the vineyards in the lake sections of western New York and Ohio, but I have never heard of a single instance of the preparation referred to being used in either western New York or Ohio. Therefore I deem it but an act of justice that the public should know the facts. P. FRANK HENNIGAN.

TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION.

Forest Fires Burn Hundreds of Cattle and Many Farms.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 25.—A. Westby, who has large contracts for government surveying, came in last night from the upper Mississippi by way of the Duluth road, and reports terrible devastation along the line.

He says hundreds of cattle are burned, and many homesteads are destroyed.

The train on which he came down stopped at one place and took in 17 men, women and children, settlers, who barely escaped with their lives.

Unless heavy rains fall at once, all the little villages and homesteads along the St. Paul & Duluth road for 60 miles will be burned.

There is no doubt that many lives were lost and expensive logging outfits were burned. The country along the lake division of eastern Minnesota, particularly south of Hinckley, is suffering heavily. The country is sparsely settled generally, but the railroad company has large forces of men at various points at work in an effort to save their property and check the flames.

The colony of the Mille Lacs Lumber Company at Milacca has been fighting fire for two days, and still the danger is not averted.

Oak Park, on the St. Cloud and Hinckley branch of the Great Northern, is reported in great danger, and it will be miraculous if it escapes destruction.

CANADA AND CUBA.

Great Britain to Save the Dominion's Trade with the Spanish Colony.

OTTAWA, Ont., Sept. 23.—The correspondence on the subject of the treaty recently concluded between the United States and Cuba is published.

On Aug. 1 Sir Charles Tupper wrote to the under secretary of state for the colonies as to the Canadian position respecting the temporary treaty with Cuba.

On the following day he addressed the same official, concluding as follows:

"I shall be much obliged if Lord Knutsford will move the foreign office to cause an inquiry to be addressed to the Spanish authorities in the sense indicated, and to request her majesty's minister at Madrid to call the attention of the Spanish government to the assurance given by Senor Morel that "under no circumstances would British and colonial trade be placed at any disadvantage as compared with that of the United States with the Spanish Antilles.

"That assurance is contained in a letter from Sir Clare Ford to the late earl of Iddesleigh, dated Aug. 19, 1886, which accompanied another letter to me."

In a later communication, dated Aug. 20, 1891, to the under secretary of state for the colonies, Sir Charles Tupper gives the result of an interview with Sir Clare Ford.

The Canadian high commissioner, referring to Sir Clare, writes:

"He says that there can be no possible doubt, and that he has been assured that Great Britain and the colonies will enjoy the concession given to the United States until the expiration of the Anglo-Spanish treaty in June next, and he is also of opinion that it would be premature to press Spain in reference to future arrangements, pending the final settlement of the French tariff."

Sir Charles adds:

"I have received the following telegram from the Canadian deputy minister of finance: 'Urge foreign office to obtain Spanish assent to our view of treaty immediately. Trade with Spanish islands seriously threatened.'"

"From the tone of this message it appears to be obvious that Cuba is refusing to admit Canadian products on the terms stipulated in the treaty with Great Britain, and a serious derangement of Canada's trade would necessarily result from such a course.

"I trust that Lord Knutsford will move the foreign office to take such measures as will promptly avert the consequences of such action on the part of the Spanish government."

GOLD FROM EUROPE.

British Authority Predicts Grave Evils for United States Silver Legislation.

In an interview with Robert Giffen, head of the commercial department and comptroller of corn returns of the British board of trade, he was asked what truth there was in the calculation that England and the continent would be forced to part with gold amounting to £60,000,000 to pay for the imports of American grain.

Mr. Giffen ridiculed the estimate. He said that before £10,000,000 in bullion was sent to America, both the Bank of England and the Bank of France would raise their rates of discount and check the drain.

According to Mr. Giffen, not bullion, but securities and exports will go to America to pay for grain. Undoubtedly, he said, there would be a heavy drain of gold for several months to come, but the payments for grain were not the sole cause of such drain.

An important factor in the financial situation was the silver question.

Stable American houses, he declared, were making preparations to face a silver crisis, which is now inevitable, by making gold purchases in Europe.

When asked if such a crisis was inevitable, Mr. Giffen replied:

"In my opinion it is impossible to avert it. The United States has become overloaded with paper currency.

"The issue of silver certificates to the amount of £12,000,000 sterling annually was a gross legislative mistake, and is bound to bring a crash speedily."

In response to an inquiry as to how soon the crash he predicted could be looked for, Mr. Giffen said: "February will probably realize the worst of the position. I do not see how grave trouble can be averted by remedial legislation. There is hardly time to avert it even if the two parties in Congress could agree upon the means."

NO CORN IN THE COUNTRY.

It is Tied up in the S. V. White Failure Says Chicago Paper.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 26.—The News says: There is no corn in the country. The great bulk of the visible supply is tied up in the S. V. White & Co. failure. Had that one broker added 500,000 bushels more to his 7,000,000 bushels of cash corn actually paid for, he would have practically owned the visible supply of corn of the United States and Canada, and could have set his own price on it.

The cash necessary to have made that purchase possible would have been less than $255,000. The amount he had invested in the cash article was $4,200,000. To have cornered corn would have taken not over $4,500,000. The visible supply at Canadian ports at the time of the break was less than 50,000 bushels.

To make the situation more striking, it is now cropping out that Chicago shipping firms, generally carrying from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 bushels of corn at this time of year, are almost entirely out. When the market broke, Eastern dealers and jobbers, in anticipation of the failure of the corner, had refused to stock up, waiting for the large holdings to be thrown on the market.

This has not been done as they expected, and they have but little grain with which to fill their orders from abroad. To make good this deficit it is estimated that it will take the greatest part of the Chicago stock; that, consequently, only a small amount will be applicable on October contracts or for export from this port.

One board of trade firm declared that from 100 houses in the principal towns throughout the country they were unable to buy a carload of corn, all told, yesterday. Other firms find the same difficulty, and account for the ¾ cent advance on both September and October corn on that score.

Local industries, such as starch factories, hominy mills, distilleries, glucose works and kindred manufacturers in Illinois and Indiana are coming to Chicago to buy cash corn, which they usually purchase from country points.

WEATHER CROP BULLETIN.

Rain Much Needed Over the Country—Hottest Weather Known.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 26.—Today's weather crop bulletin issued by the Department of Agriculture contains the following:

Over the region east of the Rocky mountains the week has been warmer than the corresponding week of any previous year of which there is a record in this office. This abnormal condition of the temperature applies especially to the central valleys and lake region, where the average daily temperature was from 12° to 20° above the normal. It was from 6° to 10° above the normal over the greater portion of the cotton region and in New England and the middle Atlantic States.

This unusually high temperature, with continuous clear weather, has practically forced the corn crop to maturity, and this large crop is practically safe from injury from frost. The weather conditions were unfavorable for fall farm work, owing to the continued drought and dryness of the soil in the winter wheat region.

This week was unusually dry throughout all agricultural regions east of the Mississippi, and generally over the lower Missouri and upper Mississippi valleys.

Drought conditions continue in New England and along the Atlantic coast, and the reduced rainfall has not only retarded farm work, but reduced the water supply in many places, and this has resulted in the suspension of the operations of numerous mills and factories which are operated by water power.

The hot, dry weather in New England has hastened the ripening of crops, and harvesting is well under way. Cranberries are excellent and grapes good. Rain is needed; springs, streams and pastures drying up, and the ground is too dry for fall seeding.

NOW IT'S SAN DOMINGO.

Gives the Best Trade Privileges to the United States.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 26.—For several years the Dominican republic has been maintaining in its tariff a free list of articles for the special encouragement of its agricultural industries. By the terms of its recent reciprocity arrangement with the United States this free list was to be abolished for all countries except the United States when the reciprocity treaty went into effect. In accordance with this agreement the President of San Domingo, under date of Aug. 8, has published a decree abolishing this free list and restoring all the articles named in it to the rate of duties fixed in a general tariff, which has an average of 60 per cent. ad valorem. By this action the reciprocity treaty is greatly increased in value for the United States.

The articles on this free list embraced, among others, all classes of machinery, tools and implements for the development of agricultural and industrial establishments; tallow and oil for machinery; guano and manures; zinc and galvanized iron; cooperage; sacks for sugar; railroad material and equipment; barbed wire and coal.

In addition there was a list of articles admitted at a duty of 10 per cent. ad valorem, which has also been increased to the full tariff rates, embracing wood and lumber of all kinds; shingles, tiles, slate and all other materials for roofing; bricks, flagstones, cement; iron, steel and copper, in sheets or bars; nails and screws; tubing of iron, copper or lead; cordage, wagons, carts, wheelbarrows.

BEAN YIELD VERY COPIOUS.

New York Weekly Weather Bulletin Shows Crops in Good Shape.

ITHACA, N. Y., Sept. 28.—The weekly bulletin of the New York State weather bureau says:

The warm, bright weather of the past week matured corn and buckwheat much more rapidly than was expected, and has placed the greater part of these crops out of danger from frost throughout the State.

Corn is being harvested in all sections, and even late pieces will be fully matured in a few days should warm weather continue.

A large amount of buckwheat has been cut, and the remainder of the crop is nearly ready for harvesting.

Both crops will give more than an average yield for the State.

Potatoes have generally been gathered in the lower Hudson valley and the warmer southern localities, and in other sections digging progresses rapidly.

Dry, bright weather has checked the rotting of this crop, excepting a few of the southern and western counties.

Nearly all of the large tobacco crop has been secured in excellent condition.

The yield of beans is larger than was expected.

Much of this crop has already been secured, and the remainder is generally beyond injury from frost.

Seeding is well advanced for the season, and early planted grains are in most cases growing well, although rain begins to be needed generally.

This is especially the case in the southeastern counties, where a drought once more prevails.

The Hop Market.

The New York hop market shows some gain in tone, but prices are hardly on a level with those reported from primary markets. Yearlings are in moderate demand, with prices firm on fine stock. Olds neglected. It is estimated that the crops in Schoharie county will be at least a third larger than last year. The damage by lice will make Oregon crops short 10,000 bales. The yield is a little larger and the crops of better quality, but hops are not keeping well, says the Waterville Times. Some have spoiled. One lot of 900 sold at 16c, others at 13@14c. Thirteen cents seems to be the limit on new hops.

The crop in Otsego county will about equal that of last year. Dealers have bought several hundred bales of new growth at 11@14c, and are said to be contracting to brewers at 15c. The harvest will be finished this week, and the yield will be somewhat in excess of last year, but the quality is uneven. Market is weak. Offers are made of 12c. for new crop, but growers do not care to sell; hops are not coming from the kiln looking as well as expected. It will surprise no one who is posted in hop matters if California turns out less than 90,000 bales. Dealers freely offer 10c on any grade, and up to 13c for choice.

Domestic receipts for the past week, 1355 bales; corresponding week last year, 2586 bales; since September, 1891, 3188 bales; same time last year, 6818 bales. Exports to Europe, 646 bales; corresponding week last year, 340 bales; since September, 1891, 2580 bales; same time last year, 1776 bales. Imports from Europe, 9 bales; since September, 1890, 9 bales; same time last year, 1 bale.

New York State crop, '91, choice, 15@16c; do. do. fair to prime, 13@14c; do., '90, choice, 15@16c.; do. do., good to prime, 13@14c; do. do., poor to fair, 12@13c.; do. do., old olds, 4@6c. Pacific coast, crop of 1891, choice, 15@16c; do. do., good to prime, 14@15c.; do. do., poor to fair, 12@13c.; Californias, old olds, 4@6c; Bavarian, 30@32c; Bohemian, 32@34c.; Altmark, etc., 28c.

Tobacco Reports.

The records of the Connecticut valley show very fair prospects. Tobacco is curing fast, and is probably out of the way of pole sweat. The crop is very clean and nearly cured without damage. Buyers are busy all through the valley. Southampton, Sept. 19: "The farmers have not been anxious to sell the crop until it is ready. One lot of first-class goods has been sold at 27 cents, assorted." At Somers, Conn.: "Three lots were sold at 18@21 cents in the bundle. Tobacco is free from pole sweat."

The New York market is reported by the brokers as "quieter," which is quite probable, yet the Leaf gives some 2800 cases as changing hands over and above those reported by the brokers. The Tobacco Leaf says: "The market continues strong in town, yet the sales show a falling off as compared with former weeks. The same preference continues to be shown in a marked degree for Eastern tobacco. Brokers report sales of 650 cases of New York State Havana at 15½@20c; 527 cases of Pennsylvania Havana at 11@14½c, for binders at 27@50c; 150 cases of Pennsylvania seed at 13½@16c; 258 cases of New England seed at 18½@25c; 575 cases of New England Havana seconds at 17@20c, wrappers 30@55c; 200 cases of Little Dutch at 12½@15c.

Crop Notes.

The grain yield in Aroostook county, Me., this fall, surpasses that of any previous harvest. Thus far there have been but two frosts in the county. It is thought that the potato crop in Aroostook will not be more than one-half as large as the crop of 1890, which was the best year for the crop since the industry started. In North Lincoln, in Penobscot county, potatoes are rotting badly.

Windham county, Conn., farmers will this year gather one of the largest crops ever known in that region.

Reports received by the minister of agriculture indicate that the wheat crop of Italy will be very great this year. Returns from 49 provinces show a crop of 45,000,000 hectolitres, while last year the crop of all Italy was only 48,000,000. It is certain that the other 20 provinces have produced enough, if not more than enough, to bring the total to the amount of 1890.

Easy Enough.

[Brooklyn Life.]

"Do you believe monkeys talk?"

"No. They chatter."

"But they seem to understand each other."

"Oh, well! What of it? So do dudes."

POLITICS AND POLITICIANS.

McKinley Tinplate Deceptive and Poisonous.

Challenges to Debate in Massachusetts—Nebraska Republicans.

Connecticut's Election Muddle—Other Matters of Interest.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 27.—The St. Louis Republican prints an exposure of the tinplate fraud practised in the Ohio campaign. Regis, Chauvenet & Bro., the leading analytical chemists of St. Louis, at the request of the editor of the Republic, made an analysis of one of the so-called American tin medals, and made the following report:

We have made a qualitative analysis of the medal sent us, and find results as follows: The medal is a circular piece of metal stamped with the inscription: "McKinley and Protection. Made of Ohio steel and California tin. Piqua, 1891." The composition of the medal is wrought-iron plate of a rather inferior grade, covered with a very thin coating of tin and lead alloy, in which the lead largely predominates. There is certainly no steel in its composition, and we doubt very much the source claimed for the tin.

These are the medals manufactured from the alleged tin plate made in Maj. McKinley's presence at Piqua, O., and which the makers have confessed was not tin.

One of the medals came into the possession of the Republic, and, experience with the Messrs. Niedringhaus of this city having caused doubt as to any of the assertions of McKinley protected manufacturers regarding American tin plate, it was decided to have a chemical analysis made. The result is a complete contradiction of the claims of tin-plate manufactures.

Had the deception of the tin-plate manufacturers been made merely for political purposes, little damage would be done as compared with the injurious effects which will follow when the bogus tin is placed on the market commercially. Every user of articles manufactured from this "American tin plate" might be the victim of lead poisoning. The workingman would carry death in his dinner pail if the pail was made of the bogus American tin. Every school child would sip death from the tin dippers, while the housewife would find death in cans of fruit which she had carefully put up this summer. No class of people would escape the slow and insidious grasp of the poison. Even large industries, such as the best canneries and canned beef manufacturers, would be ruined by the fear of the public to use articles canned in American tin plate.

With a view of ascertaining the character of lead poisoning, and the danger to people using the bogus tin plate, in which the coating is "a tin and lead alloy," in which the lead largely predominates, a Republic representative called upon Prof. Charles Luedeking, who occupies the chair of chemistry at Washington University. Prof. Luedeking is recognized among scientific men as one of the highest authorities in the United States upon poisoning. One of the medals was handed to him for his examination, and without any explanation of the result of the analysis made by the Messrs. Chauvenet.

"There is something peculiar about this," he said. "This don't look like tin. It has a bluish cast, whereas tin is invariably of a pure white."

An explanation was made, and Prof. Luedeking was asked the probability of "tin plate" of this character creating wholesale poisoning.

"That would be the result," said he, "when this tin plate enters into commercial use. Lead poisoning is by far the most insiduous with which the medical fraternity has to contend. The poison is slow in manifesting itself, and before the physician can ascertain the true cause of the illness the patient is frequently beyond the hope of recovery. Paralysis seems to be the favorite form the poison takes, although in some instances it causes rotting of the bones. The lead is absorbed into the system slowly. It is for this reason lead poisoning from food or drink is mainly due. The cooking of food in iron vessels coated with lead, or an alloy containing lead, or the carrying or preservation of cooked food in vessels of the same character, is extremely dangerous."

Growing somewhat enthused over his subject, the professor painted the horrors of lead poisoning in vivid colors, and the danger, as he described it, from using this bogus tin, is certainly very great.

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED,

But Terms of Debate Cause the Contest to Hang Fire.

Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, in his speech at the Republican State convention, expressed the willingness of Republicans to discuss with the Democrats their management of State affairs, and the Democrats now ask him personally to enter into just such a discussion with Hon. John E. Russell.

The challenge follows, and is self-explanatory. It reads:

DEMOCRATIC STATE COMMITTEE OF MASSACHUSETTS, BOSTON, Sept. 25, 1891.

Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, Nahant, Mass.:

DEAR SIR—You have probably read in the press the invitation extended by the Democratic State committee to the Republican State committee to join in arranging for a series of meetings for the purpose of a joint discussion between Gov. Russell and Hon. Charles H. Allen, and you have doubtless also seen the brief reply of the Republican committee declining this invitation.

In our letter transmitting the proposition, we stated that we based some hope of its acceptance not only upon the apparent confidence in the Republican party in the aggressive character of its candidate for governor, but upon the fact that the chairman of the late Republican convention had proclaimed the willingness of his party to enter into a political discussion.

According to the report in the Boston Journal of your speech at Hyde Park, on Sept. 17, you stated: "We are ready to discuss with the Democrats their management of State affairs . . . We are ready to meet them on any stump, on any platform, on any subject."

Your position as one of the foremost leaders of the Republican party in this State, and your standing in the community, forbid the supposition that this utterance was intended as empty braggadocio. We regret that the Republican State committee has refused to make good your words, and that it seems to lack sufficient confidence in its candidate for governor to allow him to meet Gov. Russell on the platform in joint discussion.

The only course that remains open to us under these circumstances is to address you personally, and to invite you in pursuance of your public offer to meet one of our speakers upon the platform in a series of joint debates upon the issues of the campaign. We are glad to be able to name as our representative for this purpose Hon. John E. Russell, and we have no doubt that you will be equally glad of the opportunity to meet him.

The disappointment which has been freely expressed among Republicans at the refusal of our invitation by their State committee, and the fact that this course was taken against the advice of influential Republican newspapers, seems to afford us an additional justification for communicating directly with you.

We shall be glad to confer with you or with any one representing you in regard to making arrangements for such meetings.

We are, yours respectfully.

(Signed) JOHN W. CORCORAN, Chairman.
W. J. DALE, JR., Secretary.

Mr. Lodge replied to the challenge promptly accepting it and naming the subjects. To this the Democratic committee replied that they proposed to arrange the lines of argument themselves, and this has again been met by Mr. Lodge's rejoinder, that as the challenged party he has the right to make the conditions. Moreover, as he is busy, the Democratic committee must do one thing or the other. Thus the matter stands up to date.

GAUNTLET THROWN DOWN.

Gov. Russell Wants to Meet Candidate Allen in Joint Debate.

The Democratic State committee has sent out the following challenge to the Republican State Committee;

GENTLEMEN—On behalf of the Democratic State committee we respectfully invite you to join with us in arranging for a series of six or more public meetings, to be held at important centres in the State, for the purpose of a joint discussion between Gov. Russell and Hon. Charles H. Allen of the record of the present Democratic State administation, and of any other issues, State or national, involved in the present campaign.

This invitation is sent you after consultation with Gov. Russell, and by his authority.

While our committee has not been able heretofore to induce your committee to submit the Republican cause to the test of a joint discussion, we trust that the changed political conditions of the present year, and the fact that we are now able to offer your candidate an opportunity to meet the Governor of the Commonwealth as his opponent upon the stump, may lead you to return a favorable response.

We are led to entertain this hope, not only from the apparent confidence in your party in the aggressive character of its candidate for governor, but from the fact that the chairman of your State convention proclaimed in his speech at Hyde Park on Sept. 17 that your speakers were "ready to discuss with the Democrats their management of State affairs," and to meet us "on any stump, on any platform, on any subject."

Requesting an early reply in order that time may be afforded for making suitable arrangements for these joint meetings, in case of your acceptance of our invitation, and assuring you that we shall be glad to meet you in a fair spirit in fixing the conditions, we are yours respectfully,

JOHN W. CORCORAN, chairman.
WILLIAM J. DALE, Jr., secretary.

Challenge Not Accepted.

The Republican committee replied as follows:

Gentlemen—Your favor of the 22d inst., suggesting a joint discussion between Gov. Russell and Hon. Charles H. Allen, has been duly received, and in reply would say that, as suggested in your letter, we have heretofore declined similar propositions from your committee, and, in accordance with our views then expressed, we respectfully decline the proposition contained in your letter. Very truly yours, JOS. O. BURDETT, Chairman.

J. OTIS WARDWELL, Secretary.

THEIRS FOR THE ASKING.

Republicans Offered 100,000 Copies of Gov. Russell's New York Speech.

The following was issued by the Democratic State committee last night:

DEMOCRATIC STATE COMMITTEE, 252 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, Sept. 25, 1891.

J. Otis Wardwell, Esq., Secretary Republican State Committee.

DEAR SIR—Our committee learns from recent platform utterances by yourself and other Republican leaders that the speech delivered by Gov. Russell, at the dinner of the Reform Club in New York, last December, is deemed to afford ground for attack upon him.

I am authorized on behalf of this committee to offer to facilitate your campaign by furnishing free of charge as many copies of this speech, up to 100,000, as your committee can circulate to advantage.

Trusting that you will avail yourself of this offer, I am, yours respectfully,

W. J. DALE, JR., Secretary.

The offer was promptly accepted, and the Republican committee intimated its willingness to take 400,000, all the more readily that it had intended to print the speech at its own expense.

PAPERS IN SHERIFF'S HANDS.

Quo Warranto Writs in the Connecticut Political Fight Granted.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 25.—Ex-Gov. Ingersoll, ex-Judge Stoddard and State Attorney Doolittle put in an apearance in the Civil Superior Court this morning.

Mr. Doolittle informed the court that he had issued two more writs of quo warranto in the political controversy. They are brought with the State as relator in the names of Marvin H. Sanger against E. Stevens Henry, State treasurer, and John J. Phelan against R. Jay Walsh, the State secretary. Mr. Doolittle asked that they be made returnable on Oct. 6.

Judge Thayer so decreed, and the papers were delivered to Sheriff Tomlinson for service.

This morning's proceedings was a new and surprising move, and was the result of a conference between counsel and the parties concerned yesterday, immediately after Judge Stoddard's return from Europe.

The Democrats are anxious to get all the cases into the Supreme Court by next term.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL.

Allen and Russell Contrasted in Two Notable Speeches.

There is little sincerity and less sense in the campaign charge that is made so much of against Gov. Russell of blackguarding his own State to strangers, says the Boston Transcript (Ind. Rep.).

Misrepresentation and magnifying of molehills never pay even in politics beyond a small and passing effect. The Democrats would be supremely silly to cut out from its context, to circulate, Col. Allen's dismal picture of Massachusetts at Haverhill, speaking as he did in the very midst of the most beautiful scenery of the State, and what we hold to be the best climate, taken altogether, in this country, if not in the world.

MR. RUSSELL IN NEW YORK.

Massachusetts remembered that under a low tariff her great industries were established and her manufacturing towns were founded; she recalled that in those days her agriculture thrived, her industries grew with leaps and bounds, her commerce carried our flag into every part of the civilized world, and the New England coast rang with the music of anvil and of mallet, building the clipper ships that would win the carrying trade of the world. Then she lived through 30 years of stringent protection. And sitting down at last to examine her condition, after such careful nursing, she found her agriculture declining and new and ill-omened officers—commissioners of abandoned farms—created in some of the New England States. Her foreign commerce had been swept from the seas. Great industries that for generations had been her glory and her strength were folding "their tents like the Arabs, and silently stealing away." Others were stagnant, others greatly prosperous, and the line of cleavage between stagnation and prosperity seemed to be free raw material. She felt the great and growing competition of the West and South, with their natural advantages secured to them, while her own were destroyed by a policy which set aside a law of nature and the will of God. Massachusetts, with her inherited aptitude for skilled industries, will take her chance in any fair competition. She does object to competition with her hands tied; she protests against law holding the knife that would cut the throat of her great industries.

MR. ALLEN IN HAVERHILL.

We are rather peculiarly fixed here in Massachusetts and New England with respect to what our share in the great work of building up this Republic shall be. In the different sections of the country there are different questions for consideration; but here in Massachusetts with her rock-bound coast, her sterile, barren and rocky soil, for the most part, her short and uncertain seasons, her cold and raw east winds, Massachusetts offers very little inducement to the farmer to compete with the boundless fields of the Western country, where there are today thousands of acres of the richest land in this country simply awaiting the coming of the husbandman to blossom beneath his skill. As an agricultural country Massachusetts cannot hope to excel. If Nature has endowed her with mineral resources, she has corked them too safely within her bosom for our convenient inspection, and as a mineral community we are a dead failure. . . . It behooves us to cherish those things with tender care. And because of our immense manufacturing interests we are led instinctively to think of those great questions upon which the prosperity of our people depend more than upon anything else, and that is sound money and a protective tariff.

NEBRASKA REPUBLICANS

Admire Blaine and Praise Maj. McKinley's Celebrated Act.

The Nebraska Republican State convention was held at Lincoln Thursday. A ticket was nominated headed by A. M. Post for associate justice of the Supreme Court. The platform adopted renewed pledges of allegiance to the principles of the Republican party, spoke of the rapid development of the State under Republican rule—a prosperity which should silence "calamity talkers." It congratulated President Harrison on his wise and courageous administration, pledging him support in the discharge of the duties devolving upon him as the chief magistrate of the nation.

It continues as follows: We rejoice in the restoration of dignity, vigor and statesmanship in the conduct of our foreign affairs under the guiding hand of America's favorite son, James G. Blaine; we approve of the silver coinage act of the present administration by which the entire product of the silver mines of the United States is added to the currency of the people; we demand the maintenance of the American system of protection to American industry and labor, the policy that has been identified with every period of our national prosperity; and we admire the genius of that heroic statesman, William McKinley, Jr., whom the people of Ohio will make their next governor, a recognition of his magnificent services to the country. We also commend and indorse that policy of reciprocity.

The platform also indorses the World's fair, pledges the party to support and advance the prosperity and good name of Nebraska.

Florida's Secretary Won't Do It.

PENSACOLA, Fla., Sept. 26.—Secretary of State Crawford has refused to attest the commission of ex-Congressman Davidson, appointed by Gov. Fleming to succeed Senator Call.

Crawford, who is an old line Whig, says the great seal of the State, of which he is the custodian, shall never adorn any certificate for Call's successor unless it is Call himself.

The Governor will apply to the Florida Supreme Court, which convenes on Oct. 15, for a mandamus to compel compliance with the constitutional requirement, providing that the secretary of State shall attest all commissions issued by the executive, but many people in Tallahassee believe that, even should the Supreme Court issue the mandate, Secretary Crawford will go to jail rather than obey it.

The anti-Call men seem confident that they will be able to force the secretary to attest Davidson's appointment.

A South Boston Candidate.

One of the best known and popular young men in South Boston is Michael P. Geary, who is making a canvass for representative to the Massachusetts Legislature from ward 13. Mr. Geary is a good campaign speaker, well up on all the topics of the times of interest to the people, and will hold his end up with the best in debate or as a parliamentarian. His election is more than probable, and will do honor to the voters of the ward.

"RUM, ROMANISM AND REBELLION."

Rev. Dr. Samuel D. Burchard, Who Gave Utterance to this Now Famous Phrase, Dead.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Sept. 25.—Rev. Dr. Samuel D. Burchard died at 4 p. m.

HIS NAME WIDELY KNOWN.

Dr. Burchard Became Famous During Blaine's Last Campaign.

At the meeting of ministers at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, Oct. 29, 1884, to honor Mr. Blaine, prior to the national election of that year, Rev. Dr. Burchard, as chairman, said in his address of welcome:

"We are Republicans and don't propose to leave our party and identify ourselves with he party whose antecedents have been Rum, Romanism and Rebellion. We are loyal to our flag, we are loyal to you."



REV. DR. BURCHARD.

This remark, sent throughout the country, at once raised Dr. Burchard to the very pinnacle of notoriety, and he has been credited by Republicans with having exerted a wide and considerable influence upon the result of that national campaign.

Samuel D. Burchard was born at Steuben, Oneida county, N. Y., where his father owned a farm which he had purchased from the heirs of Baron Steuben of revolutionary fame.

After receiving a common school education, supplemented by attendance at academies, he began to teach, but was checked in this pursuit by an attack of asthma.

In hopes of benefit to his health he removed unto Kentucky when 18 years of age, and remained there as a student of Centre College.

He was graduated in 1836, and almost immediately afterwards began to lecture without pay on religious subjects, temperance, and in opposition to slavery, supporting himself by the work of his hands. By this means he became known throughout the State.

The young man removed to Danville during the first visitation of cholera, when it proved fatal to many persons of all classes. He nursed the sick and buried the dead when most of the theological students residing there had fled in terror.

After a course of theology at Danville, Mr. Burchard received a license to preach, granted him by the Transylvania Presbytery in the year 1838.

He was soon popular, and received many calls, of which he preferred one to New York city, because it gave him the advantages of the Union theological seminary. His installation as pastor took place May 1, 1839.

He was successful and highly popular, and his congregation built a much larger church in 1846. This was burned down in 1855, together with the pastor's valuable library. In the same year a new edifice was raised where, some years ago, Dr. Burchard completed a pastorate of more than 40 years' duration.

In 1861 he was appointed chaplain of the American church in Paris, and in 1866, chancellor of Ingham University. He did not permit these honors to interfere with his relations to his people, by whom he stood notwithstanding his receipt of many flattering calls.

After leaving his pastorate Dr. Burchard accepted the presidency of the Rutgers Female College, and he continued to preach to a small, struggling church in New York.

His honorary title of A. M. was conferred on him by Centre College, where he was graduated, and that of D. D. by Madison University, a Baptist institution of New York State.

He has written a great deal for periodicals and published two books, one of which was republished in England.

During the war he strongly denounced "rebellion."

"Rum" has had in him an earnest enemy since when he began a temperance agitation in that unpromising field, Kentucky; but the doctor insisted on it, that he never, throughout his whole life, spoken disparagingly of his Catholic fellow-citizens, either as to their integrity, patriotism or Christianity.

Dr. Burchard married a New York lady in 1847. She died in April, 1883. He lost his eldest son in the previous year. One of the three sons remaining of five children is a practising physician and another a lawyer.

BIG WHEAT YIELD PREDICTED

Crop in Indiana Estimated at 63,441,049 Bushels.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 28.—The Sentinel publishes a careful estimate of the wheat yield of the State, based on reports made by reliable authorities in the various counties.

The total number of bushels is placed at 63,441,049.

Conservative judges think that this is too low an estimate by several million bushels.

This is the heaviest wheat yield since 1879, when the State produced over 51,000,000 bushels.

Bilgewater's Fatal Error.

Weary Raggles—What has become of our old friend, the Juke of Bilgewater?

Dreary Draggles—He was drowned while gathering pond lily buds.

Weary Raggles—What did he want of pond lily buds?

Dreary Draggles—He mistook 'em for hard boiled eggs.—[Once a Week.

NEWS FROM THE CAPITAL

More Dubious Proceedings in the Pension Office.

The Land Office Announces That Nearly All Valuable Land is Gone.

Political, Official and Social Items from the National Centre.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.—The cabinet was in session two hours today, and a good deal of that time, it is said, was devoted to a discussion of the Raum family.

It will be remembered that a few months ago Gen. Raum's son, Green B., Jr., was removed from his position as chief clerk of the pension office, because it was charged he had procured places for people in the bureau for a cash consideration.

The matter was investigated by Secretary Noble, who was satisfied that the charges were true and that young Raum was unfit to be in the service.

At the time of his dismissal it was said he would be prosecuted criminally for having engaged in office brokerage, but so far no action has been taken by the district attorney.

At the meeting of the cabinet today it is said that Secretary Noble laid before the President the affidavits of four men who swore that they were promoted to higher places in the pension office by the commissioner at the request of his son, each of the affiants swearing that he entered into an agreement with young Raum to procure him the place and agreeing in case he was appointed to pay him (Raum) a certain sum of money.

The agreement was faithfully carried out on both sides. Raum secured the appointment of these men, and the sums agreed upon were duly paid. These appointments, it should be understood, were made after Raum was dismissed from the office.

The names of three of these people have been secured. The first is that of a man by the name of Stofer, who was formerly a clerk in the bureau at a salary of $1400 a year, and who, through the influence of young Raum, was promoted to be a special examiner, with an increase of salary of $400.

A one-legged soldier, by name of Howard, was also taken from the desk and put into the field, his compensation being increased from $1400 to $1800. A third man is named Engle. At the present time he is receiving a salary of $1200 a year, his salary under the last administration being $1800, and he was working to be restored to his former place.

In the case of Stofer and Howard young Raum was able to carry through his part of the contract, and succeeded in having the promotions made, for which he received $100 from each man.

Engle, however, had not been promoted, and in his sworn statement he testifies that Raum promised to have the promotion made, and that in consideration of his being promoted he was to pay him $100.

It is feared, however, by the President, that if Raum is turned out the Republican papers, which now ignore all the pension office scandals, will be forced to take the matter up and frankly admit that the charges of incompetency and worse, which have been brought against Gen. Raum ever since he entered the office, are strictly true, and thus show to the country at large that for months the President has kept in office a man who was entirely unfit to be in a place of high trust.

The President is on the horns of a dilemma, and he does not know how to get down from his uncomfortable seat without making the situation any worse than it is now.

If he accepts the advice offered him by Secretary Noble, Raum will have to go before he is many weeks older, but the President is not quite sure that this is the easiest course to pursue, and therefore he hesitates and rather trusts to luck or providence for something to turn up and relieve him from his embarrassment.

INDIANS AS ALIENS.

No Longer Can They Gather the Festive Hop on This Side.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—Even the despised and downtrodden red man is at last coming into competition with American labor, and the attention of the immigration bureau has been called to the way in which poor Lo gets the better of the noble white man.

For many years it has been the practice of the New York hop growers adjacent to the Canadian border to import during the hop picking season Canadian Indians, who gather the crop and, late in the fall, return to their own wigwams.

The Indians are not engaged by the head, as the whites are, but by the family, consisting, generally, of a noble savage, with or without war paint and a minimum of clothing, his squaw, and a set of papooses of assorted sizes and ages.

The entire family work in the field at wages not much greater than are paid to a single American laborer, and the amount of work the entire family is able to perform exceeds that of the American five or six fold. Consequently, the Indians have almost entirely driven white labor out of the hop fields, and the Americans are protesting against it as being in violation of the alien contract labor law.

The attention of Commissioner of Immigration Owen has been called to the matter, and he has decided that this importation of Indians is in violation of the law and must be stopped.

DE YOUNG TO BE GRATIFIED.

His Candidate for a Portfolio Likely to be Selected.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—Mr. M. H. De Young of California seems to have got that for which he came to Washington if current gossip is to be believed.

In an interview with Mr. De Young a few days ago and printed in this correspondence, the Californian said that in '92 there would be an explicit understanding that the Pacific coast was not to be disregarded in the composition of the cabinet.

It was believed then, however, and was so stated, that Mr. De Young was not satisfied to wait until the next president was elected before California's claims were recognized, and that his visit here was for the purpose of having a Californian enter the cabinet when the reorganization necessary by the appointment of Secretary Proctor as Mr. Edmunds' successor in the Senate was made.

It is now stated that the President has practically decided to yield to the wishes of Mr. De Young, and that Mr. M. M. Estee of San Francisco will become either attorney-general or secretary of the interior when Attorney-General Miller goes on the bench.

If Secretary Noble desires to be transferred to the Department of Justice, and it is generally believed he wishes to, Mr. Estee will be his successor in the Interior Department.

VALUABLE LAND TAKEN UP.

Commissioner Carter Says Very Little Desirable Land Remains.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—The report of Commissioner Carter of the general land office during the fiscal year was made public today.

A statement is made showing the number of agricultural, mineral and coal entries made during the year, as follows:

Pre-emption, 149,515; homestead, 75,545; timber culture, 5346; military bounty land, 723; agricultural college scrip, 32; miscellaneous scrip, 446; mineral, 3199; coal, 450.

The commissioner praises last year's legislation, by which the business of his bureau was greatly facilitated, and adds: "I feel justified in predicting that with the present office force, the business of the bureau will be practically brought up abreast with current work by the end of the next fiscal year. The work performed and the results accomplished during the fiscal year are quite satisfactory."

A statement of the acreage of the public lands disposed of during the year shows that the cash sales amounted to 2,143,090 acres. Of this amount 1,391,413 acres were pre-emption cash entries, 259,918 acres were timber and stone land entries, 400,432 acres were desert land entries, 33,691 acres were mineral and 30,955 acres were private entries.

Of the miscellaneous entries (not cash) 5,040,393 acres were homesteaded; 969,006 acres were entered under the timber culture law.

The railroad selections amounted to 1,857,572 acres; the State selections to 174,404 acres; the Indian allotments to 117,485, and the original swamp selections to 23,167 acres.

The following shows the vacant public lands in acres in each of the public land States and territories:

Alabama, 947,310; Arizona, 55,061,095; Arkansas, 4,998,398; California, 52,299,499; Colorado, 42,165,030; Florida, 3,468,381; Idaho, 33,781,851; Iowa, 6000; Kansas, 799,078; Louisiana, 1,243,118; Michigan, 781,816; Minnesota, 6,849,975; Mississippi, 1,201,280; Missouri, 1,023,890; Montana, 74,372,769; Nebraska, 12,460,436; Nevada, 53,689,524; New Mexico, 54,893,679; North Dakota, 16,135,440; Oklahoma, 3,502,406; Oregon, 39,220,151; South Dakota, 14,085,394; Utah, 35,428,987; Washington, 20,401,691; Wisconsin, 1,003,133; Wyoming, 50,842,434. Total, 579,664,683 acres.

The commissioner says in regard to the irrigation question: "Very little desirable public land remains unappropriated outside of the boundaries of what may be termed the arid region. That the demand for homes on the public domain is greater than ever before in the country's history, may reasonably be inferred from recent experience in the opening of Oklahoma Territory.

"Within 24 hours after the land was thrown open for settlement by the President's proclamation there were at least two qualified entrymen for every desirable quarter section of land in the Territory. This unusual demand did not arise because of any special preference for the climate or soil, but because of the very limited area of public land remaining upon which a settler can raise crops without artificial irrigation.

"There are millions of acres in the arid region, with soil equal, if not superior, to that found in Oklahoma, in sections of the country where the climate is equally desirable on which no one attempts to settle, for the reason that a water supply for irrigation purposes cannot be secured at such expense as the settlers are able to pay.

"We have reached a point where settlement on the public domain has been checked by a great natural difficulty, with which the individual settler cannot successfully grapple, and the general government may not appropriate money to overcome.

"There are two ways suggested of surmounting the difficulty: First, to pursue a policy indicated in a recent act of Congress, encouraging private capital to engage in the enterprise. This policy must necessarily result in passing the ownership of water, and consequently the control of the land, to corporations.

"A wiser plan, it seems to me, would be the transfer of the land and water to the direct control of the States, subject to such limitations and restrictions as would insure the reclamation of the land by the States, and the transfer of title from the State in the first instance to actual settlers in quantity not exceeding, say, 160 acres of land to each settler.

The commissioner concludes his report with a strong plea for the erection of a suitable building owned by the government in which the general land office may be provided with adequate accommodations and that proper provision be made therein for the greater security of its records.

THE PENSION LIST

Shows 676,160 on the Rolls, 138,216 More Than Last Year.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—The annual report of Commissioner Raum of the pension bureau, submitted to the secretary of the interior today, shows that on June 30, 1891, there were 676,160 pensioners borne upon the rolls of the bureau, being 138,216 more than were carried on the rolls at the close of the last fiscal year.

There were 222,221 first payments of every description, requiring $38,552,274, being $69,592 less than was required for the 130,514 first payments made during the last fiscal year. At the close of the fiscal year there were 38,574 pensioners on the roll who remained unpaid for the want of time and who are entitled to receive $4,883,242, which will be paid out of the appropriation for the current fiscal year, and there remained at the close of the fiscal year in the hands of the several pension agents the sum of $5,713,852, which has since been covered into the treasury.

There will be a deficiency in the appropriation for the payment of fees and expenses of examining surgeons of about $300,000. The total amount disbursed on account of pensions, expenses, etc., during the fiscal year was $118,548,959, as compared with $106,493,890 disbursed during the last fiscal year.

The report shows that the pensions now being granted are not to persons whose terms of service were short. The great majority are to veterans, many of whom would have gone to their graves in want but for the just, humane and timely enactment of the law of June 27, 1890.

There are 1,208,707 soldiers of the Union now living, and of the survivors 520,158 are now on the pension rolls. There are, therefore, 688,549 survivors who are not pensioned, and 879,908 deceased soldiers not represented on the pension rolls.

The commissioner closes his report by suggesting increased salaries for clerks in his bureau who are paid less than clerks in other departments, paying them at the same time many compliments for their faithfulness and laborious work.

POINTS WORTH NOTING.

Postmasters' Reports to be Studied—Savings Banks Desired.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 26.—County seat postmasters are already beginning to send to the postmaster-general their reports of their visitations to the other offices of their counties.

A New Hampshire man, who declares that no office in his county has been found poor, and that none could properly be pronounced perfect, insists that his 66 will average as high as those of any in New England. He speaks of the courtesy with which all the postmasters have met him and given him their ideas.

A Pennsylvania postmaster binds his reports in a neat volume, and accompanies it with a map of his county, showing the location of all of the postoffices and post routes. A significant fact is the absence of any savings bank in the county.

An enterprising Indiana postmaster reports that every officer in the county visited insisted upon the general need of a savings bank in his locality. The visitation in this Indiana county was, in a sense, not new, for over a year ago a beneficial meeting of all the county postmasters had been held, and a second one has since been held, so that the postmasters had already become acquainted with one another, and had already exchanged ideas. These acquaintanceships greatly facilitated the recent visitations.

An Illinois postmaster evidently took his kodak with him, as he turns in with his report a picture of every post office in the county, and many of them are accompanied with maps of the town and with much other information of value, as well as with suggestions worth studying.

Will Blair Succeed Raum?

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26.—The Washington reporters seem determined to make ex-Senator Blair as ridiculous as possible. Every day they give him a new appointment, which he does not get on the next day.

Today he is to be appointed commissioner of pensions on the resignation of Gen. Raum.

When Gen. Raum resigns of his own will Blair may get the place.

There is little doubt, however, that Gen. Raum is to be removed, whether or not Mr. Blair is the man chosen to take his place.

HE LOVED NEW ENGLAND.

Tribute to James Russell Lowell by Dr. Holmes.

In the October number of the Atlantic, just issued, appears a poetic tribute from Oliver Wendell Holmes to the memory of his friend, James Russell Lowell. In these words Dr. Holmes writes:

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
1819-1891.

Thou shouldst have sung the swan-song for the choir
That filled our groves with music till the day
Lit the last hilltop with its reddening fire,
And evening listened for thy lingering lay;

But thou hast found thy voice in realms afar
Where strains celestial blend their notes with thine;
Some cloudless sphere beneath a happier star
Welcomes the bright-winged spirit we resign.

* * * * * * *

This singer whom we long have held so dear
Was Nature's darling, shapely, strong and fair;
Of keenest wit, of judgment crystal-clear,
Easy of converse, courteous, debonair,

Fit for the loftiest or the lowliest lot,
Self-poised, imperial, yet of simplest ways;
At home alike in castle or in cot,
True to his aim, let others blame or praise.

Freedom he found an heirloom from his sires;
Song, letters, statecraft, shared his years in turn;
All went to feed the nation's altar-fires
Whose mourning children wreathe his funeral urn.

He loved New England—people, language, soil,
Unweaned by exile from her arid breast.
Farewell awhile, white-handed son of toil,
Go with her brown-armed laborers to thy rest.

Peace to thy slumber in the forest shade!
Poet and patriot, every gift was thine;
Thy name shall live while summers bloom and fade,
And grateful Memory guard thy leafy shrine!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

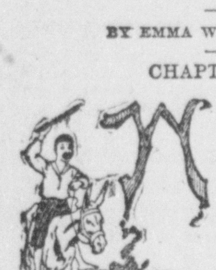


THE WARNING BY THE FORD.

The Story of a Youthful Heroine of the Revolution.

BY EMMA W. DEMERITT.

CHAPTER III.



WHEN Scipio found Marion's horse gone and saw the smoke rising from the Erwin place he started at once for the cabin, where he found Hannibal watching the fire in great trouble. He could see plainly now; it was not the house, but the stable. "What's de matter? What's de tribulation up dere?" and Scipio pointed to the smoke.

"It's de red coats! Dey's set fire to de stable." Then Hannibal took a big bite out of a sweet potato which he was munching. "De folks all safe! You'se needn't look so scared."

"An' Miss Sally, Hannibal, whar was she all dis time?"

"She warn't dere."

"But whar—whar was she?"

"Don' know. Whar yer gwine, Scipio?"

"I'se gwine to see what's 'come ob Miss Sally," and Scipio hurried off, followed by Hannibal, still munching his potato. They found Aunt Chloe standing by the smoking ruins trying to comfort her mistress.

"Don' yer look so down hearted, Missus," said Scipio, sympathetically. "'Taint much loss."

"It's not the stable, Scipio, that was old and not worth much. I am only too thankful that they spared the house. It's—it's the worry over Miss Sally."

"Whar is she?"

As soon as Mrs. Erwin could trust herself to speak she continued: "I overheard the officers talking together while I was getting something for them to eat and found out that they knew the colonel was to be at the upper ford tonight, and their plan was to fall upon the camp at dead of night and capture the whole band. Miss Sally took the general's horse and went to give warning."

"Yer don' mean to say dat you let Miss Sally go all dat lonely way on dat debbil ob a horse—in de dark—wid de redcoats a' roamin' all ober de country! Why didn't yer wait fur me?"

"We couldn't wait. Every second was precious."

"Den it's my opinion dat it's my duty to hunt up Miss Sally."

"How can you?"

"Dere's jes one, poor ole mule lef' up to the next plantation," replied Scipio. "I'll borrer him. Ef he's gone I'll go myself ef I hab to trabble afoot de whole way."

Even this uncertain prospect of relief comforted Mrs. Erwin. "Go, Scipio, and may God bring you safely to your journey's end."

After a long walk Scipio reached the neighboring plantation and obtained permission to take the mule. He was a sorry-looking animal, and the boy eyed him with some misgivings as he ambled down the road.

"Dere ain't much speed in yere, dat's shuah," he said aloud. "Yer looks as ef you'd like to take a nap now an' den, but you'se got four legs, an' I'se got only two, so I reckon I'll stick to yer, ef yer isn't han'some."

At a distance he heard the sound of galloping horses, and, presently dismounting, led the mule far into the dense woods. "Yer couldn't run away from de slowes' kin' ob a turtle," he muttered, "so I'll jes' tote you of sight.

"I reckon I'd better turn in here," he said; "it's rough goin', but it will save time." But he had not gone far when he repented, for the mule stopped short before



THE BRITISH ARE UPON YOU.

a tree that had fallen directly across the path.

By dint of much coaxing and pulling he was able to lead him around the barrier. But more hindrances of the same kind made him very impatient.

Yet these very delays, vexatious as they were at the time, turned out to be blessings in disguise, for it was by them that he was kept from encountering the roving bands of British soldiers on the highway.

When Scipio arrived at Deep river he slid from the mule's back and stood dumbfounded, surveying the scene before him. There was the bridge, with its rude patching of logs, showing where the planking had been torn up. On either side were trees cut down and piles of fresh chips, while everywhere in the soft earth were the prints of boots and hoofs.

"By whom had the bridge been destroyed, and by whom mended? Were those marks in the sand made by the foet of friend or foe? And Miss Sally—where was she?"

Another surprise awaited him when he reached the deserted American camp at the upper ford.

Hidden by the sheltering thicket, Sally sat erect, watching the floating cloud until a restive pulling at the bit and a suspicious sound on Ball's part gave her reason to suspect that he was going to whinny. In an agony of fear she bent over him, and laying her face on his flowing mane, she stroked and patted his arched neck with her cold little hand which shook like an aspen leaf. The intelligent creature seemed instinctively to understand something of his mistress' trouble, for he at once ceased from his former uneasiness and stood quietly, once or twice turning his head with a gentle movement to meet her caressing touch, as if to assure her of his good behavior.

At the same time she was conscious of a sudden dimness in the flood of golden light, and the great cloud passed directly before the moon, and the merciful darkness settled down on her like a benediction.

She heard the swift rush of the riders past her, and the sound of voices as they stopped at the brook beyond to water their horses. Then, with another outburst of rude song, mingled with shouts, they disappeared up the road.

She waited until the last sound had died away, and then guided Ball through the young pines into the main road. He was impatient to be off, and at a word started like an arrow loosed from the bow.

Sally had the uninterrupted moonlight for the rest of the way, and tired and stiff she hailed with joy the glimpse of Deep River gleaming through the trees. It was only a few miles from there to the upper ford and her father.

Her courage rose with the thought. Boldly she rode Ball on to the bridge, when, to her amazement, he sheered violently to one side and stopped so abruptly that it was with difficulty that she kept herself from being thrown.

Before her was a great gap, where Marion (after crossing with his band) had torn off the planks so as to prevent pursuit. Almost stunned by this unexpected disaster, she turned back and rode down to the river's brink and sat watching the glancing waters in despair.

It was the deepest river in that part of the country, and so powerful was its rapid current that it was considered dangerous to attempt to ford it at that point. She dropped the reins on the horse's neck and sobbed aloud.

Ball pricked up his ears at this forlorn sound; he seemed to think that it was time to do something, and he plunged bravely into the rushing torrent. The young girl had barely time to throw herself astride his back and cling closely to the blanket, when she felt herself in mid stream.

The noble animal struggled with almost superhuman strength with the powerful current, although it seemed several times as if he had lost his grip; but finally, panting and quivering in every limb, he climbed up the further bank and stood by the edge of the road, with the water trickling in little streams from Sally's clothes and from his flanks.

At last, faint and dizzy, and chilled through and through by her bath, she came to the upper ford and saw the campfires of the Americans blazing cheerily beyond, and from the edge of the woods came the challenge, "Who goes there? Halt!" from one of Marion's videttes.

"A friend!" gasped Sally brokenly. "I am Sally Erwin, Col. Erwin's daughter. The British are upon you, and they are strong! Mount, and ride for your lives!"

Although surrounded by strange and excited faces, she yet managed to retain her self-possession long enough to stammer the replies to Marion's brief inquiries. Then, she swayed unsteadily in her seat and slipped half fainting into the general's outstretched arms.

Marion's stern mouth quivered with emotion and his dark, piercing eyes grew dim as he bent over her. "My brave child," he said, tenderly. "What a ride you have had! But you have saved the camp—thank God!"

"It was not I," said Sally, trying to raise her head and smile as she saw her father's anxious face looking down at her. She waved her hand feebly toward Ball. "It was all that noble fellow's work! Oh! won't you please give him a good supper?"

Then the faces seemed to dance in strange confusion before her—it grew suddenly dark, and she lost consciousness.

The Americans broke camp hastily and moved on to strengthen themselves by joining Sumter's corps, which was stationed several miles beyond. As soon as Sally revived sufficiently she was placed in charge of some soldiers and sent to a plantation near by and left with the motherly mistress, an old friend of the Erwins.

A messenger was despatched for Mrs. Erwin, and by the time she arrived Sally had fully recovered from the effects of the exposure and the excitement. The young girl could not help laughing heartily when her mother told her the result of the British pursuit:

"When the redcoats came to Deep river and found the bridge destroyed, they attempted to ford the stream, but when one or two of the soldiers had been swept away by the current and nearly drowned, they gave it up, and set to work to cut down some young trees to repair the bridge.

"But it detained them nearly two hours, and when they came to the upper ford and found our men gone, they did not dare follow for fear of an ambush, but rode back. They did not pass by the plantation, but took the upper road and burnt several houses on their way."

In September came the cheering news of the glorious victory of Eutaw Springs, the last battle fought in the South.

Marion commanded the right wing of the South Carolina militia, and led them like a hero into action. Mounted on his noble black horse, Ball, he was seen everywhere in the thickest of the fray, inspiring his men by his valor and daring. Pressing after him was Col. Erwin and the little sorrel mare Lady.

Peace was at length declared between Great Britain and our country and American independence was secured. When Scipio became of age he was given his freedom as a reward for his devotion, although he passed the remainder of his days in the service of the family to which he was so strongly attached.

Some time after the declaration of peace' Gen. Marion announced his approaching marriage, and requested Sally to act as bridesmaid. At the imposing ceremony it was an open question which attracted the most admiration, the old hero of South Carolina or the bright young girl who stood beside the bride, for many of Marion's old comrades were present at the wedding, and the story of the warning by the Ford passed from mouth to mouth.

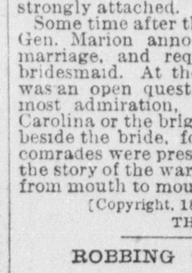
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THE END.

ROBBING THE PILLARS.

A Coal Mine Accident, and How Tom Saved Five Miners' Lives.

BY G. T. FERRIS.



THE Black Diamond had long been known among the anthracite mines of the Lehigh region. Its maze of deserted chambers pierced deep under the mountain side into a darkness and silence which no one ever cared to explore since blast and pick had ceased to resound in these tortuous windings.

The part of the mine then being operated was almost exhausted; too, and the owners were taking out the last coal by "robbing the pillars" before sinking a new shaft.

This final assault is attended with great peril, for, if the miners are in the least reckless in blasting away the massive columns, the roof often gives way, precipitating thousands of tons of slate and rock and timber work, breaking down other chambers perhaps by the weight of the shock, and nearly always causing considerable loss of life.

Peter Hurley, one of the most experienced of old miners, had hesitated in allowing his 14-year-old son Tom to accept a job as mule-boy, whence he had been promoted from the suffocating toil of the breaker. But the lad had got his way.

Tom's duty was to drive in four empty cars and bring out four loaded ones on each trip, making a journey of a mile each way. The track followed the main gangway for a while and then diverged into smaller chambers which honeycombed the sides with irregular cells.

One day he met his father, who had finished the day's shift, going out toward the shaft. Peter Hurley's honest face, encrusted with a mask of grime and sweat, looked still more black with trouble.

"Take your mule back and come out with me," he said. "My 'butty' and me don't think it's safe to do any more work till the engineer has been down to inspect the mine. Them new men as were put on the other day are takin' the heart right out o' the columns."

"Yes, dad, soon as I finish this round trip. I don't want to go back empty. 'Twont take half an hour."

The miner walked on, but suddenly turning he called sharply: "How's this, Tom; dogs in the mine are agin the rules," for his son's terrier Tip yelped and rubbed against his legs.

Tom explained that the dog must have slipped into the cage without any one knowing, for he had found him at the end of the mule-way on the last trip.

Peter had scarcely reached sunlight when there came a sound which made his heart stand still. A distant smothered roar was followed by others, and the miner knew that his experience had warned him truly.

The fact that a loaded car had been left from the previous day's work in one of the farther chambers was the probable saving of Tom's life.

He had just gone to attach it to his train when the din of death and ruin stunned his ears, and he knew nothing more till he recovered his senses and found faithful Tip licking his face in great distress.

Tom had pulled himself together from the first shock to find that he was only badly bruised and his head bleeding. The roofs had fallen in for a distance of 50 feet in width and breath, including the gangway, and were choked to the very top by the avalanche.

With his senses more sharply alive, the faint groans and sighs and sobs of the wounded men, crushed and pinned fast in



TOM BOUND THE FLASK AROUND TIP'S SMALL BODY.

the jam, beat on his ears with a message of anguish that wailed: "Help us or we die."

Only he and Tip and Billy, the train mule of all the life imprisoned there were free from harm. Succor, indeed, would come, but it might be several days before the rescuers would make their way through that 50 feet of tangled wreckage.

He knew most of the men by name, and he called the roll as loudly as the voice, which choked with the throbbing of his heart, would let him.

Out of 20 who had been entombed, five still survived, though all grievously crushed. The rest had swung their last pick.

Tom's heart burned to help them. But if he could obtain water, how was he to convey it to them? He remembered a miner's chest in the adjoining chamber, and in this he knew he would find tools.

He dashed in the lid with a huge chunk of coal, and in a twinkling was working like a beaver with pick and crow. In an hour's time he succeeded in making a hole through which he could push the crowbar. Finally, by working a pole to find crevices, he managed to force it to the place where Dan lay, partly protected by a barricade of timber.

"Good boy," panted Dan, "I can feel the stick. P'raps I could shift to pass it to the other boys if ye can only get water. It is life or death for us."

Tom knew he could only hope to find the life-giving fluid in the deserted workings of the mine, and his heart thumped against his ribs at the thought.

"Don't ye ever go into the old workings," the old miner had more than once said to him. "They run for miles under the mountain, and if ye should get lost there God alone could save you from tumbling into some deep pit or lake."

With the creep of fear that made him tingle now that an awful need had come, rose also a hero's pluck. Whistling to Tip he ran to the miner's chest, where he found an old powder can which would hold about a gallon of water, and this he fitted with a wire to serve as a handle.

He refilled his safety lamp with oil and slipped a box of matches in his pocket. There flashed through him the story of the old Greek hero who went to fight a monster that lived in the mazes of a labyrinth, and how the victor escaped by means of a clue of thread.

By unrolling a ball of twine, which he took from the chest, he, too, could retrace his steps through the devious paths that lay before him. So, with a stout pole in his hand, he plunged into the mysterious region, where a wilderness of lonesome caves with their abysses and lakes and unknown terrors, gouged out the inner heart of the mountain.

Stumbling, crawling, feeling his way by inches, climbing over piles of rubbish, flaying the skin from his hands and legs against a bristle of stony spikes, Tom struggled desperately against every obstacle. Loud rustling like that of garments with living things inside filled him with shudders, and sometimes the clammy touch of bats made his flesh crawl and writhe.

He never could tell how many chambers and galleries he passed in that blind quest. More than once as he pushed his staff ahead, it plunged into emptiness where a pit yawned in his front. Whatever he might have dreaded or hoped for, sunk out of mind when he came to the end of his twine, and the clue would be lost if he pressed forward.

Utter despair stared him in the face.

A forlorn fancy gave him a little relief. There was evidently some light, or rather less darkness, not far ahead. By counting his steps till he entered the more spacious gallery beyond, for such it must be, and locating his place of exit, he might find the place where he then stood when he returned.

Fastening the end of the twine to a horn of slate that abutted from the wall, he numbered 50 steps till he reached the opening, which was one of many portals hollowing the walls of a great hall, and dim outlines of things shaped themselves to his straining eyeballs.

He found himself peering up and down the dim vista of an ancient gangway, which had been the main thoroughfare of the mine when these workings had been busy with the clash and roar of industry. Tom looked up and down the hall, which appeared endless in the obscurity, scarcely daring to move or breathe.

On the skeletons of rotting frame-work, timber which had fallen many a year since, the patches of fungus, which in the sunshine above would have been snow-white, glowed with a phosphorescent glitter, waving and irregular, as if stirred by the wind or flickering with the breath of life.

Swiftly a light, which might have been the glitter of a malignant eye, shone and went out. He felt a blow and soft cold arms clasped his neck as if to strangle him. His miner's lamp was extinguished in a wild



HE PEERED UP AND DOWN THE ANCIENT GANGWAY.

struggle with the unknown thing which had leaped at his throat.

Madly he struggled and writhed there in the dark and fought for life, for it was either that or his reason at stake. The creature of night clung to him with clammy fingers which had the grip of steel. How long the battle lasted he did not know, but he was sure his senses had gone from him in that wrestle of nameless agony. The thing had fled and left him living.

Feeble with terror and exhaustion, but with the courage of a martyr, the boy dragged himself onward, after having relighted his safety lamp.

At last some instinct bade him stop. He stumbled and fell with outstretched arms and his pole swished in what he knew must be the thing he sought. As he writhed back from the brink over which he had so nearly plunged, an eye of blue fire glared at him from underneath the reflection of his lamp in a dark pool of unknown extent.

He almost fancied that the thing which tried to strangle him was there ready to clutch his throat afresh, but second thought told him it was the light in his cap. In a moment he had filled his can with sweet, cool water.

Then there came on the boy the paralyzing consciousness that he was lost, the despair of utter helplessness, the thought that any false move would make the difficult impossible. He breathed a silent prayer as this fresh danger made him sick and faint.

The answer to prayer came in such a crash of sound that it rattled through the caves and vaults with stunning clamor till it rolled away. It was followed by another roar of equal violence, and by still another after a short interval.

Tom was completely stupefied and hopeless, for anything new seemed to threaten a fresh test of his strength and fortitude. Then he burst into peals of hysterical laughter, and he sobbed as well as laughed in the reaction of his feelings.

He recognized the distant bray of Billy, which, ringing and pealing from cave to cave, and swollen into countless echoes, seemed like the noise of a thousand cannons.

But watching the direction of the sounds, as Billy lifted up his voice again and again, he succeeded in reversing his route without difficulty. As he emerged into the great gangway again Tip, who had lost him, rushed up barking with joy.

Before he left the gloomy hall he saw the meaning of that terrible combat in the darkness. His foot had disturbed the balance of some pieces of wooden framework which had tumbled down and smote him. He had caught a glimpse of the phosphorescence, and the spongy damp fungus, which was like the touch of dead flesh, had fallen on his neck, giving the similitude of fingers twining about his throat. His own imagination and the struggles of mad terror had done the rest.

The passage he had made into the fallen mass was too crooked for the can to be pushed through at the end of a pole. An inspiration relieved his anxiety. A thin flask of tin, such as workmen use to carry cold tea, was in the miner's chest.

He filled this with the precious elixir, and binding it around Tip's small body sent the terrier into the hole. The ruse was successful, and so the water was carried to the poor wretches, half crazed with fever and pain.

Relief did not arrive for 48 hours, though Tom had long heard the sounds of the working party hewing and digging night and day. During this period he made several more journeys, now shorn of their worst terrors, to obtain fresh supplies of water, and the doctor afterward said, saved the lives of the four men, who ultimately recovered.

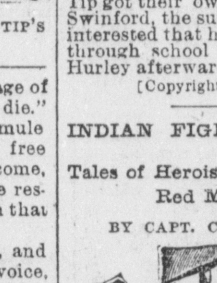
So he was hailed as a hero for the courage and resource he had shown, and Billy and Tip got their own share of the credit. Mr. Swinford, the superintendent, was so deeply interested that he found a way to help him through school and college, and Thomas Hurley afterward became a man of mark.

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INDIAN FIGHTS AND FIGHTERS.

Tales of Heroism in Battling With Wily Red Men's Treachery.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.



PEOPLE at large have little idea how incessant was the service required of our troops on the frontier during the year that followed the civil war, and only those who were with them know much of the hazardous nature of the duty.

Before the civil war there had been some very serious affairs and some very heavy losses, but these are in great measure forgotten by the public in presence of battles and losses that dwarfed them into nothingness.

The massacre of the little garrison of regulars on the shores of Lake Michigan after the evacuation of the old fort at Chicago



AN INDIAN MASSACRE IN EARLY TIMES.

was well described in Mrs. John H. Kinzie's book, "Wau Bun; The Early Day in the Northwest." The Indians there were indeed "as the leaves of the forest," though they had few guns to oppose to the old muzzle-loading "gas-pipe" muskets of the troops, and did most of the slaughter with arrow and tomahawk.

The massacre of Maj. Dade's command by the Florida Seminoles was another tragedy that draped the colors of the army in mourning, but not until a few years before the outbreak of the civil war had we had the faintest trouble with the Indian tribe that has since given us more trouble than all the others combined—the great Dakotah nation—commonly referred to as the Sioux.

Up to the date of what is known as the Grattan massacre, these Indians (who covered the whole country, from the Missouri to Salt Lake, by the North Platte and Sweetwater route) had made it their boast that they had never killed a white man, and it is a tradition to this day that they would follow emigrant trains for over 100 miles to restore property which had been left behind.

Finally there came misunderstanding, and likely as not, as was the case with the Pawnees, some lawless boaster among the whites was the aggressor.

At all events one party of the emigrants had difficulty with a band of the Sioux, and lodged complaint against them with the commanding officer at Fort Laramie, who sent Lieut. Grattan with a small detachment to demand the surrender of the offenders. The Sioux stoutly maintained that they were in nowise to blame, and refused to give up their comrades.

Grattan vowed he would open fire if the alleged malefactors were not forthcoming in so many minutes, and then with two small companies sailed in to thrash a whole tribe. He and his men were butchered as a matter of course, and from that time to this there has never been peace between the Sioux and the settlers.

Except a few tragic affairs, most of the Indian fights before the war of the rebellion were of minor importance, but in '62 the Sioux rose in their might, and began a fearful and most appalling series of massacres among the unprotected settlers in Minnesota.

Hundreds of women and children were butchered before the volunteers under Gens. Sully and Sibley were sent to the rescue. And then came reprisals. Sully followed the foe far across the Missouri, and fought them away out near where the Northern Pacific bridges the Little Missouri today.

He was a fair, square, manly fighter, as was Sibley, too—and both men thoroughly knew the Indians and were respected by them. In their warring squaws and children were never willingly injured.

The press has had much to say of late about the slaughter of squaws at Wounded Knee, where the 7th Cavalry were compelled to disarm Big Foot's hostile band, but no more merciful soldier than Col. Forsythe—no more chivalric gentlemen than his junior officers ever lived, and every effort was made in that terrible quarter



AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

hour of fierce, savage hand-to-hand battle to spare the lives of the women and children who were huddled among the tepees.

When the war of the rebellion was ended and the regulars were sent to the plains to guard the surveyors and builders of the Union and Kansas Pacific railways, they were scattered in little detachments—a troop of horse here—a company of foot there—all over the broad frontier.

Hardly a day went by without a fight, and the years of '66, '67, '68 and '69 were full of tragic interest. The first great success for the Sioux occurred far up on the northeastern slopes of the Big Horn mountains at the wooden stockade fort named for Gen. Philip Kearney.

Here, on Dec. 21, 1866, old Red Cloud (Mach-pe-a-lo-ta) with 1000 Sioux, mainly Ogallallas, his own tribe, surrounded and massacred 80 soldiers who had been lured outside the walls by an attack on the woodchoppers.

Next August the old chief tried the same trick on Capt. J. W. Powell, who went out with 50 men to protect a larger and more scattered party of woodmen, but things were changed now.

Powell and his 50 men were armed with the new Springfield breechloader—the first in use in the army—and though Red Cloud charged again and again with fully 500 warriors, he was wofully thrashed.

For a long time after that episode the Northern Sioux steered clear of the soldiers; then, through the cupidity of the settlers, the criminality of the agents, and the mistaken zeal of the philanthropists, the Sioux were enabled to arm themselves with breech-loaders, magazine rifles and other "latest improvements." From that time to this the chances of war have all been in their favor, for the plains Indian is the most scientific fighter on the face of the earth.

The triumphant Sioux went down in Nebraska and Kansas to help the Cheyennes and to devil the railroad builders. Farther south the Kiowas and Comanches were playing havoc on the Texas frontier, and Gen. Sheridan himself took the field and made a winter campaign, with Custer as leader of his cavalry.

Custer fought a desperate battle with Black Kettle's thronging warriors in November, '68, away down on the Washita river. "Sandy" Forsyth of Gen. Sheridan's staff had another life or death struggle with the Indians on the Arickaree fork of the Republican.

Meantime the 4th and 6th Cavalry were perpetually chasing the Kiowas, who were only brought to terms after the capture and death of those leaders with the devilish names—Satanta and Satank.

All this time, too, the Apaches were in full blast, keeping the 3d Cavalry busy in Arizona, and in the spring of '69, after much detachment scouting, the 5th Cavalry were massed and sent after the Indians, who had been ravaging Western Kansas and Nebraska.

This resulted in a very brilliant and effective campaign conducted by Maj. E. A. Carr—now colonel of the 6th—and in Buffalo Bill's first introduction to the public. He was chief of scouts with the 5th Cavalry then—as gallant and valuable a man as ever rode the trail—and he and the 5th were sworn friends.

It was Bill who guided them to the attack of Tall Bull's big village, and to the most successful surprise and assault that the regiment ever took part in, Tall Bull and 60 of his warriors being killed and as many more wounded, while the whole village fell into the hands of our troopers, together with nearly 500 ponies.

In 1871 the 5th Cavalry were sent to Arizona under Gen. Carr, and spent five years in tussling with the Apaches, losing many officers in killed and wounded, but never losing a fight.

Meantime the Indians of the Southern plains were again giving great trouble, and then it was that two new names came to the front as Indian fighters, Col. Nelson A. Miles, commanding the 5th Infantry, and Col. Ronald S. MacKenzie, commanding the 4th Cavalry.

The campaign was a stirring and decisive one, but interest in it was somewhat dwarfed at the time by the tragedy of the Modoc campaign, which occurred in California, near the Klamath lake district, in April, 1873.

Here Gen. Canby and Lieut. Sherwood were foully murdered by the Indians, the one at council, the other under flag of truce, and our loss in officers and men, especially of the 4th Artillery, was very severe.

It was a most hapless campaign, and though there was some satisfaction in afterward hanging the murderers, the lives of the whole Modoc gang were hardly worth any one of those we lost.

When the Sioux made their grand demonstration under Sitting Bull, Gall and Crazy Horse, in 1875-6, and Gen. Crook was called in from the Pacific coast to undertake the task of thrashing the plains Indians, Miles was in Kansas; but no sooner was the news received of the disaster which wiped out Custer and five troops of his devoted regiment (7th Cavalry) on the Little Horn than Gen. Miles, with the 5th foot, was hurried to the Yellowstone, and that fall and winter, mounted as cavalry, they had a stirring time of it hunting down one band after another, and Miles had some very narrow escapes from being killed.

The big commands of Gens. Crook and Terry pursued the Sioux all over the Northwest, and the former struck them two hard blows at Slim Buttes, Dakota, and at the headwaters of the Powder river in November.

There was no more Sioux fighting in Gen. Crook's department after that, for he completely unhorsed and disarmed the Indians, deposed Red Cloud, and set up Spotted Tail—a good man and true—in his place, captured Crazy Horse, who was killed in attempting to escape from the guard, and put live officers on duty around the reservations.

The very next year, '77, the Nez Perces, under Chief Joseph, broke away from Gen. Howard and led him a long stern chase across the back-bone of the continent. Col. Gibbon, with half the 7th Infantry, made a capital swoop to head them off and had a bloody battle with them in Big Hole pass, but lost so many officers and men that he could not pursue.

Joseph dodged the 7th Cavalry at the head of Clark's Fork, and got almost to the British possessions before Miles managed to head him off for good after another desperate fight, in which more gallant officers of the 7th Cavalry were killed.

In '78 the Bannocks stirred up a row, and the 5th Cavalry dropped in upon them. That winter a lot of the chiefs came into Cheyenne to report to Gen. Merritt, commanding the post of Fort Russell, that they were cheated and starving.

It was through the general's exertions that they got what they most needed—and the very next summer they went on the warpath, killed Maj. Thornburgh, massacred the agency people, murdered Lieut. Weir, "corralled" Capt. Payne with three troops of cavalry, killed or wounded more than one-third of his force, and probably would have succeeded in butchering the command but for Merritt's magnificent 200-mile dash to the rescue. That wound up the Utes.

Then came the Apaches again, Victorio, "Juh," Nana and the Chiricahuas generally; Indians who had by favor of the Interior Department been excepted from Crook's government in 1871-75, and he was hurried to Arizona to deal with these trickiest of Indians in the hardest country under the sun.

Though he was not allowed to finish the task, it was finally accomplished only by the adoption of his plans, and, promoted major-general and to the command of the great division of the Missouri, this brave soldier, whom the Indians from Assinniboine to Arizona knew, honored, feared and trusted, was just beginning what would have been the crowning work of his life when stricken dead from heart failure.

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THE CHAMPION TRAVELLER.

During 41 Years of Service He Has Covered Nearly 3,000,000 Miles.

[Philadelphia Press.]

A reporter in Philadelphia claims to have found a man who has travelled the largest number of miles on earth. He is an employe of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and runs on the main line. In over 41 years of travel he has covered the enormous total of nearly 2,900,000 miles.

For over four consecutive decades his home may be said to have been practically on the rail. He has lived over the rattling wheels and behind the racing locomotive. In point of service he is one of the very oldest employes of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. He is 73 years of age, but with his bright eye and sturdy, erect figure he would readily pass as 20 years younger.

Mr. Wilhelm entered the service of the Pennsylvania on Sept. 20, 1850, and has been continuously in its employ ever since. During 38 years he was travelling baggage-master, and made each week 1412 and each year 73,424 miles.

During three years of his 41 years of service he ran as conductor on the Camden & Amboy division of the Pennsylvania between Philadelphia and New York. The distance is 96 miles, and he made two round trips or 384 miles a week, or 59,904 miles in all.

During a year and a half of that three years he also went from New York through Philadelphia to Harrisburg, 105 miles further, or a weekly increase of 420 miles, and for the year and a half a total of 32,760 miles. These two minor totals of 92,664 miles added to the 2,791,112 make a grand and magnificent aggregation of 2,883,776 miles.

His closest competitor is Conductor S. G. Boone, who recently left the service of the Reading railroad, and who lays claim to a total of 2,847,000 miles. Then comes Tip Layton, now superintendent of the affairs of the Pullman company at Indianapolis, for whom the Indianapolis Journal claims the largest mileage, with 2,338,246 miles to his credit.

HYPOCRISY EXTRAORDINARY.

Astonishing Duplex Conversation of a Pretty Telegraph Operator.

[N. Y. Sun.]

A reporter went into an up-town hotel a few days ago to consult a directory. It was at an hour of the day when everything is quiet and still. The only thing about the place that seemed to have any life at all was the telegraph instrument. It was ticking away industriously.

The pretty young woman who manipulates the mysterious thing was working laboriously. She was receiving a telegram for a guest of the hotel. Her pretty shoulders were a trifle rounded as she leaned over her work, and her head was bent low.

The message was long and full of big, strange words, and the operator who was transmitting it seemed to be in a hurry to finish. His pace was a trifle too fast for the young woman and she was compelled to interrupt him constantly.

Each interruption, or "break" as the telegraphers call it, apparently irritated them both. The sending operator went back to the point indicated and started off at a still more rapid pace. But before he could make much headway the young woman would stop him again. Every time she broke she appeared to be more out of sorts.

The silent actions of the two were so pronounced that the attention of the reporter, who was able to read the mystic signals, was attracted. Finally the message was finished. The young woman was in a rage. The way she rattled the key told this to the experienced ear.

She "O. K.'d the message, to denote that it had been correctly received. The moment she had finished her individual sign, which in the telegraph business stands for the operator's name, she snapped back this sentence:

"Say, have you time to eat a hard-boiled egg?"

The reporter walked up to the little cage which held the lovely creature, who was flashing scorn, and sent a telegram. She displayed none of her spleen to him, but talked in a quiet, almost bashful manner. Her language was that of a refined, educated young woman.

One could never have believed that the remark about the hard-boiled egg could have emanated from her. During the brief conversation the telegraph instrument clattered at frequent intervals. The young woman talked to the operator at the other end of the wire and listened to the reporter at the same time.

From the expression on her face one would never have imagined that she was paying the slightest attention to what the little brass instrument was saying. She talked in a refined way to the reporter, emphasizing her claim to refinement by an artful, charming manner.

To the operator, with whom some other trait in her character held a conversation simultaneously, she was diametrically opposite. The conversation ran like this:

Reporter to Young Woman—Will you kindly rush this message through?

Young woman to reporter (with an artful smile and a slight drooping of eyelids)—Oh, yes, sir; I'll hurry it for you. Will you wait for an answer?

Reporter to young woman—Yes, if it doesn't take too long.

Young woman to reporter—It will not take long. I will tell the operator at the other end that the gentleman is waiting.

She called up the operator and sent the message, but didn't say a word to him about hurrying it through. After she had finished she looked up and smilingly said:

"He says that he will rush your message right through."

"Thank you," said the reporter.

The young woman then began to write rapidly. Very soon the instrument began to call her. The little white hand reached for the key, and the little fingers caused this peculiar sentence to flash over the wires:

"Oh, shut up a minute and give me a chance to land a mash."

Then glancing up at the reporter the young woman said:

"I thought he had something for you, but it was a mistake."

Reporter to young woman—Do you find it pleasant to work in an hotel office?

Y. W. to R.—Oh, no sir. On the contrary, it is very disagreeable. One is subjected to so much discourtesy. We hardly dare to look up from our desk for fear some one will address us with a foreign question in order to make our acquaintance.

Operator (who wants to send a message) to Y. W.—Cut it and clear me.

Y. W. to O.—Oh, come off. You've been eating fishballs and are thirsty.

Y. W. to R.—And, besides, we are compelled to smell the dreadful odor of tobacco, and frequently coarse expressions escape men who are partially intoxicated in our hearing. I sometimes am so shocked that I think I cannot stand it.

At this point several customers approached with telegrams, and the reporter left instructions for the delivery of his message and went away revolving this psychological question, "Are all women afflicted similarly, and, if so, to what extent?"

UNCLE ALLEN TALKS.

He Has Seen Young People Walking in a Way He Doesn't Like.

[Chicago Tribune.]

My boy, in your walks about town have you ever happened to notice some young man with the inner angle of his elbow applied to the outer angle of some young woman's elbow in such a way that he seems to shoulder her along as they walk?

There are young men who don't know any better than to do this, whose entire brains, my boy, if mixed with a little sugar and the proper quantity of the third decimal tincture of something or other would only make a small-sized and perfectly harmless homœopathic pill.

Nobody but a beetle-headed cad, my boy, will ever elbow a lady along a public thoroughfare or anywhere else.

There are as many ways of showing one's self to be a donkey as there are ways of being one, but no donkey, my boy, is quite so unanimous and comprehensive a donkey as the half-baked human who escorts an unfortunate woman along a public highway by gluing his elbow to the back of hers and talking over her shoulder into her face.

As to the young woman who will permit a miraculous ass of this description to pay her such attentions, my boy, and even seem to relish them, as some do, I have no available adjectives to describe my pity for her. —[Recollections of an After-Dinner Talk by Uncle Allen Sparks.

HIS HEIRLOOM.

He Could Tell Time by It if You Only Gave Him Time Enough.

[Chicago Daily Tribune.]

"It's an heirloom," he said, as he took out of his pocket a watch as big as an ordinary $2 alarm clock, and shook it to hear the works rattle. "My great-grandfather carried it."

"What with—a truck?" asked his friend.

"Oh, that's all right," responded the man with the watch. "Have all the fun you want; but you couldn't duplicate it today for $200."

"I suppose not. How much do you think the freight charges on it would be from here to New York?"

"I know it's big, but I tell you it's priceless. It's old-fashioned, but it's all there."

"Yes, with some additions and bay windows. But, really, is it reliable?"

"I can tell the time to a half minute by it, and swear to it. I'll bet I can come closer to the exact time than you now."

"I'll go you." He pulled out a handsome little stem-winder, glanced at it, and said: "It's 12.33. Now get a crowbar and open your old safety-deposit vault and see what time you make it."

The other pried the old watch open with the back of a knife blade, studied a moment, and then said:

"Let me see. This is Saturday, and I set it last Thursday evening at 6 o'clock. That is a trifle over 42½ hours ago. At a half a minute an hour, the total loss would be 21¼ minutes. I now make it 12.14½. Adding 21¼ to that would make the corrected time 12.35¾, and I'm willing to leave it to any chronometer in town. Talk about your reliable watches! Why, you can bet on this old heirloom and win every time. It's lost half a minute an hour for 63 years. All you've got to do is to remember when you set it, and you can figure the time down almost to quarter seconds.

LARGEST AND SMALLEST.

Wonders of the World Chiefly Noted Because of Their Size.

[Harper's Young People.]

The three tallest trees in the world are believed to be a sequoia, near Stockton, Cal., which is 325 feet high, and two eucalypti in Victoria, Australia, estimated to be 435 and 450 respectively.

The lake which has the highest elevation of any in the world is Green lake, Col. Its surface is 10,252 feet above the level of the sea. In some places it is over 300 feet deep. The greatest depth of the ocean is 27,930 feet.

The largest sheet or pane of glass in the world is set in the front of a building on Vine st., Cincinnati, O. It was made in Marseilles, France, and measures 186 by 104 inches.

At Allegheny City, Penn., there was recently rolled a steel spring six inches wide, one-fourth inch thick and 310 feet long. It is the largest coiled spring ever rolled. The order was tendered to all the large European iron works, but none of them would undertake the task.

The smallest known species of hogs are quartered at the London Zoological Gardens. They come from the southern part of Australia, and are known as "the pigmy hogs of the antipodes." They are well formed, frisky and good natured, and about the size of a musk rat. They are real hogs and not to be confounded with guinea pigs, which are a species of rodent.

John J. Taylor of Streator, Ill., once wrote 4100 words on the blank side of a postal card, without artificial aid. The words on that single card, if printed in regular newspaper type, would fill two and three-quarter columns of any of the great metropolitan dailies.

Leuwenhock has computed that 10,000 threads of the web of a full-grown spider are not larger than a single hair of a man's beard. He calculates that when young spiders begin to spin, 400 of their threads are not larger than one from a full-sized insect. If this is a fact, 4,000,000 threads of a young spider are not as large as a single hair from a man's face.

SOUTH AFRICAN TREES.

The Roots of the Karoo Provide Against Long Droughts.

[Fortnightly Review.]

In the spring in the years when rain has fallen for two months, the Karoo is a flower garden. As far as the eye can reach stretch blotches of white and yellow and purple fig flowers. Every foot of Karoo sand is broken up by small flowering lilies and wax flowers; in a space of a few square feet you may sometimes gather 50 kinds.

In the crevices of the rocks little, hard-leaved flowering airplants are growing. At the end of two months the bloom is over, the bulbs have died back into the ground by millions, the fig blossoms are withered, the Karoo assumes the red and brown tints which it wears all the rest of the year. Sometimes there is no spring. At intervals of a few years great droughts occur, when no rain falls.

For 10 or 13 months the sky is cloudless. The Karoo bushes drop their leaves and are dry, withered stalks; the fountains fail and the dams are floored with dry-baked mud, which splits up into little squares; the sheep and goats die by thousands, and the Karoo is a desert.

It is to provide for these long rainless periods that all the plant life in the Karoo is modified. Nothing that cannot retain life habitually for six months and at need for twice that time, without rain, can exist here. The Karoo bush itself provides against drought by roots of enormous length, stretching under ground to a depth of many feet.

At the end of a 10 months' drought, when the earth is baked brickdust for two feet from the surface, if you break the dried stalk of a Karoo bush, three inches high, you will find running down the centre a tiny thread of pale green-tinted tissue still alive with sap.

Many plants live by means of fleshy bulbs buried deep under the ground, and in years when no rains fall they do not appear above the surface, or flower.

Many plants have thick, fleshy leaves, in which they store up moisture against the time of need; some, such as the common sorrel and dandelion, become ice-plants; all over their fleshy leaves and stems are little diamond-like drops, which when broken are found to be full of pure water, a little plant sometimes having a cupful stored in this way.

Some live by having their leaves closely pressed together into little solid squares or balls, so saving all evaporation from their surfaces.

The air plants, which are fastened by the slenderest roots to the ground or rocks, live entirely on any moisture they may draw from the air, and will grow and bloom for months in a house without any water. In other ways the intense dryness modifies vegetation; food being scarce, all forms of vegetation are eagerly sought after by animals, and an unusual number are protected by thorns or by such an intense bitterness that no animal will touch them.

One little plant protects itself by assuming a curious likeness to a white lichen that covers the rocks; the plant has sharp-pointed green leaves, these are placed close together with their points upward, and on the tip of each leaf is a little white, scaly sheath.

The resemblance of the smooth surface these present to the lichen growing on the rocks, beside which it is always found, is so great that it is not till you tread on it that you discover the deception. Even on insects the stern conditions of life have a marked effect. Imitation coloring is more common here than elsewhere.

One little insect is so like the white pebbles near which it is always found, and lies so motionless among them that, once dropped, it cannot be found again; another large square locust, with hardly any power of flight, protects itself by simply lying motionless on red stones, which it so exactly resembles in color, having even rough cleavage marks upon it, that it is often impossible to detect it when you know it is there.

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" Quiver	1.50	2.30
Country Gentleman	2.50	3.10
Christian Herald	1.50	2.05
Courier-Journal (Weekly)	1.00	2.00
Chautauqua Young Folks Journal	1.00	2.00
Decorator and Furnisher	4.00	4.10
Demorest's Magazine, without prem.	2.00	2.60
Donahoe's Magazine	2.00	2.80
Domestic Monthly, with premiums	1.50	2.05
Detroit Free Press (Weekly)	1.00	1.90
Engineering and Mining Journal	4.00	4.10
Farm, Field and Stockman	1.50	2.60
Farm Journal	.50	1.30
Fireside Companion	3.00	3.60
Floral Cabinet	1.25	2.00
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" " Popular Monthly	3.00	3.50
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Golden Argosy	4.00	4.50
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Mining Record	3.00	3.30
North American Review	5.00	5.10
Nation	3.00	3.75
N. Y. Fashion Bazar	3.00	3.60
Nursery	1.50	2.20
N. Y. Critic	3.00	3.50
N. Y. Ledger	3.00	3.30
N. Y. Weekly Post	1.00	1.75
N. Y. Weekly World	1.00	1.80
N. Y. Weekly Sun	1.00	1.80
N. Y. Weekly Herald	1.00	1.80
N. Y. Weekly	3.00	3.30
N. Y. Sportsman	4.00	4.60
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New York Witness	1.00	1.90
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Phrenological Journal, without pre.	2.00	2.55
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Phrenological Journal, with prem.	2.15	2.70
Practical Farmer	2.00	2.10
Prairie Farmer	2.00	2.50
Peterson's Lady's Magazine	2.00	2.60
Popular Science News	1.00	1.85
Popular Science Monthly	5.00	5.00
Presbyterian Review	3.00	3.60
Philadelphia Weekly Times	1.00	1.80
Philadelphia Medical Times	4.00	4.10
Philadelphia Practical Farmer	2.00	2.40
Rideout's Magazine	1.00	1.75
Rural New Yorker	2.50	2.80
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Wide Awake	2.40	3.10
Waverley Magazine	4.00	4.50
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THE WEEKLY GLOBE,

BOSTON, MASS.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS.

The Grant-Reilly Marriage and Rome's Decision.

Croton Oil Endangers Many Lives—Experiences of a Sheriff.

Notes of Interest from all Points of Yankeedom.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Sept. 25.—The famous Grant-Reilly marriage contest, in which a decision was recently rendered by the holy see at Rome, declaring William E. Grant's first marriage to Mary Reilly as legal, is again the theme of discussion here.

Mr. Grant has made public a number of letters, among them being one from Dr. R. L. Burtsell, the lawyer-priest.

In this letter Dr. Burtsell says: "You certainly are not bound to give Dr. Maher's letter, in its present shape, any attention, even though it be countersigned by Father Hughes, the administrator. Before any such notice can be binding on you, Father Hughes first should authenticate his claim to act as 'delegate of the Holy See.'

"There is no need of a 'delegate of the Holy See' to notify you of the decision of some Roman congregation. At any rate, any one claiming to act under such delegation must give some proof of it. Second, he must state what tribunal gave the decision. The use of the expression 'decision of Rome' is ridiculous in an official document and meaningless. It will be important for us to know how the case was brought to the Roman tribunal.

"Certainly it has been an underhand business, null and void, for the good reason that neither you nor I were notified that the case was brought before any tribunal. The whole case can, I am confident, be reopened and he will put my arguments in a way to bring out beyond peradventure that the marriage with Mary Reilly certainly was invalid from the beginning (because she was baptized and you unbaptized and no dispensation granted), was never made valid after your baptism."

Beside this letter Mr. Grant has given for publication one from Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, in which the priest says that he is satisfied that Mr. Grant's first marriage was illegal, and that he was a free man when he was married a second time in St. Stephen's church, New York, by Rev. Father Colton; that the former marriage had been annulled by the State, and according to the law of the Catholic church was never a true and binding marriage.

IT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE.

Montreal Express Runs Into a Boston & Maine Freight Train.

LEBANON, N. H., Sept. 25.—The Montreal express, which leaves Boston at 7 p. m., ran into the rear end of a freight train, which had broken apart on the northern division of the Boston & Maine railroad, at 1 o'clock this morning two miles north of this village.

Three freight cars and the forward end of passenger engine were completely demoralized.

No one was seriously injured, but the passengers were badly shaken up.

Railroad men say that it was a narrow escape from a serious accident, it happening on the steep banks of the Mascoma river.

TROUSERLESS SHERIFF.

Chewed Off by the Dog of a Man Upon Whom He Had Served a Writ.

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Sept. 25.—Sheriff Brown of this city lost a new pair of trousers at Deep river, down the Connecticut river, the other day in a curious way.

He went to the house of Asseth Shailor and served a writ on him, but he had no sooner done so than Asseth's big dog got an attachment on his trousers.

With two bites the dog tore off the whole trousers, and the sheriff walked two miles in only his coat and vest, before he could borrow a pair of trousers to return to Middletown in.

Now he is going to sue Shailor for damages.

CROTON OIL IN COFFEE.

Twenty-five People Made Dangerously Sick—Many May Die.

PLAINFIELD, Conn., Sept. 26.—There is much excitement here over an affair that promises to result fatally to several residents. Last night at a supper in connection with a sociable and dance in the public hall, suddenly a large number of the company complained of being sick, and for a time it seemed as though 25 persons at least would die.

Dr. Davis found that quantities of croton oil had been placed in the coffee that was served, the supposition being that it was put there to harm Maj. W. F. Picket, the caterer. This belief is strengthened by the fact that later Mr. Picket's harness was found to be cut in several places.

Mr. Picket drank of the coffee, and his condition is considered very dangerous. Capt. Hall, 85 years of age, and owner of the hall, is also dangerously ill. Over 25 are ill, and at least a dozen seriously. Thus far nothing has been learned of the identity of the guilty miscreant.

Mr. Makepeace in War.

AVON, Mass., Sept. 25.—Clarence W. Makepeace, foreman of R. R. Littlefield's shoe factory, Brockton, was shot and dangerously wounded by his wife this morning, about 6. Makepeace wished his wife to get breakfast for him, when hot words followed. He threw a lamp at her. She ran to her room, seized a gun, and as he put his head inside the door, she fired, shooting off one side of his face; so that if he lives he will be disfigured for life, and partially if not totally blinded.

The trouble is due, it is said, to jealousy. Mrs. Makepeace and husband were continually quarrelling, and it was not uncommon to see them fight out their domestic troubles in the public thoroughfares. She has more than once made an attack on her husband with some dangerous weapon, and he has an equally vicious temper.

His wounds are of a serious nature. Mrs. Makepeace said she had no intention of shooting her husband, and did not know the gun was loaded; she only intended to scare him, so that he would not assault her any more, and pointed the gun at him, when, in the tussle to get at her, the gun was discharged.

Three Men Killed.

NEW MILFORD, Conn., Sept. 25.—Two freight trains on the New England road collided about two miles west of Hawleyville, about 7.30 last evening. Engineer William Day, Fireman James Larner and Brakeman G. A. Sprague, of the east-bound train, were killed. They all belonged in Hartford. A brakeman on the west-bound train was badly injured. The west-bound train was running on the time of the other, which, though late, had the right of way. The killed and wounded were taken to Danbury.

The accident, it is said, was due to the carelessness of Conductor Conrad and Engineer Heeney of the west-bound train, who left Hawleyville without orders. Both are said to have disappeared immediately after the accident.

Detective Chapman Resigns.

Reference was made last week to the charges of collusion with thieves, made mostly by thieves, against George W. Chapman, a private detective, and formerly member of the Boston Police Department. Chapman has brought suit against two Boston papers, but on report of investigation by the Boston police commissioners, has sent in his license and asked to have it revoked. No action has yet been taken on the matter.

To be Congratulated.

The engagement of F. L. Knapp of Auburn, Me., to Miss Gertrude M. Eastman of the same city, is announced. Miss Eastman is the only child of A. M. Eastman, the leading jeweller of Lewiston, and is beautiful and accomplished. The wedding will take place at the residence of Mr. Eastman, 290 Turner st., Auburn, some time in October.

His Arm Torn Off by Planing Machine.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Sept. 22.—Mr. P. C. Horne of this city, employed in Hoyt, Taylor & Hurd's box factory, Newton Junction, N. H., had his left arm drawn into a planing machine and reduced to a pulp. Amputation was found necessary.

Notes.

The Worcester county west agricultural show opened at Barre, Mass., Thursday. Lieut.-Gov. Haile, Collector Beard of Boston, Col. S. C. Warriner of Springfield and Henry A. Cook of Northbridge were present at the dinner and made speeches. Gov. Russell and staff attended the fair, Saturday.

The fair of the Hoosac Valley, Mass., Agricultural Association came to a successful close on Thursday, with 12,000 people on the grounds. The large attendance will enable the association to pay off its debt.

The Evening Post is the latest addition to the newspapers in Worcester, Mass. It is of four seven-column pages, is sold for a cent, and is Democratic in politics.

There is a growing sentiment among Fall River, Mass., manufacturers in favor of postponing, for the present, the cut down in wages to be paid to cotton help. The Cotton Manufacturers' Association has appointed a committee with instructions to prepare a new wage list to go into effect Oct. 5.

Twenty thousand dollars, the indebtedness of Rockingham county, N. H., becomes due Oct. 31, and, not wishing to raise the amount by taxation this year, the county commissioners will refund the maturing debt in 10-year 4 per cent. bonds.

The New Hampshire State board of trade held its annual meeting at Manchester, Thursday. The officers elect were: President, G. F. Page, Concord; vice-presidents, J. J. Bell, Exeter, P. C. Cheney, Manchester; directors, J. S. Spring, Lebanon, J. H. Talles, Nashua, E. R. Kent, Lancaster; auditor, H. H. Barber, Milford. A brilliant banquet followed. The chief address was by Edward Atkinson of Boston, who made a free-trade plea.

Hon. Alvin Burleigh and William H. Cotton, counsel assigned to defend Frank C. Almy, went to Manchester, N. H., Thursday afternoon, and saw their client for the first time. They refused to give out any hint of their programme at the trial.

In the Baptist State convention at Montpelier, Vt., Thursday, Rev. A. S. Gilbert of North Bennington delivered the annual sermon, and the officers' reports were accepted. In the afternoon $3310 was voted to struggling churches, and committees were elected.

Under the collateral inheritance law, the estate of Mrs. Frances J. Holland has paid into the Connecticut State treasury the sum of $35,851.13.

The third day of the State fair at Providence, R. I., was attended by 35,000 people. It was Governor's day, and Gov. Ladd, ex-Gov. Davis, Gen. Elisha Dyer and other notables came out on a special car, but did not make addresses.

T. E. Edmundson, 34 years old, bookkeeper for T. F. Pierce, shoe dealer, Providence, R. I., was arrested Wednesday, on the charge of embezzling $1000 from the firm. Thursday he was arraigned in the District Court and bound over to the December term of the Court of Common Pleas. He has acknowledged a defalcation of about $1300 during the past year, and the firm expect the sum will be found to be nearly $2000.

The Mendon, Mass., soldiers' monument is in position. On its front, facing the west, just above the base, is the donor's name, "Presented by Austin Wood." Over and covering the largest part of this side is a partial roll of the dead soldiers. Above is the Massachusetts coat of arms. Above this is the American eagle, the whole surmounted by a cannon ball weighing 400 pounds. On the south, east and north sides the roll of martyrs is continued, finishing on the east side—about 30 names in all. On the capstone are emblems, and on each of the sides coats of arms, crossed cannons, battle flags, etc.

The barn of R. R. James, the furniture store of C. H. Bacon and other buildings at Danielsonville, Conn., were burned Saturday morning. C. H. Bacon's loss was $8500; insurance, $5500. W. F. Wood, undertaker, who occupied part of Bacon's building, lost by water and smoke some $900; insurance, $100.

Mary Travers, a married woman, residing on Orange st., Fall River, committed suicide Wednesday night by jumping from a window in the third story of her house. Her neck was broken by the fall.

The inquest on the death of John Ingraham, killed by the cars Sept. 11, at Chicopee, was held by Judge Hitchcock Wednesday, and the evidence showed the accident was unavoidable on the part of the train men.

Incendiaries early Wednesday fired a large icehouse near the Housatonic railroad at Sympaug pond, in Redding, Conn., and the building and 3000 tons of ice were destroyed. The loss is estimated at $5000 to $8000.

Gov. Bulkeley, Wednesday, discharged Lieuts. Kingsley and O'Neil of the Hillyer Guard, Company B, 1st Regiment, C. N. G., Hartford, Conn., as the result of the investigation of the affairs of the company made by a court of inquiry in July.

The following fourth class postmasters have been appointed: New Hampshire, E. M. Hoyt, Grafton Centre; Vermont, R. Edson, Jr., Barnet; W. A. Taylor, Brunswick; Maine, A. S. Trask, Damariscotta Mills; H. V. Berry, East Fryeburg.

Capt. Pinkerman was ejected, Wednesday, from the chief of police chair at Bridgeport, Conn., by Chief Rylands. The Common Council abolished the office of chief of police, but Rylands, who claims the action was illegal, will not surrender the office.

George Felt, a brakeman on the Salem freight train, Wednesday afternoon at Wakefield Junction, stepped between two cars to shackle them, tripped and fell, the wheels passing over his body and one arm. He was taken to the Massachusetts General Hospital, where he died shortly after his arrival.

Princeton College opened Wednesday with an address by President Patton. The number of entering students is 325. There are four additions to the faculty—J. Grier Hibben, '82, becomes assistant in logic; Nicholas E. Crosby and Sidney Smith, instructors in classics, and Frederick Neher, assistant in chemistry.

Extra freight No 5, bound east on the Consolidated road, was thrown from the tracks by an open switch when passing through Saugatuck, Conn., shortly before noon Wednesday. It ran fully an eighth of a mile, bumping along the ties, then jumped on the rails again by coming in contact with a frog, proceeded several rods further and upon the drawbridge before it could be stopped.

Julia Dempsey, the 8-year-old child of James Dempsey of Pawtucket, R. I., fell into a cistern Thursday and was drowned.

The trial of Capt. Kenyon for the murder of John McInniss at the Gilbert Stewart place, in North Kingston, R. I., has been set for Nov. 9, at Providence.

Charles F. Nugent, a tailor, of Providence, R. I., was indicted by the grand jury Wednesday, for maintaining a lottery in the form of a clothing club. This is to be made a test case.

Edson J. Hill, executor, has paid over $5000, bequeathed to the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital of Concord, N. H., by his brother, the late Joseph C. Hill, to maintain a free bed in that institution.

Charles Carter of Canterbury, N. H., aged 20, was arraigned in the Police Court at Concord, Thursday, for criminally assaulting his sister Jennie, aged 11, and pleading guilty was committed without bail.

Burglars entered the houses of Oliver A. Day and Elijah Smith, in North Easton early Thursday morning. From Mr. Day's they obtained about $40 in cash, and from Smith's about $75.

Alfred Anderson, a Swede, residing in East Greenwich, R. I., and a track walker on the New York, Providence & Boston railroad, was killed by a special train early Thursday morning. He leaves a widow and two children.

The fall term of Norwich university at Northfield, Vt., commenced Thursday with an unusually large freshman class. The instructors are the same as last year. Lieut. F. C. Kimball, 5th Infantry, United States army, has charge of the military department.

Capt. Malone of the fishing schooner Christie Campbell of Gloucester, while on Jeffries Bank, Sept. 20, in lat. 42° 28' long. 70° 41', fouled the Direct United States telegraph cable and had to cut the vessel's cable to keep from damaging it, losing 30 fathoms and an anchor.

Enoch P. Marshall, a prominent citizen of Dunbarton, N. H., died at his home Friday evening after a short illness.

Ex-Representative B. B. Smith of Mansfield, Conn., a prominent silk manufacturer, died Friday, aged 84 years.

Michael Lynch of Keene, N. H., who was run over by the cars Thursday afternoon, died Friday morning during amputation.

In the Supreme Court at Laconia, N. H., Friday afternoon, Judge Carpenter sentenced John Dugan and Eugene Brigham to three years each in State prison for larceny.

A granite working company has been organized at Chelsea, Vt. The quarries are at the foot, east of Brocklebank hill, near the Tunbridge line and the stone will have to be drawn nine miles to the railroad at South Royalton.

Miss Mary W. Bond, a sister of Judge S. W. Bond, and treasurer of the Florence Savings Bank, being one of the first women in the State to hold such a position, died Friday at Florence, after a brief illness, aged 56 years.

Station Agent Litchfield, Willimantic, Conn., of the New York & New England railroad, has recovered a box stolen on Saturday from the freight department, containing money and checks valued at $150, and has established the identity of the thief.

An injunction was served Friday on Capt. Pinkerman, Police Commissioners Grant and Rishor, Bridgeport, Conn., restraining the commissioners from placing any person in command to succeed Chief Rylands and Pinkerman from assuming command of the police department.

Apollo Lodge, Knights of Pythias, St. Johnsbury, Vt., entertained Friday James R. Carnahan of Indianapolis, major-general of the uniform rank of the United States; E. F. Durand of New Haven, brigadier-general of the department of Connecticut, and Maj. F. W. McKinley of Manchester, N. H., colonel on Gen. Carnahan's staff.

Her Harmless Amusement.

[Gazette.]

Rudyard Kipling says American girls are lacking in reverence, but one American girl thought it was the matrons who lacked reverence when she heard a Back Bay "nouveau riche," fair, fat and 40, in a West End car, make the following remark: "Oh, yes, sometimes I go down to the Church of the Advent in the evening to see the torchlight processions."

BATHING ON A GLACIER.

Arctic Mosquitoes Rival Jersey Cousins.

Dr. Rosse, Twice an Explorer, Says the Pearys Will Not Suffer.

Dangers and Discomforts of Such Voyages Popularly Exaggerated.



WASHINGTON, Sept. 26.—When a man gravely tells you that the mosquitoes in the neighborhood of the North Pole were so thick and so fierce in their assaults that a party of sailors were forced to desist from work, and that it was so hot on the top of a glacier in Greenland that the explorers were tempted to bathe in a little pool formed by the melting snow and ice, one's preconceived notions as to the climate in the Arctic regions are apt to be rudely disturbed.

Yet this was what Dr. Irwin Rosse of this city told me the other day when I asked him what he thought the chances were for Lieut. Peary and his party safely reaching these shores again.

Dr. Rosse was medical officer attached to the two expeditions made by the revenue steamer Corwin in her search for the Jeannette expedition. He went further north han any other Arctic expedition had penetrated previous to that time. He is thoroughly informed as to the dangers which surround Lieut. Peary and knows exactly what he will have to contend with if he hopes to escape from his present place of abode.

Dr. Rosse volunteered to join the Corwin expedition, having previously been in the army, because of his love of adventure and the desire to go to the North Pole, or as near as possible as he could get to that long-sought-for and never-yet-attained point.

"I do not believe," the doctor said in answer to my question, "that Lieut. Peary is in as much danger as some papers have represented to be the case. It might perhaps be well to send an expedition up there next summer to see how he is getting along, but I believe he will get through this winter in good shape and there is

No Reason to Fear

anything happening to him.

"Peary, you see, is not only a sailor, but he also has had experience in similar undertakings, and for that reason he is abundantly well qualified for the work he has set out to accomplish. In my opinion the leader of an Arctic expedition should not be an army officer, and if, for other reasons, it is deemed desirable to select a military man to put at the head of affairs, he should, at any rate, have had experience in Northern voyages."

"How do you think Mrs. Peary will be able to stand the rigors of an Arctic winter? Will the peculiar climate be likely to have any bad effect on a woman?"

"If Mrs. Peary is a woman of good constitution and in ordinarily good health—and I presume she must be, else her husband would not have permitted her to accompany the expedition—I see no reason why she should not be able to stand the winter without harm to her constitution. The fact of the matter is, there is a good deal of exaggeration in the public mind regarding the great dangers which necessarily form part of an Arctic voyage, and the mortality is also greatly overestimated.

"I have not the figures convenient just now, but I have seen the statistics showing that the percentage of deaths among men who have engaged in Arctic explorations is much smaller than among those who have been members of land expeditions in unknown territories; more than that, I believe that the casualities are not really more excessive than among mariners generally."

"But is it not a fact, doctor, that the entire history of the search for the pole is marked by the

Bones of Hardy Adventurers

which were left to whiten on those icy shores? So many men have lost their lives in the Arctic that it seems hard to reconcile the statement you have just made with the facts as we know them."

"In the olden days many lives were lost unnecessarily, and had the leaders of the expedition possessed as much scientific knowledge as we have today, the mortality would not have been so great. It is also true that of recent years lives have been lost on northern journeys, but frequently that loss of life must be attributed to mismanagement.

"The great difficulty which the early expedition had to contend with was scurvy, owing to the kind of food on which the men lived, the lack of proper medicines, and the fact that the disease was not properly understood.

"But at the present time no properly fitted out expedition need carry food which would be likely to cause scurvy, and, in addition, the treatment of the malady is so well understood, and science has provided us with so many anti-scorbutics, that it would be a reflection on any medical officer should he lose any portion of his crew from scurvy. The Corwin did not lose a single man on either of her trips, and I believe that every one of us returned from the North in better health even than when we left."

Dr. Rosse is, at any rate, an ocular demonstration to the virtues of an Arctic expedition as a preserver of good health. He is a splendid specimen of manhood, slightly above medium height with the chest development of an athlete, and the healthy color of a man whose bodily functions are perfect, and who enjoys the best of health. He is a specialist in mental diseases, and at the present time the one member of the Royal Geographical Society of London in Washington. His membership in that society was conferred upon him

Because of His Voyages

to the Arctic and the contributions he has rendered to science in that connection.

The only accomplishment he claims to possess is that of being able to swim, and every day he regularly takes a plunge in the Potomac. It is more than a plunge with him, however. He thinks nothing of swimming twice the width of the river at Georgetown, a feat which a great many professional swimmers would take pride in.

"It is not likely that Mrs. Peary will suffer severely from the cold?" I asked.

"I think not," he replied. "Mrs. Peary is, of course, provided with furs and all other suitable clothing, and from the published accounts which I have read I see that they have plenty of coal and oil, with warm clothing and no lack of fuel, a good house to shelter them, and plenty to eat, there is no reason to apprehend that they will feel the effects of the winter.

"Of course, as you know, heat and cold after all is purely a relative matter. Once, when the Corwin was locked in the ice, I took a plunge in the ocean. The way it came about was this. I remembered having read that Hayes, the Arctic explorer, mentioned in his book that having with a party climbed a glacier they came to a place where the melting snow and ice had formed a small pool, and they were so hot and tired after their climb that he went in bathing in this little lake.

"I wanted to do a little bit more than what had been done before, and I thought if Hayes could bathe on the top of a glacier I might as well take a plunge in the ocean. So I stripped and went in. I must confess

It Was Rather Cold at First,

but after I got back on the deck of the ship some of the officers dared me to go in again, and as I could not be bluffed I went over the side once more and swam around to show how much I could do. The second time the water did not seem as cold as when I first went in.

"I am happily constituted in being able to withstand cold, but you really do not experience as much discomfort from the cold as one might imagine. I do not fear so much for Mrs. Peary's health as I do that she will be very lonely and tired of her surroundings before the expedition gets ready to leave. However, I presume that the novelty of the situation and the interest which she takes in her husband's work will divert her thoughts and drive ennui away."

"Is the lieutenant's broken leg liable to cause him any trouble, or will the fracture knit rapidly?"

"I do not know how bad the fracture is, as that term, 'a broken leg,' may mean anything or nothing. It is a good deal like the phrase which every newspaper man seems to delight in using nowadays—'heart failure.' From the published letters from Lieut. Peary it is evident that he does not regard the accident as being of a very serious nature, and a simple fracture ought to yield to treatment as readily where he is as in any other latitude.

"In fact his chances for speedy recovery are better there than they would be elsewhere because of the purity of the air and the absence of all germs. In my experience I have found that men do not suffer in the Arctic regions from those diseases which would be likely to afflict them in a more temperate climate. Pneumonia and other bronchial affections are unknown, and so is rheumatism. Give a man a sound constitution, and a winter in the Arctic will not have any injurious effect upon him."

"Why is it that men are willing to take

Their Lives in Their Hands

and go on these expeditions?"

"Well, in the first place there is the love of adventure; secondly there is the hope of adding something to the sum of scientific knowledge, and then, after a man has once been there, he becomes so fascinated that he is willing to go a second or a third time.

"It is difficult to describe in words exactly what the fascination is, but the rugged grandeur of the Arctic scenery, the surroundings, which are so entirely different from those to which a man has before been accustomed, and the very fact that there are dangers and obstacles in the way which must be met and overcome, all combine to make it extremely fascinating for a man whose tastes lie in that direction. Everything is so novel and so strange that it is almost like being on another planet.

"As for the scientific value of these expeditions, they cannot be over-estimated, and while, as yet, the great goal has not been attained, every time a properly constituted exploring party goes to the North Pole science derives a little benefit from it; although the benefit may be small from individual effort, the aggregate is large.

"I do not believe that it is an impossibility to reach the pole, but it will have to be done through the concerted action of all nations. A series of stations will have to be established and properly maintained, so that there may always be a base of supplies, and assistance will be close at hand if succor is needed."

Dr. Rosse has a remarkable collection of photographs taken in the Arctic. One of them shows the spar of a vessel sticking up from what looks to be a mountain of ice.

"That," said the doctor, "is Chamisso island on Kitzebue sound, just under the Arctic circle. The spar was erected by the commander of H. M. S. Blossom in his search for Sir John Franklin. On the top of the spar is the British broad arrow and on the staff is an inscription stating that

Buried Under the Ground

is a document signed by the Blossom's commander regarding his landing on the island.

"I was curious to unearth that treasure and, with a party of men from the ship, went to work to disinter it. The ground was solidly frozen to a depth of 10 feet, but the mosquitoes were so thick and so savage that we found it impossible to work, and we were forced to desist."

"Do you mean to say that mosquitoes are to be found there who bite like our Jersey friends?"

"Yes, they are just like the American mosquito of commerce and the seaside resorts, only larger and with a great deal more activity in their business ends. I have no doubt that Peary is now fighting the mosquitoes and suffering from their bites."

Another interesting photograph in the doctor's collection is a picture of the Esquimaux Long Branch. It is a place known as Sheshorelik, which is, literally, Esquimo for whaletown, on Hotham inlet, Kotzebue sound. Here in warm weather, the doctor told me, the Esquimaux erect fur tents and loaf at their ease, in just the same way that their more civilized cousins do at summer resorts, only that the Esquimaux do not take with them great saratogas filled with Worth dresses and the latest triumphs of the milliner's genius.

Like other residents of cities who go away to the seashore to spend the summer months, they fish and visit each other socially and go in for a good time generally. Dr. Rosse says that this annual outing to Whaletown is purely one of recreation, as no one works or seems to have any greater concern than to devise means of pleasantly passing the time away according to the Esquimaux standard of enjoyment.

A. MAURICE LOW.

BACK TO ENGLAND.

Rev. Brooke Herford Accepts the Urgent Call to London After 16 Years' Work in the United States.

After full consideration and consultation with friends at the Unitarian conference at Saratoga, Rev. Dr. Herford has finally decided to accept the call from London.

This decision is first announced in a letter to Mr. John Mason Little where the reasons therefor are fully and frankly stated.

It may be added that the salary attached to Dr. Herford's new position is not more than half of what he receives here.



REV. BROOKE HERFORD.

He has served nine years in the Arlington Street pulpit, with constantly increasing acceptance to the society, and an ever-broadening public usefulness and influence, thanks to the liberel policy of the Arlington st. prudential committee in sparing to other interests his executive ability and leadership.

With his seven years' previous service in Chicago, Dr. Herford will have completed, upon his retirement from Boston, 16 years of work in America—work which the letter says has been of great value in his own development, and useful for future service in his country, as it certainly has been important in this community.

HOW 3,000,000 MAKE A LIVING.

Railway Statistics Which Tell an Interesting Story.

There are just about 30,000 locomotives in the United States. One-half of these are used in hauling freight trains. It is pretty accurate to say that the locomotives in the United States cost $450,000,000. There are 1,109,000 cars of all kinds, of which 26,000 are passenger cars, and the remainder freight or road service cars.

The passenger cars cost about $250,000,000, and the freight and other cars about $800,000,000. So, you see, we have approximately $1,500,000,000 as the cost of the rolling stock of our railways, a sum great enough to pay the national debt and more.

Now, suppose all these locomotives were coupled together, and started across the country in one solid train, how long do you think it would be? asks the statistician of the inter-state commerce commission. Three hundred miles; yes, 300 miles of locomotives; power enough to pull Jupiter down to the earth, could we only hitch to him.

Then add the passenger cars, and we should have 300 miles more; and if we wanted a huge mixed train, and were to put in all the box, flat, and every other kind of freight cars, our train would be more than 7000 miles long.

The passenger cars could carry more than 1,500,000 of people, and upon the freight cars could be loaded the weight of all the pyramids of Egypt and all the State capitols in the United States.

To every five miles of railroad in the United States there is a locomotive. To every mile of road there are six freight cars. To every 5½ miles there is a passenger car. Each year a freight engine hauls 35,000 tons of load; each year a passenger engine pulls 60,000 passengers.

The railways of the United States employ 725,000 persons, nearly all men. It is estimated that the railway interest provides a living for 3,000,000 in this country, or nearly one-twentieth of the whole population.

In thinking of railway employes and the expense of railway maintenance and operation, one naturally thinks first of the conductors, engineers and brakemen. You will probably be surprised to learn that the care of track requires a greater number of employes on every railroad than any other department.

To every 100 miles of railway line in this country there are 460 employes; 112 of them are section foremen and other trackmen. Repairs of rolling stock and renewal of bridges and buildings are next in number of employes, 98.

Running trains require 91, as follows: Engine drivers, 20; firemen, 21; conductors, 14; other trainmen, 36. Of flagmen, switchmen, and watchmen there are 21; telegraph operators and despatchers, 11; station agents, 16; other stationmen, 38; general officers, 3; office clerks, 23; and all other employes, 70. So, you see, the men who repair the tracks, bridges and rolling stock comprise nearly one-half of all the employes. Approximately there is a trackman to every mile of road and a shopman as well.

SUN GOES SOUTH.

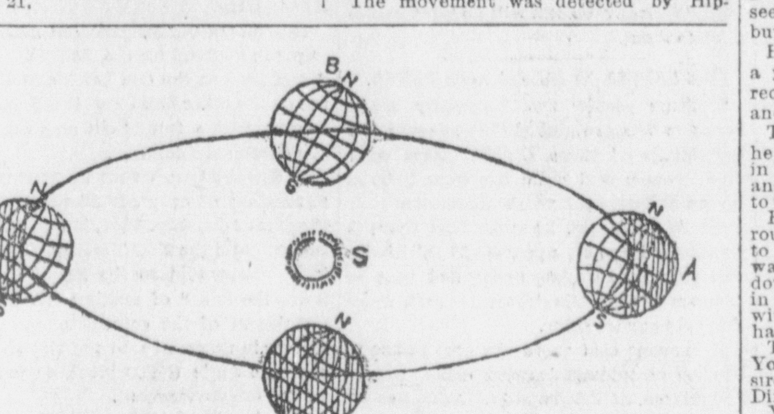
Now Performing Ceremony of Crossing Line.

Mystery of Changing Seasons and Shortening Days Explained.

Spring Would Reign Eternal but for Inclination of Earth's Orbit.

The sun "crosses the line" today. This is a highly important episode in the career of that luminary. Or, rather, it is a marked and significant event in the physical annals of the earth, for, of course, it is the earth and not the sun that does the moving.

There are four well-defined points in the path which the sun traverses in its apparent yearly journey around the earth, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. These are the equinoxes and the solstices. The equinoxes are the places which the sun passes on March 20 and Sept. 23, and the solstices are the spots touched by the sun on June 21 and Dec. 21.



CAUSES OF CHANGES IN THE SEASONS.

Each two of the same order are thus about six months apart. At the equinoxes the nights and days all over the globe outside of the immediate neighborhood of the poles are approximately equal. The term is derived from the two Latin words æquus and nox, which mean "equal nights." The word solstice comes from the Latin sol, the sun, and sisto, to stand. They are the standing places of the sun.

At each of these solstitial points the sun, as viewed from the earth, seems to stand for a few days, and then for six months it appears to move in an opposite direction from that traversed in the preceding six. Each of these four points marks out the boundary lines between the seasons, but they are not recognized in our calendars.

When, in popular phrase, the sun "crosses the line" or "crosses the equinoctial," it is meant the sun seems to pass that part of the ecliptic, or earth's orbit, cut by the equinoctial. It should be understood that the equinoctial is an imaginary line across the heavens coinciding in direction with the earth's equator.

Let it be conceived, for the purpose of this article, that the earth is the centre of a celestial sphere. Then let us suppose that the earth is cut by lines running around it, and parallel with each other, the central line of which is called the equator. Now let us again suppose that the equatorial line is extended outward until it touches the stars. This is the celestial equator or equinoctial. The north and south line, which marks the axis of the earth, would, if similarly prolonged, touch the stars and denote the celestial poles.

If the ecliptic and equinoctial were indicated by any discernible lines across the sky they would be seen to be circular, and they would cross each other at two points. These points are the equinoxes. About half of the equinoctial would seem to be below the ecliptic and the other half above it.

When the sun seems to pass that point of the ecliptic cut by the equinoctial—that is, the earth actually passes the opposite side of the ecliptic—the sun is said to have entered the equinox or to have crossed the equinoctial.

As is shown in the cut the earth's axis is not perpendicular to the ecliptic or plane of its orbit, but is tilted to a large extent. The inclination from the perpendicular amounts to about 23½°. This is the angle, therefore, of the inclination of the equator and the equinoctial to the ecliptic.

On this inclination the seasons on the earth depend. If there were no inclination—that is, if the axis of the earth were perpendicular to the plane of its motion—there would be no change in seasons, while if the axis were horizontal the differences in the seasons would be greater than they are now. At B and D, when the sun appears to be in the equinoxes—that is on March 20 and Sept. 23—the sun's rays reach from pole to pole, and the days and nights all over the globe are approximately at equal length.

The illuminated side of the earth is turned toward us from B and the dark side from D. At A there is less sunshine in that part of the earth north of the equator, as the cut shows, than there is south of the equator, while at C the north half of the earth has more sunshine than the south.

It is winter in the north temperate zone when the earth is at A, and summer in the south temperate, the date being Dec. 21. It is summer in the north temperate and winter in the south temperate when the sun is at C, that date being June 21.

The almanac says that the sun enters the sign Libra on Sept. 23. When these signs were marked out they corresponded to the constellations of the zodiac. There are 12 signs and the same number of zodiacal star groups. Then the sign Aries was in the spot occupied by the constellation of that name.

The same was true of Taurus, Libr, Pisces and the rest of them. But the equinox is shifting backward slowly, and the sun strikes it each year earlier than on the year preceding. The apparent motion of the sun in its yearly path is toward the east, while that of the equinoxes are toward the west. This backward movement of the equinoctial points is so slow, however, that about 26,000 years will pass before it can make the circuit of the ecliptic.

The movement was detected by Hipparchus about 2000 years ago. This retrogression since the time the zodiacal constellations were named amounts to about a twelfth of a circle. The star groups are, with respect to the equinoctial, farther forward than they were once, but the signs retain their old places with relation to that line.

Thus when the sun is said to enter the sign Libra today it does not enter the constellation Libra, but that of Virgo, 30° farther to the west. The constellation Libra will not be reached by the sun until a month afterward, but the sign then touched will be that of Scorpio.

The shifting backward of the equinoxes breaks the old relation between the signs and the constellations all around the line of the ecliptic. This retrograde movement is called by astronomers the precession of the equinoxes.

The only indication we gain by superficial observation of the apparent movement of the sun around the earth—or of the real movement of the earth around the sun—is by the swinging of the sun from north to south and the reverse. If we could see the constellations in which the sun appeared we would find that it was in a different group of stars each month, and that these groups form a continuous line stretching around the sky.

In 12 months the sun makes the complete circuit. All that the average person discerns, though, is that that orb oscillates toward the north and the south, each swing occupying six months. The sun reaches its farthest point to the north about June 21, and then, swinging backward, touches its farthest southerly point on Dec. 21, passing the autumnal equinox half way on its course.

Returning it crosses the vernal equinox on March 21, and reaches its northerly turning point on June 21.

To the sun's changing of place is due the alternation in the seasons. Thus, when it rounded the southerly point in its journey in the latter part of December, it brought summer south of the equator and winter north of it. On March 20 autumn began for the south and spring for the north, and on June 21 the north had its summer and the south its winter.

Ever since the latter date the sun has been speeding southward, the half circles which it describes in its daily movement from horizon to horizon are growing shorter, the days decrease and the nights increase, in this part of the earth.

As it sweeps across the equinoctial today the days and nights will be of equal length, autumn will open all over the globe north of the equator and spring south of that line, and the six months night at the north pole and the six months day at the south pole will begin.

THE KAISERIN AND HER FAMILY.



THE CROWN PRINCE STANDS ON HER RIGHT.

What is the use of being an Empress? The consort of the German Emperor rises at 5 o'clock in the morning and has accomplished half a day's work before half the women who are not queens are out of bed.

No wife of the present cycle is supposed to look after her husband's linen. She is too busy with studying Browning and political economy. But the faithful Kaiserin has personal charge of the linen belonging to her royal spouse, and the honor of sewing on a button or putting a few stitches in an imperial sock is one rarely coveted by the maids of honor.

When one remembers that this august personage travels with 22 tin cases containing his wearing apparel, cocked hats, helmets and uniforms, and reflects upon the amount of linen required, it may be inferred that this care of the linen is no easy task. One servant has charge of the headgear, another menial of the boots, the wife of the royal shirts.

And what is this Empress of Germany doing just now when the average wife has sent her children to their grandmother or has left them in charge of maids while she dances from one delight to another? The Empress is at Felixstowe with her five boys, teaching them, or at least all of them that can navigate, the noble art of swimming, at which she is an expert.

This gracious lady is not exactly beautiful, being a little overstout, but she has one rare charm—the most beautiful arms in the world. At least that is what the Emperor says.

TEA IN AUSTRALIA.

The Compound Which the Vitiated Antipodean Palate Craves.

[Brandon Bucksaw.]

In all up-country places men drink tea. They drink it all day long and at every meal, in amazing quantities, and at a most unwholesome strength. The method of preparation is simple and one would think that if the aim were to brew a concoction altogether poisonous it ought to be effectual.

On Sunday mornings the tea-maker states with a clean pot and a clean record. The pot is hung over the fire with a sufficiency of water in it for the day's brew, and when this has boiled he pours into it enough of the fragrant herb to produce a deep, coffee-colored liquid.

On Monday, without removing yesterday's tea-leaves, he repeats the process. On Tuesday da capo, and on Wednesday da capo, and so on through the week.

Toward the close of it the great pot is filled with an acrid mash of tea leaves, out of which the liquid is squeezed by the pressure of a tin cup. By this time the "tea" is the color of rusty iron, incredibly bitter and disagreeable to the uneducated palate.

The native calls it "real good old post and rails" (the simile being obviously drawn from a stiff and dangerous jump), and regards it as having been brought to the very pitch of perfection. Doctors tell of cases resulting from this abuse which closely border, in their manifestations, on the signs of delirium tremens.

The Tongue as a Respirator.

[London Lancet.]

A correspondent gives a useful hint to persons whose duties take them much into the night air.

He says that when facing a cold east wind or breathing quickly the night air, he never quite closes his mouth, but, keeping the lips a trifle parted, he curls up his tongue toward the roof of his mouth until the tip reaches as far back as the soft palate, when the arched under surface of the tongue is pressed against the hard palate.

The cold air then as it enters the mouth is made to pass between the side of the tongue and the buccal membrane of the pharnyx and thereby so warmed that by the time it reaches the larynx it is rid of the chill and does not excite cough and catarrh.

Some people cannot breathe through the nose alone, which is the right thing to do in the night air, or indeed, at any time, and for such the plan recommended above is a good one.

Had Given Them Up.

[New York Herald.]

She (just engaged)—I should like to meet your sisters.

He—You don't suppose I call on them any more do you?

HOW HE HAS RISEN!

Nelson's Owner Was Once Ashamed of Him.

Would Have Sold Him When a Yearling for $200, but None Would Buy.

Now the Great Maine Stallion Cannot be Bought for $125,000.

WATERVILLE, Me., Sept. 26.—While all eyes are closely watching the papers for a word of the great horses, Allerton, Nancy Hanks and Nelson, a short history of how "Hod" Nelson became the possessor of this wonderful horse, Nelson, and how he has risen in value from $200 to $125,000, may be interesting.

"Hod" Nelson was born in China, Me., and has always dealt in horses, buying from 10 to 100 a year and shipping them to Boston, disposing of them to the late Wesley P. Balch.

In one of these cargoes he had quite a good mare, which, upon arriving in Boston, seemed out of sorts, and Balch refused to buy her.

He wrote Nelson that he would send him a yearling colt, sired by Tom Rolf, with a record of 2.33½, in exchange for the mare, and take his chance as to her dying.

Though Nelson did not care for the colt, he felt it would be preferable to have him in health than a dying mare on his hands, and he wrote Balch to send the colt by boat to Gardiner, where he went for him.

He found such a miserable, scraggy, rough-looking animal that he was ashamed to take him home in the daylight and waited for the shades of darkness to settle down before he wended his way to China, in anything but the best frame of mind, with a yearling colt which he would gladly have sold for $75.

This was none other than the famous Young Rolf, the sire of Nelson, he in turn sired by Tom Rolf, he by Aratus, son of Director.

Young Rolf was offered several times for small sums, and barely escaped becoming a gelding which would have deprived the world of Nelson.

Shortly after having swapped for the colt, "Hod's" wife's father died, and his estate, sold at auction in Vassalboro, included a number of fairly good horses, valued from $75 to $175 each, which Hod bought at a low figure.

Among this lot was Gretchen, the mother of Nelson, sired by Gideon, 2.21½; he by Hambletonian.

After making this purchase Gretchen was offered for sale to Roswell Morse of Vassalboro for $250, but Morse would give only $200, and the sale fell through.

"Hod" considered her a fairly good brood mare and so he bred her to young Rolf and produced Nelson.

When a year old he was one of the most awkward yearlings that ever drew breath, and his owner would have sold him for $200, but there was no one who wished to relieve him of the animal.

When he reached the age of two years he had so improved that he made a mile in 2.50; three years saw him with a record of 2.26¾; five years brought this down to 2.21¼.

Then with two years of service he was again worked for the track, and on Sept. 10, 1890, was started at Bangor, Me., making a mile in 2.15¼, beating the track's record of 2.15½, held by Jay Eye See.

From Bangor he was taken to the Kankakee track in Illinois, where he was started on the 27th of September, making a mile in 2.12, and on the 29th trotted a mile in 2.11½.

Oct. 2 found the great stallion at Rushville, Ind., where he broke the track record of 2.12 one-quarter second. From there he was shipped to Terre Haute, where he made a mile in 2.11¼.

His next great performance was at Cambridge City, Ind., where he is now waiting the great stallion race, which, if trotted, will be on this same track which Allerton's owners admit to be slower than the one at Independence, Ia., and yet the one over which Nelson made his record of 2.10¾, Oct. 21, 1890, which held good until his performance at Grand Rapids, Mich., where he lowered the time to 2.10 flat.

This great feat was performed by the awkward animal which "Hod" Nelson would have gladly sold at $200 when a yearling, but would not take $125,000 for today.

PUFF! AND OUT THEY GO.

A Cavern in Colorado that Resents the Intrusion of Strangers.

[Denver Sun.]

There is a cave near Rockwood, a station on the Denver & Rio Grande railroad, which has been visited by many persons. No particular mention of the cave has been made, as it seemed to be little worthy of notice.

On Sunday last a number of pleasure seekers left this city to join a party at Rockwood who had planned to visit the cave. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the members of the party, having disposed of their dinner, began to climb the hill, near the top of which the mouth of the cave is located.

After much exertion the foremost of the party reached the mouth of the cave, and being in advance of his companions they were startled to see him fall backward into the low oak brush as if he had been thrown from a catapulp.

His companions, pushing forward more vigorously, soon came to his rescue and found him recovering, not much hurt, but slightly scratched and somewhat dazed. He could give no explanation of his sudden removal from the opening to the cavern.

Curious to know what the cause was the entire company in a body pushed up the hill, which has a particularly steep descent near the mouth of the cave.

To the astonishment of the whole number, the instant after stepping into the cave they found themselves all piled together in a spot near where the first had landed. It took but a little while to recover from the entanglement, when they began to inquire the cause of this sudden excitement. They all agreed that they had seen nothing to cause such a thing, and they were curious to know the reason for the phenomenon. But how to find out what they wished was the thing to decide.

At last it was determined that the strongest gentleman of the party should gain a position at the side of the entrance, and, thus protected, get an opportunity to reconnoitre. So, taking a circuitous route and avoiding a position directly in front of the opening, they soon found themselves close beside the entrance.

Cautiously putting his head out beyond the protecting wall, the foremost peered in. His hat immediately took flight down the declivity, but he was thus made aware of the exact state of affairs.

The philosophy of the current of air in caves suddenly dawned upon him. As is well known, the air of a warm day in summer is much lighter on the outside of a cave or cellar than it is inside. Consequently the cold, heavy air rushes out with great violence—enough in this case to cause the trouble spoken of and throw the party down the hill.

Later, relating this tale, an old-timer told your correspondent of a former adventure of his at the same place. On a cold day in the early winter he was tracking a deer along this hillside, when he was astonished to see the cave open up before him, and he noticed that the snow seemed to have been disturbed very recently, as though a body had been dragged into the entrance.

Without thinking he stepped forward to examine into the cause of the disturbed condition of the snow, when he felt himself violently pulled into the cave, the force pulling him from his feet.

He felt a shock, and for a while was oblivious to all around him. When his senses returned he found he was lying by and partially upon the body of a deer. Upon examination he found the body of the deer yet warm. This led to a closer examination still.

He at last determined that the force of the current of air blowing into the cave had drawn the deer in, killing it, but that when he was drawn in the shock was somewhat obviated by his striking the deer, thus saving him from death.

The explanation is just the reverse of the other, the air being warmer inside of the cave than out. The current flows into the cave during the winter, thus accounting for the strange affair.

Picturesque People of Greece.

[Letter in Pittsburg Leader.]

The national costume of the Greeks is both pretty and picturesque. The men wear tight pantaloons, stockings to the knees and a short fluted dress or kilt about the hips, all made of a texture and color to suit the wearer's taste, but mainly light and white at this season.

Their hats are of every possible variety and color, and their shoes are generally red or yellow and turned up at the toes like our old style of skates, with a red, blue, yellow or black tuft on the points. The female dress cannot be satisfactorily described.

It consists of whatever strikes the wearer's fancy, and there are just about as many styles as there are women, the short dress and polychromatic shawl, with no hat, being most prevalent.

An Exception.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Your father shall furnish you the money to put up a $5000 house, will he? That's a slick thing for you. You'll have a house that will cost $10,000 by the time it's done."

"Not much. My father is the architect."

ODDITIES

A seamless steel boat made from one piece of metal by hydraulic pressure promises to be very desirable. It will last a great while and cannot leak.

M. Marey, by arranging his own apparatus, has succeeded in photographing the flight of insects, the exposure of the plate being necessarily not over 1-25,000th part of a second.

A great microscope that is being built at Munich will under ordinary conditions magnify 11,000, and in special cases 16,000 diameters.

Out of the letters in the sentence "Let charity arouse your zeal," a St. Louisian has formed 29,059 words.

A new method of diverting and healing the insane of Blackwell's island, N. Y., is to have them rehearse in comedy.

A new method of obtaining a light has just been patented in England. Instead of the old-fashioned safety match the stick is tipped at both ends, one end with the usual composition and the other with that found on the scratcher outside the box. Light is obtained by breaking the match in the middle and rubbing the two ends together.

There must be myriads of fish living in the depths of the sea whose form and characteristics we can never even guess at, for should specimens be successfully hooked they would burst into pieces before they could be brought to the surface, being relieved of the extraordinary pressure upon which they exist.

Cotton having a beautiful red color is being grown in some parts of Georgia.

There is a puff ball growing in a Jackson, Mich., man's yard that measures three feet four inches in circumference.

In the collection of curiosities at Woolwich arsenal, where the great English guns are made, is probably the largest steel shaving in the world. It is the result of an accident. A workman who had charge of a lathe on which a 60-pounder was being turned left his post for some time, and on his return he found that a shaving over 70 feet in

Engine No. 63, on the Panhandle road ran 350,000 miles in three years' time, and was still in good condition at the end of her service.

A spring that gushes forth soda water and in reality forms a huge natural soda-water fountain, has been discovered in Oregon. The water is sparkling and effervescent, and when flavored and bottled cannot be distinguished from the artificial beverage.

Damp weather in a town in Kansas caused a package of 5000 postage stamps to become glued together in a solid block, making it necessary to return them all to Washington.

A small gold chain was found last week imbedded in a lump of coal which had been picked up in Indiana.

It is said that during the attempt to cut a canal through the Isthmus of Panama 20,000 ounces of quinine were used annually in combating malarial fever.

A Chinese laundryman in Tom Green county, Tex., advertises his establishment in the newspaper of the county with display type and a quarter-column humorous cut showing the Melican men driving in donkey carts to his store.

Some military manœuvres to be tried in Bohemia are thought to be so important as involving a new problem in tactics that a cordon will be drawn around the whole district, and people living in it will not be allowed to leave their houses for two days.

Few people can form an idea of what is involved in the expression, "an inch of rain." It may aid such to follow this curious calculation: An acre is equal to 6,272,640 square inches, and an inch deep of water on this area will be as many cubic inches, which, at 226 inches to the gallon, is 22,000 gallons. This immense quantity of water will weigh 220,000 pounds, or over 100 tons.

It appears that the government's rain-making process is a patent affair, the owner being an aged Confederate officer, Gen Daniel Ruggles. Gen. Ruggles' application is dated at Austin, Tex., Feb. 22, 1879, and his papers were filed in the patent office June 7, 1890. The patent is entered "Method of precipitating rainfalls."

The largest locomotive yet built in Europe was recently sent out of the Hirschau works in Munich. It is 46 feet over all and weighs 84 tons.

A scientist has been engaged in computing the amount of soot deposited from London air, and arrived at the following conclusions: "He collected the soot deposited on a patch of snow in Canonbury, about eight inches in extent, and obtained from it two grains of soot. As London covers more than 100 square miles this would give for the whole area 1000 tons. As the quantity measured fell in 10 days, a month's allowance would need 1000 horses to cart it off, and these stretched in a line would extend four miles."

The new six-inch guns built by the government throw a shot half a mile in one second.

After 30 years' vain struggle against an adverse destiny the leviathan steamship Great Eastern was beached on the shores of the Mersey, near Liverpool, and for many months past a dozen men have been knocking her to pieces. Her bones sold for $100,000.

The father of one of the largest property holders in London is buried in a glass case on top of one of the finest buildings in the city.

There are said to be over 23,000 Indians in the United States who can read English, and over 10,000 who can read Indian languages.

In Africa when an army of ants moves for food the still forest becomes alive with the tramping of the elephant, the flight of the antelope or of the gazelle, of the leopard, of snakes, all the living world, in the same direction where the other animals are fleeing away.

Belgium has a population of 6,030,043; Kansas has a population of 1,427,096, yet she is so large that seven countries the size of Belgium could be laid down within her border and yet she would have 400,000 square miles of unoccupied territory left.

Oskaloosa, Ia., has a threshing machine haunted by spooks, which put out the fire in the engine and abstracted tools from the workbox which four men were watching.

Some German scientists have recently furnished information in regard to the ages of trees. They assign to the pine tree 500 and 700 years as the maximum, 425 years to the silver fir, 275 years to the larch, 245 years to the red beech, 210 to the aspen, 200 to the birch, 170 to the ash, and 145 to the alder and 130 to the elm. The heart of the oak begins to rot at about the age of 300 years. The holly oak alone escapes this law, it is said; and there is in existence near Aschaffenburg, in Germany, a tree of this kind which has attained the age of 410 years.

In Spain an infant's face is brushed with a pine tree bough to bring good luck.

The group of seven bright stars, popularly known in America as the "Great Dipper," are referred to as "Karl's Wagon" in Germany, and as "Charle's Wagon" in Great Britain, the notion being that they are arranged in the form of the rude outlines of a wagon.

Brooklyn, N. Y., has the distinction of having the shortest cable street railroad in the world. It is but 2500 feet long, and runs on Montague st., from the City Hall to Wall st. ferry.

An iron last has been made by Spence, Boggs & Co., Martin's Ferry, O., for John Farnhouse, a colored preacher of Charlotte, N. C. It is 20½ inches long and 7½ inches wide. The owner of this monstrous foot is 6 feet 10 inches high and weighs 410 pounds.

It has been shown that the climate of many Italian provinces has been changed by the steady destruction of the forests. The government is seeking to remedy the matter by offering valuable prizes for tree planting.

A process has recently been discovered for making flour of bananas. Chemical experiments show that this flour contains more nutriment than rice, and that when eaten with beans, corn or sago, it forms a very palatable and nourishing diet.

The forest areas of Germany are returned as follows: Prussia, 6,000,000 acres; Bavaria, 2,800,000 acres; Wurtemberg, 470,000 acres; Saxony, 416,000 acres, and Baden, 235,000 acres.

The actual length of the new St. Clair tunnel is 6026 feet. It cost $1,460,000.

"Diamond Jo" Reynolds, the Western steamboat millionnaire, never owned but three diamonds. The name, which afterwards clung to him, originated from the brand he stamped on his hides in the early days of his career, when he was engaged in the business of shipping hides to the East.

A German biologist says that the two sides of the face are never alike. The eyes and ears are invariably out of line, and pretty nearly everything is all wrong.

Rev. Dr. Jenckes of Indianapolis has 70 proofs that the world will end in 10 years, and he gets 69 of them from the Bible.

Every seventh man in England is a Londoner.

There are in the United States 200,049.79 miles of railroad track of all descriptions.

A paper mill in New Jersey has turned out a sheet of paper 6 feet wide and 8¾ miles long.

The theory of the light of the aurora borealis was evolved from the analysis of its light by the spectroscope, which showed that it was caused by electrical discharges among the particles of meteoric dust in the atmosphere. The broad red line of the spectrum of iron is shown in all these cases, and thus upholds the theory, as it is well known that the principal part of meteors is metallic iron.

A huge tunnel is building in the Leadville mining district for the purpose of draining the mines. It will be at least five miles long, and when completed will give easy access to millions of tons of good ore that cannot now be gotten at.

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Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 29, 1891.

Globe Pocket Calendar.

✠ SEPTEMBER ✠ 1891 ✠

Su.	M.	T.	W.	Th.	F.	S.	Moon's Phases
		1	2	3	4	5	3 A.M. 3.16
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	11 A.M. 6.8
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	18 A.M. 0.4
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	24 P.M. 6.7
27	28	29	30				

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Be not as one that hath ten thousand years to live; death is nigh at hand; while thou livest, while thou hast time, be good.—[Marcus Aurelius.

EUROPE'S THREATENED FAMINE.

If the careful estimates of the American Agriculturist are to be accepted, the prospect of a European famine overshadows all politics and all talk of wars and rumors of wars.

Despite the efforts of the Russian government to suppress the facts, the provinces have been suffering from hunger for several months.

The same situation exists in eastern Germany. There are no food reserves worth mentioning, and the limit to existing home supplies will soon be reached.

According to the Agriculturist, if we assume that the United States and Canada can export 225,000,000 bushels, there still remains a deficit in the world's food supply of at least 200,000,000 bushels of wheat and rye, with the possibility of the shortage being twice as great.

The potato crop in Ireland is an almost total failure, and the yield on the continent is alarmingly curtailed.

The fact of an enormous export of wheat and flour to Europe thus early in the fall clearly indicates the seriousness of the situation. Close upon her own harvests Europe is already buying twice as much foreign wheat as she took last year.

Europe's affliction is our gain; but if after our utmost efforts half the people of Europe are without bread, with none elsewhere to be had, the picture is a terribly dark one. Our meat exports will, however, go far to relieve the situation, and in this line also an enormous revenue will roll into this country.

The prospects of a bread famine may well have a sobering influence upon European potentates, for it is possible that under the stress of hunger a wholesome revolution may take place in the costly armaments and extravagant court expenses of tax-ridden monarchies.

COL. ALLEN'S IMAGINARY FOE.

Candidate ALLEN is conducting a most valiant and picturesque fight against an imaginary Gov. RUSSELL.

He lays about him like a dauntless swordsman, ruthlessly stabbing the air, perforating the atmosphere, thrusting his sabre through the hypothetical heart of his imaginary foe and planting his ironclad heel upon the prostrate neck of his suppositious antagonist.

I can't blame him for this nightly onslaught, this oft-repeated massacre. This imaginary Gov. RUSSELL, whom he meets and kills every night, is a bold, bad man, and every time he gets killed he deserves it.

Indeed, Mr. ALLEN's imaginary Gov. RUSSELL is about as depraved and vicious a fellow as you often hear about. I saw Col. ALLEN give him a fatal stab between the ribs in Boston last Tuesday night, and when the monster breathed his last, I felt easier. I saw the valiant colonel kill him the next night in Haverhill and said to myself, "Thank heaven, he is dead again!"

Oh, this imaginary Gov. RUSSELL is a terrible man and right bravely does the redoubtable Col. ALLEN cut and slash him as he deserves. By all means let the nightly duel go on and may more strength be given to the strong right arm of the valiant knight from Lowell.

This imaginary Gov. RUSSELL richly merits the defeat he suffers every night. He simply stands still and gets stabbed, and then falls over amid the uproarious applause of the audience. Thus one noble victory after another is put down to the credit of the puissant colonel and he is heralded through the State as a mighty conqueror.

And so he is—so long as he fights imaginary foes. His man of straw as soon as he is stabbed drops nightly on schedule time and dies with regularity and precision. It is really quite an artistic arrangement.

The Colonel has so victoriously contended with his imaginary Gov. RUSSELL, that it was natural to suppose that he would be eager to measure swords with the real governor. So an opportunity was offered this furious fighter of phantoms to meet a real live man, to stand up before a flesh and blood opponent, foot-to-foot and face-to-face. Instead of an insubstantial shadow to contend against, he was presented with a substantial reality.

Sad to relate, the fierce light of battle went immediately out of his eyes, the valiant tone left his voice, his arm trembled, the uplifted sword fell to the earth, and he started on a run for the rear.

Having reached the rear he has found the imaginary Gov. RUSSELL again and commenced to cut and slash at him once more in his old heroic fashion.

The imaginary Gov. RUSSELL and the real one are entirely distinct and different men. The imaginary one is a very bad man and no fighter. The real one, as Col. ALLEN himself is well aware, is a good man and a famous fighter. No campaigner has arisen in Massachusetts of late years who is his equal.

Of course Col. ALLEN knows this, and his refusal to meet him in joint debate shows him to be a man of commendable prudence, and saves him from many scars and deadly wounds. And by evading a meeting with his real antagonist the Colonel keeps himself in the pink of condition to meet his imaginary one.

So, every night during the campaign, his phantom foe will fall before his fiery onset. Once in every twenty-four hours at least he will crowd his misty opponent into the corner and hack him into mince meat. His campaign will thus be one unbroken chain of bloodless victories. On! On, valiant colonel; let the one-sided combat proceed! Keep up the fray; you have a dead sure thing, and you are bound to win every time—until election day!

UNCLE DUDLEY.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

of Massachusetts will be reported next week, as this issue goes to press the evening before it is held. Gov. RUSSELL, Lieut.-Gov. CORCORAN and Auditor TREFRY will be renominated by acclamation. They will be re-elected at the polls, next November, if Democrats do their duty.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE will do all it can to re-elect them.

PER CAPITA WEALTH AND DEBTS.

Working people are frequently made happy by being reminded that as sovereign individuals of these United States each man, woman and child has some $200 to his credit from each year's production.

All this assumes, however, that there is no outstanding lien upon the $200. Yet it still remains an unfortunate fact that as partners of the nation's increase each must also help pay its debts.

It happens that there are over $20,000,000,000 of interest-drawing debts, public and private, in this country. As we are all one great national corporation, the man with $200 a year to his credit finds that his share of the debt is $320. The share that falls upon the head of each voter in the United States is $1600. The late census also shows 9,000,000 real estate mortgages, or one to each family of seven.

Of course by and by our protectionist friends will be telling the good people that they have grown to be worth nearly $1000 apiece under Supt. PORTER's finding, where they were only worth $500 apiece under low protection.

But the nation's debts have increased in a far greater ratio than its wealth since the period of low protection. So that even taking Mr. PORTER's alleged census for gospel truth, the voter's hypothecated wealth of $1000 is encumbered by a $1600 debt, and he still remains $600 out of pocket.

A capital of $1000, even though it be in moonshine, is pleasant to contemplate. A debt casts no light shadows, however.

But it is cruel to tell the workingman that he and his wife and all the babies at home are worth $1000 apiece through protective bounties without also telling them how much they have been forced into debt by the enormous increase of mortgage and other debts under the system.

According to Supt. PORTER's own showing the American voter is still $600 in debt per capita.

Tell the whole truth and don't deceive "the poor workingman!"

AMBITION AND THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

It is the incident of a representative government that the representatives are under the necessity of fixing their own compensation—thus becoming judges in their own cause.

It is a principle in morals and a wise rule in law that no man should be a judge in his own cause, and hence the members of every legislative assembly have been subject to suspicion and criticism whenever they have increased their own compensation. The infelicity of the situation cannot be overcome wholly, but its evils will be modified whenever a representative body shall have the manliness and wisdom to exclude its own members from the increase of salary which it may assign to their successors.

It was the fatal error of the 41st Congress that it not only increased the pay of members for the future of that Congress, but that the compensation was made to cover a year and a half then past. It was this feature which made the bill obnoxious and condemned it to a speedy and unceremonious repeal.

The popular agitation was intensified and made ludicrous at the same time by the spasmodic efforts of members who had received the extra compensation to save themselves from a public odium which should have been visited upon those only by whose votes the bill had been passed. Some returned the money to the treasury, some made awkward attempts to apply the surplus to public purposes, and some, wiser if not holier than the rest, took what the law granted and applied it to their own use.

If the salary act of the 41st Congress had excepted the members of that Congress from its benefits there would have been little or no opposition to its provisions. The additions that were made to the salaries of cabinet officers were only reasonable. The present salary of eight thousand dollars is altogether inadequate. There are farmers in every prosperous town in Massachusetts who live in better houses, use better furniture, and possess better horses and carriages than can be had in the city of Washington for one-half the salary paid to a cabinet officer.

It may be assumed of the four hundred members of Congress that their earnings in private life, when massed, would not give a dividend of five thousand dollars for each one; but this fact does not furnish a wise standard for fixing the compensation.

A minority of the members of Congress, not exceeding a hundred in both houses, give direction to the business of the government. The major part decide between conflicting opinions and measures. Their office, naturally, is hardly more than that of jurors in a court—a body of men essential to the administration of justice, but a body of men, who, if left to themselves, could not administer justice.

The 100, be the number more or less, but always a minority, put into form all measures of legislation, and they dominate in the committee rooms where public policies are canvassed and decided. They are the few, or, rather, in that number, are the few who are competent to test new propositions by a comparison with existing laws, with treaties and with the constitution.

The problem in government, therefore, is not to so fix the compensation as to secure a senate and a house with the requisite number of members in each, for that result can be attained through the ambition of the rich or the venality of the poor whatever that compensation may be, but the problem is to so adjust the pay of members of Congress that qualified men may be called from every department of business, and that without regard to the circumstance of wealth or poverty.

The inducements to be offered by the public must be such as will meet the reasonable requirements of competent men, and the infelicity that less competent men must receive the same compensation is an infelicity that in a degree is incident to every undertaking.

The highest human pursuit is an honorable part in the administration of a government, and it should always be so represented to the young. Ambition in that direction should be stimulated, and not checked. The path should be open to all—to the poor as well as to the rich.

The government can not be administered safely and wisely upon eleemosynary principles; and the people cannot afford to commit the administration of their affairs to the rich who may accept place for its honors and dignities, nor to the venals who will seek positions for the indirect pecuniary advantages which they may be able to command.

GEO. S. BOUTWELL.

THE "GOLD STANDARD" PARTY.

Before Candidate ALLEN goes out among the plain people of Massachusetts to cover up his record as a labor legislator by descanting upon an "honest dollar" and other currency catch-words, we admonish him to beware of the absurd and ridiculous antics of Major MCKINLEY and JOHN SHERMAN in Ohio.

This pair of demagogues are actively engaged in applauding the Republican Silver Act of 1890 on the one hand and of declaring on the other hand that it is flooding the country with a fraudulent coin worth only 80 cents on the dollar.

MCKINLEY boasts that in 1860 we had a circulation of only $13.85 per capita. On the first of January, 1891, it was $24.10 per capita. And the New York Tribune chimes in and boasts that to the Republican party is due the honor of making the per capita circulation of the country about one-half greater in proportion to population than at any time while the Democratic party controlled the government.

But what does this boast mean, if coupled with it comes the reiterated assertion that the Republican silver dollar is only an 80-cent dollar? It can only mean that the Republican party is beating all previous records as the party of "fiat money."

Our population increases at the rate of about 1,400,000 annually, so that the increase of the currency is more than $38 for every additional inhabitant while we are under a Republican silver act which increases the supply of money at the rate of $54,000,000 annually. Even the once berated Greenbackers, contemptuously known as "fiat-money cranks" can hardly beat this record.

And this is the boasted "gold standard" party of the United States. While it is accusing the Democracy of advocating free coinage it is itself by its own confession piling up a fiat silver currency and boasts that its feats in this line excel that of any Democratic administration two to one.

Amazed at these absurd antics Major BEATTY, a leading Ohio Republican who does not happen to be running for office, says very pertinently:

> The platform that Maj. MCKINLEY indorses, and which he endeavors to maintain and uphold, proposes to issue 5,000,000 80-cent dollars per month, or 60,000,000 a year. This means 600,000,000 of short dollars in 10 years. Therefore, when in one breath he prates about paying honest money to soldiers and in the next advocates the issue of 60,000,000 of 80-cent dollars per annum, the most he can say truthfully is that he don't propose to give the country quite as many short dollars as some other fellow. But the other fellow may very pertinently reply that if we are to have short dollars at all, the more of them we can get the better; and it strikes me that the other fellow, whoever he may be, would have the best of the argument.

OUR LATEST SETTLERS.

Among the most curious and interesting of our latest immigrants are the Icelanders, who are coming to America in constantly increasing numbers.

Large colonies of Icelanders have already settled in Manitoba, and have proved to be of the best and most desirable class of pioneer residents—healthy, hardy, industrious and peace-loving.

It appears to be well understood that these natives of the north are not at all satisfied with the kind of government forced upon them by Denmark, and have become discontented and miserable under their political troubles, the exorbitant interest charged on Danish capital which they are forced to borrow, and the hopeless condition of their trade in codfish, by which the majority of the people earn their living.

The population of Iceland once exceeded 100,000, but the cold, bleak climate, the barren soil and the scanty means of subsistence have steadily reduced their numbers until the census of 1886 gives but 56,000. The summer season is too short to allow the growth of any quantity of grain or vegetables, though in favorable years hardy potatoes can be raised. Bread is only for the wealthy, the masses having to depend entirely for food upon what the ocean and the rugged sea cliffs can supply in the way of fish, birds and eggs.

As the Danish government will neither grant the Icelanders the desired measure of legislative power over home affairs, nor yet permit commercial treaties with countries, Spain in particular, that would support the fisheries, from which their only revenue is obtained, and on which the crown taxes are heaviest, it is no wonder that the harassed descendants of the Vikings should desire to seek a more congenial home and government.

Thoroughly inured to the climate of the Arctic circle, the winters of our northern latitudes present to them no disadvantages, and in summer they are sure of work as harvest hands. The miles of waving wheat fields of Manitoba offer them comfortable homes, wages at from $30 to $40 a month, and infinitesimal taxes. Thus the Icelander may find in the peace and plenty of our great Northwest the veritable Valhalla of his ancient sages.

M. S. FREEMAN.

PARTISAN CENSUS ABSURDITIES.

As a census taker in the interest of protection and political partisanship Supt. PORTER seems determined to spoil his own game by the boldness and audacity of his figures.

In the campaign of 1892 the Republican orators count upon finding their chief stock in trade in the reports of the 11th census, in which Supt. PORTER is expected to show the vast gains in per capita wealth which have been made under protection, as compared with those of "free trade" periods.

The census bureau is now engaged in putting up this most valuable parcel for campaign use, but the fraud is so transparent and so clearly belies the undoctored returns of the census that it cannot fail to recoil upon the census doctorers themselves.

Mr. PORTER attempts to show that while in 1860, following a period of low protection, our national wealth was but $16,159,616,068, it has increased to $32,332,786,404 in 1890.

Upon the face of this flattering showing is exposed the fact that while the census of 1860 was based upon taxed property alone, that of 1890 includes both taxed and untaxed. One would hardly believe it possible that Mr. PORTER would dare to attempt so evident a deception as this upon the people, but it is none the less true.

In stating the total wealth of the nation from decade to decade, Mr. PORTER's figures are singularly mixed and self-contradictory. The following would be the true statement according to his own ratios of assessment:

Year.	Total wealth.	Assessments levied on.	Per cent.
1850.....	$13,652,499,739	5,287,613,148	.3873
1860.....	31,201,910,676	*12,084,560,005	.3873
1870.....	*30,068,518,507	*11,342,789,366	.3780
1880.....	*43,642,000,000	*16,902,993,543	.3873
1890.....	*62,610,000,000	*24,249,589,804	.3873

*Official figures from the census.

We are, however, asked to believe that the "assessed value of the taxed property" in 1860 was $12,084,560,005, but that the total wealth of 1860, instead of being $31,201,910,676, was only 49 per cent., or $16,159,616,068. He asks us to believe that 75 per cent. of our wealth was taxed in 1860, and only 38 per cent. at each decade since.

Throughout the whole attempt of Supt. PORTER to manufacture proofs of an assumed increase of wealth under protection, his figures contradict themselves, and imply conclusions so utterly absurd that the most voracious protectionist of any intelligence must hesitate to swallow them.

The man who is willing to risk his reputation for sanity by attempting to foist Supt. PORTER's figures upon the public as facts can only be a Republican politician lost to all sense of fairness and truth. But plenty of unscrupulous boomers of this stripe will doubtless be forthcoming in the campaign of 1892.

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RIVAL RAIN MAKERS.

Nature may be inanimate, but she certainly seems to delight now and then in playing tricks upon poor humanity. The elaborate programme of Prof. MELBOURNE for producing rain by his own peculiar system was frustrated Saturday by a tremendous downpour, wholly unexpected and entirely unsolicited.

"Rain-in-the-Face" MELBOURNE, however, proposes to dry his powder and try his luck again. He stoutly declares that he will sojourn in Goodland until the storm is overpast and clear skies again prevail.

Meanwhile General DYRENFORTH has been busied with his own process for evolving a shower, which is simply to pelt the clear sky with dynamite bombs, carried up by kites and exploded in mid-air. But he also has met with grievous disappointment. El Paso's brazen skies proved obdurate to his thunderous and reiterated appeals. The only solace in the rain-maker's cup of sorrow is the fact that it poured "cats and dogs" down Chihuahua way.

This little episode may, indeed, have been another sly joke of Dame Nature upon the puny mortals who presume to meddle with her high prerogatives. But Gen. DYRENFORTH has no more lost faith in his pet idea, apparently, than his waiting rival in the muddy town of Goodland. He, too, will try again.

While schemers are experimenting, now successfully, now unsuccessfully, men of science are indulging in theories regarding this whole question of rain-making. Prof. SIMON NEWCOMB, the distinguished astronomer and mathematician of Washington, declares that mere sound cannot make rain.

"When a bomb explodes," says Prof. NEWCOMB in the North American Review, "a certain quantity of gas, say five or six cubic yards, is produced. It pushes aside and compresses the surrounding air in all directions, and this motion and compression are transmitted from one portion of the air to another. The condensation is only momentary; it may last the hundredth or the thousandth of a second, according to the suddenness and violence of the explosion; then elasticity restores the air to its original condition, and everything is just as it was before the explosion. A thousand detonations can produce no more effect upon the air, or upon the watery vapor in it, than a thousand rebounds a small boy's rubber ball would produce upon a stone wall. So far as the compression of the air could produce even a momentary effect, it would be to prevent rather than to cause condensation of its vapor, because it is productive of heat, which produces evaporation, not condensation."

So far as the "concussion" theory is concerned, the Washington professor is obviously incredulous of any claim that attributes to it any rainfall after the DYRENFORTH experiments. "What went on," he asks, "during the hours that elapsed between the sound of the last bomb and the falling of the first drop of rain? Did the aqueous vapor already in the surrounding air slowly condense into clouds and rain-drops in defiance of physical laws? If not, the hours must have been occupied by the passage of a mass of thousands of cubic miles of warm, moist air coming from other regions to which the sound could not have extended. Or was Jupiter Pluvius awakened by the sound after 2000 years of slumber, and did the laws of nature become silent at his command?

The theoretical deductions of scientists have failed before now in the world of actual experience. But if DYRENFORTH and the mysterious MELBOURNE finally surrender, we have still the picnic announcements to provoke the soaking shower; and, if all else fails, the Governor can summon to a hurried camp that aggregation of undoubted "rain evokers," the Independent Corps of Cadets.

EDITORIAL POINTS.

The increase of female population above the male is reported in nearly every country of Europe as well as in the United States. If the present drift continues the women are going to have the earth yet.

Abandoned farms are bad enough, but not so bad for a State as abandoned people.

Very bright are the Liberal prospects in England. GLADSTONE proposes to wage a young man's campaign against SALISBURY and Conservatism.

Siberia's immense fields of grain will be within the world's reach in a few years. America is queen unchallenged for the present, but the Russian empire must be counted later, in all plans as to the granary of civilized man.

The very latest gossip about ex-Senator BLAIR names him as successor to RAUM of pension bureau notoriety. This would be a change for the better, of course, but still it could scarcely be characterized as an ideal appointment.



A Question of Nations.

To the Editor of The Globe:

What nations and people come under the head of Celt, Saxon, Norman and Gaul, and what is meant by "Anglo-Saxon," and what countries are inhabited by the Latin races? IGNORANCE.

A Celt is a member of one of the peoples speaking language akin to those of Wales, Ireland, the Highlands of Scotland and Brittany, and constituting a branch or principal division of the Indo-European family.

A Saxon is one of the nation or people which formerly dwelt in the northern part of Germany. The term Saxon is applied in a general way to the English speaking races.

Anglo-Saxon is an English Saxon. Anglo means English, as Anglo-American.

A Norman is an inhabitant of Normandy, a duchy (later a province) of northern France, bordering on the English channel.

A Gaul is, in modern use, a Frenchman. Originally a Gaul was an inhabitant of ancient Gaul, a country divided by the Alps into Cisalpine Gaul (northern Italy) and Transalpine Gaul (modern France, with parts of Belgium and parts of Germany, of Switzerland and of the Netherlands).

In modern application, a member of one of the races ethnically and linguistically related to the ancient Romans or Italians, by descent or intermixture—as the Latins of Italy, France, Spain and Portugal.—[ED.

Demosthenes' Remedy.

To the Editor of The Globe:

There was no stoppage in the speech of Demosthenes. He suffered from a weak voice, a thickness of speech and an inability to articulate, especially the letter R. The pebbles under the tongue compelled him to use care, shouting to the waves, and running up hill gave him strength of voice and clearness of enunciation, because he happened to shout correctly. Stuttering is a contraction of the muscles at the points of articulation, or in the throat, which prevents the free passage of the breath. The devices of Demosthenes would reach only a very exceptional case. E. J. E. T.

Bad Husband.

A New Hampshire man tells his wife he is going to leave her, never to return; that he will not live with her longer, that she can have a home with his father as long as she chooses to remain; but the old folks object, do not want her unless her husband remains also. He leaves, and after his departure she, the wife, leaves the home of her husband's father and goes to her mother. The husband goes into Massachusetts and obtains employment, refuses to support or live with his wife, will not see her even. Now, is there any way she can oblige him to contribute to her support? if so, how? MRS. C.

She can come into Massachusetts and apply to the Probate Court for separate maintenance, or have him arrested for non-support.

Kind Treasurer.

Can the treasurer of a lodge, who keeps a bank account in the name of the lodge, subject to his check, deposit his own funds in that account for the purpose of keeping a balance in the bank claim that money as a preferred claim when money comes in, the cash-book showing the account overdrawn? E. P. S.

I should say that if he advanced money to the lodge he had a perfect right to reimburse himself at the first opportunity, and that it would be the top crust of meanness for any of the members to try and prevent him from so doing.

Lightning Divorce.

Will you please inform me in what State a divorce can be obtained the quickest and how long must a person live in that State before applying for the same? D. E. W.

South Dakota bears the palm; 90 days' residence is required.

Private Detective.

1. What is the modus operandi and expense of getting a detective's license in Massachusetts?

2. Are Boston's detectives, outside of the agencies, licensed by the police commissioner?

3. Have the Pinkertons any more authority than any other private detectives? If not, how is it that they maintain an armed organization for use at riots, etc?

1 and 2. A license can only be granted on a petition to the mayor and aldermen of a city of over 20,000 inhabitants, and only to a citizen of that city; in the city of Boston they are licensed by the police commissioners; cost of license is $10.

3. They have no more power. They are employed by owners of property to protect it, in the same manner that any other employe would act.

Non-Support.

1. Can a man be punished or sentenced for non-support of his wife when he offers her a home with his parents, which she refuses for no cause!

2. What is the penalty for non-support of wife? W. S.

1. If wife leaves a good home without cause she cannot claim separate support.

2. Arrest and fine of $20, if it is a case of wilful non-support.

His Support is Weakened.

In case a householder digs to lower the grade of his lot two or more feet below the natural grade, and by so doing weakens the dividing fence and leaves my land so that frost will undermine the embankment which he makes to my land, what remedy have I in law? B.

Suit for damages.

Conveyed All They Had.

A died in 1873, leaving real estate and no will. The widow has had the income of a part of it during life, the heirs having the balance. Part of the heirs give a quit claim deed to another heir, then the widow conveyed her right to the same party. Did the heirs who conveyed lose their right in widow's dower by giving quit claim, she being dead now? H. B. W.

Yes, the heirs owned the part which the widow held, subject to her rights, and a quit claim deed, describing the whole estate, would cut off their interest.

Inherited Estate.

A owns a farm, which has been owned by his ancestors for about 150 years, passing from one generation to another by inheritance, without any deeds during the whole time.

Now A wishes to sell, but the original deed cannot be found, nor is there any record of it. No one else claims any rights there, but he can show no title.

What can he do to satisfy a would-be purchaser? S.

You can have the farm surveyed and deed by the survey, referring for title to your various ancestors who have had possession of it; that ought to satisfy reasonable people.

Nuisance of a Drain.

If I purchase a piece of land, which has a drain emptying on to it from the street gutters, put there by the town authorities some 15 years ago, without the consent of the owner of the land, have I a right to place gravel or other obstruction on my land next to the drain, obstructing its flow, and could I sue for trespass any one entering on the land to interfere with my obstruction. DRAIN.

Should say you had an undoubted right to prevent drainage on to your land, and could prevent alien persons from trespassing on your premises.

Carpenter Was Disappointed, So —

I employed a carpenter to draw plans and specifications for a house, he agreeing to do them for $5. Later I had him stake out the cellar and furnish stock. I gave the contract to build the house to another party, and carpenter No. 1 has presented a bill of $15. I am willing to pay the amount agreed upon for the plans, and a reasonable price for staking out the cellar, but consider $10 an exorbitant price for the work. Can he collect the bill? T. A. D.

Carpenter No. 1 can claim only the price agreed upon for plans, and whatever his services are actually worth in staking out cellar.

Again the Instalment.

I agreed to take a book in parts and signed a contract agreeing to take 58 parts. Since then my son, on whom I depended for the money, has been taken sick and cannot work, and I see no way of paying for it and have so explained to the agent, but he says even death does not release me. So I would like to know if he can do anything about it if I do not take it. I have no property. E. F. G.

Of course you are liable to a suit, but if you have nothing it will be rather hard work making you pay.

Wants to Fence.

I want to build a fence between my dwelling house and a tenement house. How high and how near to the tenement house can I build it? ROXBURY.

Fence must be on the line, and, according to the statute, not over six feet high.

Overhanging Fruit Tree.

I have a neighbor whose fruit trees grow close to fence and the branches overhang my land. Does the fruit which grows over my land belong to him or me? If to him, has he the right to come on my premises at any time to gather it without my permission? If I wish the trees removed, who must do it, he or I? If it belongs to him to remove them and I ask him to do so and he does not, what course must I pursue? A READER.

The fruit belongs to him and he can come on your land to get it. If you ask him to remove the limbs and he does not, you can cut them off snug to the line, but you must throw the limbs over on his land.

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TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

Senator Quay, as His Neighbors at Beaver See Him—He Never Made but One Promise, and That He Kept, Though it Ruined Him.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 25.—Senator Quay lives in one of the prettiest towns possible to be made, in the vicinity of Pittsburg, and about 27 miles down the Ohio river from that city. I got off at a mere station, without a single house to be seen near it. The Ohio river was below me perhaps 75 feet—a beautiful, clear stream, lying very low in the season of drought, and I could see no craft upon it.

Upon the public square is an old brick church, which has been remodelled and spoiled; once it had small windows and two stories and side doors: now it has long gothicized windows, thin and lean, and the marks of the old brickwork disfigured the walls.

Here preached the father of Matthew Stanley Quay, a man chiefly remarkable to the country because he rescued Harrison's election from what seemed hopelessness. The New Yorkers had about given the job up when the Philadelphians sent Quay over.

I went into Mr. Quay's former newspaper office, where he was a sort of amateur editor, following that vocation merely as a part of his political profession, and I talked with persons who had known him a long time. The confidence in him in the city of Beaver as far as I could learn was next to universal.

The opinion of the people is that he is a man sui generis; that he has, through his temperament and race, taken out ventures and occasionally missed success; that in one of these games of hazard he lost his property and became involved in debt. The monument of that debt I myself saw in a very elegant house in a retired part of the town behind the court house, which may have cost $25,000, which was built for the comfort of a good large family, and at the end of it was a separate building, or extension, with its own door, where Quay had his library and received

His Political Visitors.

He was recorder of the city of Philadelphia, an effete sort of office involving fees which he took to bring some competence or independence to his family. The environment of the office was bad. Brokers in Philadelphia and politicians who were speculators drew Mr. Quay into what are called bedrock schemes.

They put him on the ground floor; that is to say, they set him out on the ground who had formerly had a house. If any man in this country knows what the ground floor is, it is Matthew Stanley Quay.

His present house is nearer the railroad and about two blocks from the top of the bold steep I have described. There is a plain brick house, painted yellow, with a little porch in front of it, a little gate in the rear, and a sort of kitchen and an extension of frame there.

You can see that the man has been creeping up; something like a library has been added to this house of what seems to be newer brick, and there is again a second entrance, so that the sheep can separate themselves from the goats when they come in to see the senator.

The story of Quay is the story of a Western man of the Scotch Irish race. His father was a Presbyterian minister, strong in the pastoral office and visitor of his flock, and for some years he was the agent of the Foreign Missions Society and of the colonization society, so that he became a traveller.

His son went to a Presbyterian college at the border of Ohio, returned home and studied law and fell into his father's ways of exercising the pastoral office over his political party.

Quay came out of college just as the Republican party was being formed, and one of its first conventions was at Pittsburg. The atmosphere of Ohio passed over the Pennsylvania line and infected the town of Beaver.

Ohio was convulsed on the slavery side. It had a long line coterminous with Virginia and Kentucky slavery on the Ohio river, and fugitive slaves would pass this line, and it was made a crime in 1850 to give them bread and water. The son of the minister joined the party of resistance to slavery. As his father had numbered his congregation, and kept every one of them in view, so

Quay Became a Minister

in detail over his party.

He was elected prothonotary three times in Beaver county, and then the war came on, and it was found that he had the genius for looking after men in the field and for supplying the infinite regiments of Pennsylvania with food. He was the acting commissary-general, and afterward secretary of the Commonwealth; while governors like Curtin were making promises and avoiding details, Quay was making details and avoiding promises. He never made but one promise of which there is record, and that was to Delamater, and he kept it, though it ruined them both.

They say in Beaver that the first element in him is will; the second, infinite patience and genius with details; the third, a great power to compromise differences in the party; the fourth, to keep his word; the fifth, to be silent and to read his books when there is nothing else to do.

He is a man a good deal by himself; he is a fisherman who goes to a remote pond or stream and stays there two weeks alone. He lives a good deal of the time on the trains, travelling from point to point.

He has been a sort of itinerant for the Republican party in Pennsylvania, and no other man in that State has had anything like his genius for particulars.

Mr. Christopher McGee in Pittsburg is a notable man there for town politics, and Alleghany county has been one of the banner counties of the State for the Republicans. Quay, on the other hand, has made a study of Philadelphia. He knows its politics also.

The long domination of the Republicans in the State is greatly due to Mr. Quay. Hence, it is necessary to break him up, and the principal charge brought against him was that he had gone into speculation, sold his house and been a ruined man, borrowed money from his friends to keep up his credit, and yet, in spite of all this, had the hardihood and vitality to become United States senator and to elect Harrison.

This is about all I can make out of the question. I always hated respectabilities; the man who is nothing but respectable is his own reward. Men who come to the top after they have fallen to the bottom seem to me to give respectability a chance in the next world.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

The Impossible.

[Detroit Free Press.]

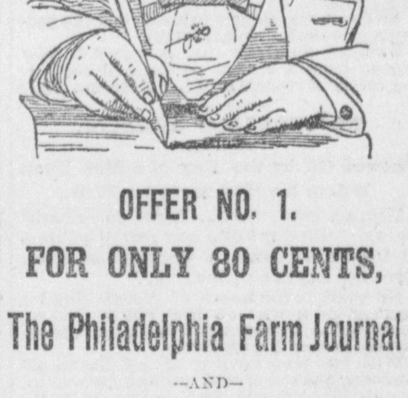
"Nothing is impossible," said a Jefferson av. merchant to one of his clerks, who was somewhat discouraged.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

"Pulled Straws" and Decided to Die to End Trouble.

"All the Americas" Contribute Their Share of Contemporary History.

Accidents and Offences—Marital, Mortuary and Other Records.

WOODLAND, Cal., Sept. 24.—A gloom has been cast over this community by a most shocking tragedy, the victims being two of Woodland's most prominent young people, J. Warren Montgomery, a law student and newspaper correspondent, and son of W. S. Montgomery, a veteran lawyer of this State, residing in Stockton, was the chief actor, while the other was Miss Mae Adams, eldest daughter of ex-Assemblyman Levi B. Adams, a wealthy citizen of this city.

Yesterday morning at 10 o'clock J. B. Errington, a lineman in the employ of the electric light company, entered the yard of a vacant dwelling on College street, owned by Mr. Adams, to procure a bucket of water. He was startled by the discovery of two bodies, both lying with their heads to the north and in a pool of blood. The coroner was soon on hand, and an examination revealed a horrible sight.

Miss Adams was lying dead with a bullet hole in her left temple, while to her left, and in a similar position, was Warren Montgomery's remains. He was shot in the right temple, and in his right hand was clasped a 38-calibre Smith & Wesson revolver with two chambers empty. This told the awful story of the double suicide. It is supposed that Montgomery shot the young lady and then himself.

Montgomery and Miss Adams have been constant companions for years, but going together against the wishes of Miss Adam's parents. They were very sad over the way matters stood, and this, in connection with the existence of a secret marriage contract, led up to the tragedy. Two letters were found, one on Montgomery addressed to the public, and one on Miss Adams addressed to her mother. The remains were removed to their respective homes.

Montgomery's letter read as follows:

To the Public:

MY FATHER AND MOTHER—This is a will and also a public statement. By force of circumstances I am compelled to commit two acts of violence, one against myself and one against my wife, generally known as Mae Adams. It may be vice versa, as we pull straws tonight to determine who shall do the act. I hope I am the one. Inclosed is our marriage contract. Please advertise in the newspapers to have those whom I owe present their bills to my father for payment. Outside of my debts, all my money shall go to my mother.

J. WARREN MONTGOMERY.

Miss Adams' letter was as follows:

TO MY MOTHER—Warren and I are married. We have not been happy for the reason that others interfered. He has the contract. Give my ring he gave me to Daisy and the other to Carrie. Mother, this act was all my fault. Love to you and Daisy. Goodby,

MAE.

The marriage contract was dated March 15, 1890, and recites the usual provisions of a private marriage. No one was aware of this but a few intimate friends. The coroner's jury returned a verdict in accordance with the above facts.

BACK TO HIS SIRES' CHURCH.

Presbyterian Pastor Page Gives an Example for Students of Heredity.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—Here is a piece of news which will open the eyes of many in the religious world, and particularly the world of Harlem, where the gentleman most interested is widely known and loved.

After several years of hesitation Rev. William W. Page, D. D., the respected pastor of the New York Presbyterian church, whose elegant edifice stands at 7th av. and 128th st., has decided to cut loose from the Presbyterian denomination, in the ministry of which he has labored for more than 22 years, and enter the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal church.

It is the religion of his fathers for upward of 200 years, and in embracing it, with love and reverence still mighty for Presbyterianism, Dr. Page feels that he is going home.

Though this will be news to the great body of Dr. Page's acquaintances, those most intimate with him have known for some time that he was anxious to adopt the Episcopal confession and creed.

He has been restrained chiefly by his love for his congregation and his instinctive dislike to anything which might look like a reflection on the church he had served so well.

In 1888 he handed in his resignation as pastor of the New York Presbyterian church, hoping that he might drop out. The church would not listen to it an instant.

Again last May, on the 22d anniversary of his entrance into the ministry, he offered his resignation and it was tumultuously rejected.

But Dr. Page was in earnest. He felt that he was called to go. He must look the matter in the face, as he had once looked shot and shell when he was a cavalry scout. So he faced the music and formally asked the New York Presbytery to dissolve his pastoral relations with the church.

This has been done, and on Sunday next he will preach his farewell sermon before a congregation which will listen to him with tears.

HERE'S A CINCH ON FLEAS.

Microbe Killing Atomizer May Sell Well in Harlem.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—There is joy ahead for the inhabitants of Harlem, N. Y. A man has been found who can kill off fleas.

The name of the man who is about to spread joy broadcast is Prof. Clare Rahden of Berlin. He has been quietly pursuing his studies in the midst of fleas, also incognito, in the flea-haunted city of San Francisco.

In conversation about fleas yesterday the learned professor said:

"I have found a contagious disease which is a veritable plague and black death to fleas. My mission has been to cultivate the microbe of this flea disease, and to demonstrate that an ordinary atomizer may be so used as to scatter the flea disease broadcast."

"How are you succeeding?"

"Splendidly. See this jar of gelatine? Under my microscope millions of flea bacteria are plainly visible in every tiny thousandth part of a drop of the gelatine liquid. I can dissolve an ounce of this gelatinous syrup in a barrel of water, and in 24 hours the microbes will multiply tenfold. With an ordinary atomizer I can spray a carpet, for the microbe-infected water is not offensive. Every flea touched gets the disease and spreads it to others, for it is more contagious among fleas than smallpox is among unvaccinated men."

"What kind of a disease is it?"

"It attacks the muscles of the flea's flanks, called the constrictor muscles. The microbes live on the flea's pumping muscles, which act like bellows, in other words, and so eat and weaken his muscles of suction that he starves to death because he can no longer suck blood."

The professor says a company will be incorporated to cultivate germs of contagious flea disease of a nature which will render his bite harmless to mankind.

BEAT THEM ALL.

O'Connor of Canada Meets Australian Scullers in British America.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C., Sept. 25.—The boat race between Hanlan and O'Connor of Canada, and Dutch and Stevenson of Australia, yesterday, attracted a huge crowd.

The weather was all that could be desired.

Pools sold half an hour before the start were: O'Connor, 10; Dutch, 6; Hanlan and Stevenson, 6.

At least 25,000 persons viewed the contest, which was well fought between the Torontonians, but was a mere farce after the first mile as far as the Australians, Dutch and Stevenson were concerned.

At 1 o'clock a fast tide was running out, but the breeze was directly up stream. The water, however, was calm.

Shortly after 1 o'clock the men got into position. The referee and starter was J. S. Clute. At 1.25 the word "Go!" was given, and all the men got away in splendid style.

Dutch pulled 31 strokes to the minute, Stevenson the same number, while O'Connor and Hanlon pulled 30 strokes with apparently a more effective result.

For a time the race was a fine exhibition, the boats keeping well in line, with O'Connor, perhaps, having a slight lead. Hanlan was next, and the Australians brought up the rear. At the turn O'Connor led by four lengths, while Dutch and Stevenson followed Hanlan in procession form. The time at the turn was as follows: O'Connor, 9.25; Hanlan, 9.29; Dutch, 9.55, and Stevenson, 10m.

Dutch now made a desperate effort to catch the leaders, and, although he decreased the distance between himself and Hanlan somewhat, he failed to gain any appreciable advantage.

Opposite the woollen mills it was evident that the race was virtually over as far as the Australians were concerned. The cheering from the shore at this juncture was tremendous, and many steamers added to the din by tooting their whistles.

Near Wilson's boathouse Hanlan rested on his oars, and took a drink of water.

He then settled down to work and gave a spurt, which augured well in his effort to overtake O'Connor.

The latter seemed in no way disconcerted by Hanlan's effort.

At Mary st. the distance between the Torontonians was not more than two lengths.

The Australians were nowhere.

Dutch was evidently much distressed, pulling a wild and uneven stroke, and showing a lack of that staying power with which his friends had credited him. Stevenson was away behind and demoralized.

From this on Hanlan did some splendid spurting, but failed to overtake O'Connor, although he had got to within half a length of him when O'Connor crossed the line.

The winner's time was 20m. 55s. Dutch was at least 10 lengths behind Hanlan at the finish, while Stevenson was five lengths behind him.

A large amount of money changed hands on the result.

DROPPED INTO THE FIRE.

Eighteen Minneapolis Firemen Have a Narrow Escape From Death.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Sept. 24.—A fire broke out today in the five-story brick building of the Morewood Carving Wood Machine Company, and the inflammable nature of the goods and stock caused a rapid spread of the flames, which rapidly gutted the building.

The better to fight the flames in elevator C, adjacent, a score of firemen were on the roof of the annex, unconscious of danger.

There was a sudden explosion and a great stream of fire burst from the end, quickly followed by one to the left of the men, and through the roof and then on the right.

The great crowd was appalled as a score of firemen were shut from view by the columns of flame and smoke that rolled up.

The work of rescuing the firemen was prompt from necessity. For a time it was thought they had dropped into the flames, but all have since been accounted for.

The injured number 18, several having broken limbs. All were badly burned.

The loss on the elevator and contents aggregates $100,000, on which there was $75,000 insurance.

The Morewood Carving Machine Company's loss reaches $50,000, with an insurance of only $8000.

The total loss is placed at $197,500, and the total insurance at $107,000.

TROUBLE IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

President Barillas of Guatemala the Disturbing Element.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—A City of Mexico special says: Advices from Central America are conflicting. Though there is no real sign of war, a spark may fall at any moment and produce a general outbreak.

President Barillas of Guatemala is afraid of assassination, but he is determined to declare himself dictator before surrendering the presidency, and he even may provoke a war with San Salvador in order to realize his dream.

Ezeta, finding his influence waning, thinks that a war with Guatemala might bring back his popularity, but he dare not declare war, as the people want peace.

Costa Rica is now the only Central American power which is not for war. Each of the powers has agents in the other countries sowing seeds of discord.

All the countries are in financial difficulty. Neither Guatemala nor San Salvador has been able to arrange a loan in Europe.

Guatemala has established the strictest press censorship.

TWENTY-FOUR DROWNED.

Two Newfoundland Schooners Go Down With All on Board.

HALIFAX, N. S., Sept. 24.—News was received here tonight from Newfoundland of the loss of two schooners owned by J. and W. Stewarts of St. John's, on the Labrador coast.

They were the Paysleo, Capt. John Kane, with crew of eight men who went down with the schooner, and the Amazon, Capt. James Noble, with loss of three hands.

Several bodies and some wreckage was recently washed ashore on Cape Breton coast, indicating the loss of the ship Camelia, which has been confirmed.

Those lost were Capt. Harvey, wife and child, and crew of nine, named respectively, Arthur Colton, mate; Richard Doyle, boatswain; P. H. Rice, cook; James Brown, Richard Strachan, James Shortall, John Keergan and Richard Colbert.

"THAT DAY OF WRATH."

Superstitious Panic in a Florida Church—Trampled to Death.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Sept. 24.—Just before 12 o'clock last night a panic occurred in the Harmony Baptist church, during which one colored woman was killed, three others received fatal injuries and about 20 people were seriously crushed and bruised.

The church stands on West State st., near the outskirts of the city, and an all-night revival meeting was being held.

Suddenly the gas lights began to flicker badly, owing to some defect in the pipes.

The audience was made up of nearly 500 negroes, all under more or less religious excitement.

The weird flicker of the lights at once appealed to the superstitions of the worshippers as a supernatural visitation.

A deacon arose to leave and the whole audience then arose to their feet.

The lights went out entirely then.

One frenzied worshipper shouted "Judgment, judgment!" at which the crowd became wild with fear.

A rush was made for the narrow doors.

There were cries of "murder," "fire," and somebody yelled "dynamite."

The strong ones trampled on the weak and rushed out over their prostrate bodies.

Many jumped from windows, and were injured in the fall and by broken glass.

The panic lasted 15 or 20 minutes, and when the building was lighted again over a dozen lay bruised and bleeding on the floor, and Maggie Clark, aged 16, was dead.

BATTLE WITH A SEA LION.

Hand-to-Hand Encounter with a Marine Monster.

GREENPORT, L. I., Sept. 24.—Capt. Case and the Tunnison brothers, crew of a sloop yacht bound from Greenport to Barcelona, L. I., returned to port in a badly damaged craft late last night.

Capt. Case told this story:

"We were sailing along under a light breeze in Gardiner's bay, nearly due east of Ravinshead, when Dick Tunnison saw a column of spray rising from the water. He called to me and I pronounced it a blowing whale. I was afraid to sail close to it, for I knew of several instances in which a whale had demolished a craft like mine by a blow of its flukes. I turned the yacht a couple of points to windward, intending to pass on that tack.

"The monster seemed to have sighted the boat, for we saw it coming directly towards us with great speed. Hastily making some preparation for battle, if one should occur, I awaited the onslaught. The monster came through the water, cleaving it like a knife, while foam flew from both sides. Approaching the vessel it jumped at least 12 feet into the air and came down with a terrible splash. It then dived and darted under the yacht, rubbing upon the keel as it passed and careening the yacht until one gunwale was under water. It was with the utmost difficulty that we succeeded in righting the craft.

"The fish, which we believe was a sea lion, next appeared on the surface of the water, close to us, and showed fight. As it approached I hit it with a clam rake. The rake broke and the monster caught the gunwale of the boat and tore it out with little effort. It charged again and again upon us, but missed in its blind rage. I drew my revolver and fired a number of shots. Each bullet struck the big fish, but had no more effect than the blow from the rake.

"We were getting into desperate straits when Dick Tunnison threw our lance, wounding the lion severely, judging from the water, which for some distance was carmined with its blood, when the monster retreated and finally disappeared, much to our relief.

"The monster had the shape of a sea lion, but was much larger. Its jaws were of prodigious size, and filled with long teeth. It must have weighed several tons. Its color—dark, brownish black—and its shape reminded me of the sea cow, which, to my knowledge, at least, has never been seen before in these waters.

"We examined the boat and found her to be leaking badly. We bailed her out frequently, put her about for Greenport, and arrived safely, thankful for our narrow escape."

INDIANS ATTACK WHITES.

Missouri Journalist and Another Set Upon by Chilcats.

PORTLAND, Ore., Sept. 24.—A letter received today from Junia, Alaska, under date of Sept. 12, says:

"Intelligence has just reached here from the upper Yukon that a band of hostile Chilcats attacked a small party of two whites and five Indians, and several were killed."

It is thought here that the party is Ewing Earlscliffe, a prominent citizen and journalist of Missouri, Herbert Earlscliffe, a young Englishman, and five Indians.

No particulars could be learned from the Indians.

DIED IN AGONY.

Lehman Arrested on Charge of Poisoning His Lady Love.

NEWARK, N. J., Sept. 25.—Ernest Lehman, the rejected lover of Emma Bush, poisoned that lady last night, it is alleged. Lehman called at the girl's house last night and endeavored to make advances, which were rejected. He then offered to treat the girl before parting with her forever, and went out and procured several bottles of soda water, of which Miss Bush drank a glass. She was instantly seized with convulsions and died in great agony. Lehman was arrested today.

FLAG OF TRUCE FURLED.

A Twelve Club Circuit Proposed for the American Association.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 25.—A letter received here from Baltimore within the past 48 hours indicates that the American association is preparing a base ball coup of rather sensational proportions.

The epistle states that the American association will waste no more time trying to make peace with the national league, but proposes to eclipse the older organization by raising its membership to 12 clubs.

The letter asks bluntly:

"Would St. Paul and Minneapolis put a club in the American association under the name of the Twin City club?"

It says, in case a favorable answer is received, Omaha and Kansas City will be approached with a view to interesting them in the project. If everything moves smoothly, the intention is to make up the 12-club circuit of St. Louis, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Omaha, Twin City, Louisville, Chicago, Columbus, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and Boston.

The scheme was received with favor both here and in Minneapolis, and it is stated that the street railway company and a wealthy Minneapolis clothier are willing to put up from $25,000 to $50,000 for grounds at Snelling av. and other equipments for the club.

DIED TO AVOID BASE BALL.

Rich John Thomas Was Boycotted for Stopping Sport.

ZANESVILLE, O., Sept. 22.—McConnellsville was the scene of a sensational suicide yesterday.

John E. Thomas, the wealthiest resident of the town, cut his throat with a razor and died last evening.

The deed is ascribed to the noise of the national game, together with its foul tips, which often hit his house and proved so troublesome to Mr. Thomas that he secured an injunction, which put a stop to ball playing on the grounds.

This aroused public indignation. He was boycotted by many old friends and hooted at by the young people.

Yesterday morning Mr. Thomas went down the street to get shaved, but the barber refused to shave him.

Mr. Thomas then went out and bought a razor. He went to his house and cut his throat.

LANGEVIN ACQUITTED.

Majority of House at Ottawa Decides That He Was Not Dishonest.

OTTAWA, Ont., Sept. 25.—The adoption of the minority report of the privileges and elections committee of the House, finding ex-Minister of Public Works Langevin guilty of complicity in dishonest practices, was early this morning lost by a vote of 83 to 101.

The House was divided on Mr. Giroard's motion for the adoption of the majority report, exculpating Mr. Langevin, which was carried by a vote of 101 yeas to 83 nays.

UNITARIANS IN COUNCIL.

They Unanimously Declare the Need of Liturgical Service.

At the Unitarian conference in Saratoga, N. Y., Thursday, after the reading of a favorable report from the committee on the endowment of the Meadville Theological school, Rev. H. N. Brown, the chairman, read the report of the liturgical committee. It advocates the acceptance of the liturgy prepared by the American Unitarian Association as a convenient and proper form of conducting religious services in Unitarian churches, and recommends that it be left to the several churches to use or not, as they may choose. It also recommends that the publishing of the service book be left to private publishing houses.

A discussion followed, in which there was but little diversity of thought expressed, all pointing to the want of a liturgy. The sentiment ran in the line of the remarks of Rev. Dr. S. B. Calthrop, that while singing the song of the Lamb he felt like singing the songs of Moses and David; also of Rev. Mr. Cookson of Springfield, Mass., that "the day of a one-man service in our churches is about played out, and we need a liturgy—call it a book of common prayer if you will—in which the people can unite and give warmth, tone and earnestness to our services."

A paper on "The Work in Japan" was read by Rev. A. M. Knapp, a Unitarian missionary in the Occidental Empire, who believes that the Japanese as a nation and a people are about to embrace Unitarian Christianity. The work of the conference closed by electing officers as follows: President, Hon. George William Curtis of New York; vice-presidents, Senator Justin S. Morrill of Vermont, ex-Gov. John D. Long of Massachusetts, Hon. Dorman B. Eaton of New York, Hon. D. L. Shorey of Chicago, Hon. Horace Davis and Hon. J. G. Chaney of Worcester; general secretary, Rev. W. H. Lyon of Boston, and treasurer, William Howell Rand of Boston. Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale of Boston was chosen chairman of the council, and Rev. George Batchelor of Lowell, Mass., the former general secretary, was chosen a member of the council.

International Cricket.

Last Saturday a cricket eleven, the Gentlemen of England, began a match game against the best players of the Philadelphia and Germantown cricket clubs. The English team is captained by Lord Hawke, and has made a fine reputation, especially for fielding.

The All Philadelphia went first to bat, and rolled up a total of 248. The gentlemen of England then took hold, and in their first inning made 259.

The visitors began their second inning, and had scored 84 when stumps were drawn, with a loss of two wickets.

The attendance is estimated at between 5000 and 20,000, by far the largest number of people that ever saw a cricket match in this country. The visitors' fielding and throwing was greatly admired.

The work of the home team in the second inning was far above their display of yesterday, every man seeming to play with more confidence.

The match which the Englishmen were to play in Baltimore on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week has been postponed until after the Boston match.

The match was resumed on Monday and closed at 2 p. m. with the English gentlemen, second inning, 171—making a total of 430 for both innings.

Bradley's Stores Burned.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Sept. 23.—A special to the Journal from Bradley, S. D., says that the whole of the business portion of the city is in ashes. Nine stores, one church, one hotel and one residence were burned. Loss, $40,000.

Hanged by Railroad Men.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., Sept. 25.—Fred Tyler, (white) engineer on the Western North Carolina railroad, and Hezekiah Rankin (colored), got into an altercation at the round house last night.

Tyler struck Rankin with a lump of coal.

Rankin ran for a pistol and, coming back, fired at Tyler, striking him in the abdomen.

A crowd of railroad men took Rankin across the river and hanged him to a tree.

Tyler will die.

Three Miners Buried Alive.

MARQUETTE, Mich., Sept. 22.—Peter Folleste, John Gilbert and Eric Jarvola were taking down two pillars of ore directly over the mouth of No. 6 shaft at the Republic mine yesterday, when the ground gave way beneath them.

Another cave-in covered them, and it will be perhaps weeks before the bodies can be recovered.

Reservation a Blackened Waste.

MANDAN, N. D., Sept. 22.—The fire which swept over the Sioux reservation proves to have burned everything in the shape of hay, wheat in stacks and range from the Cannonball river to Moreau river. Parties in town from the scene of the fire say the reservation is a blackened waste. So far no fire has done any damage in this county.

Newfoundland Must Trade.

OTTAWA, Ont., Sept. 26.—In the House of Commons, today, Mr. Kaulbach, M. P., called the attention of the government to the treatment accorded to Canadian fishing vessels by the Newfoundland government, stating that American fishermen were allowed to enter Newfoundland ports and buy bait, while the privilege was denied to Canadians.

Sir Charles Tupper, minister of fisheries, in reply, said that the government had been most zealous in pushing the matter, that correspondence between the British, Newfoundland and Canadian governments was in progress, and that he expected that a satisfactory settlement would be reached before next season.

Notes.

After a day unusually sultry and disagreeable, a furious thunder storm broke over New York city Saturday evening. The lightning was almost incessant, and the thunder fairly shook the buildings. Little rain fell, but as it was the first precipitation there for 19 days, it was very grateful. The shower cooled the atmosphere wonderfully.

At 10.55 o'clock Saturday night a violent earthquake shock was felt all over St. Louis, Mo. The commotion lasted for 30 seconds, and was by far the strongest shock ever felt there.

Hon. Carl Schurz, ex-secretary of the interior, has resigned the presidency of the Hamburg-American Packet Company.

The sovereign grand lodge I. O. O. F. finished the duties of the convention at St. Louis, Mo., Saturday, and adjourned to meet at Portland, Or., the third week in September, 1892. The proposed amendment to the constitution, to admit men at 18 as members, instead of 21 years, was defeated by a vote of 58 to 10.

Reports from along the line of the Omaha road are that forest fires are rapidly advancing and eating up everything before them. Homesteaders, surrounded by a wilderness of woods, are burning out, and, arriving in town, tell of narrow escapes from being burned to death. The high winds have been effective in spreading the fires.

In Chippewa county, Wis., considerable timber land, barns, crops and stock have been burned. Several villages have been destroyed, and the fires are reported spreading.

There has never before been a fire of the magnitude of the present one in northern Minnesota. The whole country has been swept by the flames and everything has been burned around this town except a few lumber camps. Reports from the southwest, along the line of the Great Northern, say that the danger seems to be over, unless there is a heavy wind again.

Elijah Watt, a rejected suitor of Kate Halloran, shot the latter Thursday, at Topeka, Kan., wounding her fatally, and then blew his brains out.

The German Catholic Congress at Buffalo, N. Y., came to a close Thursday. High mass was followed by a banquet at the Genesee House.

Near Quincy, Ky., 100 miles east of Cincinnati, Thomas Carr, a farmer 30 years old, Thursday killed his wife, her sister and himself.

Shareholders of the Produce National Bank of Philadelphia will vote next Tuesday on the question of liquidation. The bank is solvent, but is not making any profit.

Friday's game in the Barker-Reed checker contest in Chicago resulted in two draws. Will-o'-the-wisp openings were used. The score is: Barker, 4; Reed, 0; drawn, 16; yet to play, 10.

A report that Mr. Egan, minister to Chili, is a correspondent of the New York Herald, and suppressed news which the United States government should have had, is under investigation by the State Department.

On Thursday Mrs. Otto Heberer, wife of a well-to-do butcher of St. Louis, Mo., gave her three children arsenic and then took a dose herself and died. The act was caused by jealousy. The children probably will recover.

Ex-Gov. Albert P. Morehouse of Missouri, who killed himself Wednesday, was a native of Delaware county, O., emigrating to Missouri in 1856, where he practised law and became prominent in politics. He was elected lieutenant-governor in 1884, and on the death of Gov. Marmaduke succeeded to the governorship. It is a curious fact that he is the third ex-governor of the State to commit suicide—Thomas Reynolds in 1844 and Thomas C. Reynolds in 1887 being the others.

A portion of a scaffold upon which 30 men were at work in Mechanicsville, N. Y., collapsed Friday afternoon, owing to the breaking of the supports. The scaffolding fell about 40 feet and all of its occupants were more or less injured. Those seriously injured are Peter Lacasse, John O'Hara, Albert Yarker, Frank Peters, Joseph Cowski, John Cressa and Elmer Fowler. At least three of these will die.

A disastrous fire, which visited the village of Kasota, Minn., Friday, destroyed the depot, Lemann Hotel, express office and several other small buildings, causing a loss of $50,000.

Last night a party of 30 men visited Mrs. Harmon, a woman of loose character, who resides at Mentor, Ind., tied her to a post, stripped her nearly naked, and applied 50 lashes to her bare back with hickory switches. They then went to Jacob Sapenfield and ordered him to visit Mrs. Harmon, untie her, and, under a penalty of 25 lashes, publish her to her neighbors as having been whipped because of her bad name. Sapenfield found the woman in a terrible condition from her injuries. She will probably die.

Miss Edith Nast, the daughter of Thomas Nast, the cartoonist, was married Saturday to Robert Henry Eddy Porter, a son of Gen. Fitz John Porter, at the bride's home in Morristown. The ceremony was solemnized by Rev. William H. Huckle, who just 30 years ago officiated at the marriage of the bride's parents.

The fair grounds stables at Dallas, Tex., were burned Monday, together with some valuable horses. Loss $30,000.

Mamoroneck, N. Y., Monday celebrated the 200th anniversary of the purchase of the town site from the Indians. The celebration was inaugurated in the morning with a number of festivities, which reached their height in the afternoon with a great parade, speechmaking and a banquet. The county and town officials and nearly everybody of prominence in the county were present.

The government prohibition of the Catholic European congress to be held in Rome next Wednesday has been withdrawn.

C. C. Carleton & Co., dealers in rubber goods, Chicago, have failed. The liabilities are placed at $20,000 to $30,000 and the assets at about 50 per cent. of the liabilities.

Donald Burns, a New York dealer in wild animals, was savagely attacked by a panther that had escaped from her cage Wednesday afternoon. His wounds are not fatal.

A. P. Bradley, secretary of the railway and canals department, Ottawa, Ont., has been suspended as a result of the recent disclosures before the public accounts committee.

Despatches from West Superior, Wis., say that city is shrouded in smoke from destructive forest fires south and east. The village of Comstock, Barron county, is nearly destroyed, and Cumberland is in great danger.

William Lewis, colored, in a fit of jealousy Wednesday morning at Chicago, shot and fatally injured John Moore and Maggie Sells, his mistress, both colored. Lewis is said to have served a penitentiary sentence for killing a woman in Louisville.

During a celebration at Newark, N. J., Thursday, three Italians were killed and 20 injured by the explosion of an improvised cannon.

The mill of the St. Lawrence Lumber Company at Bathurst, one of the largest in New Brunswick, was burned Wednesday. Loss $20,000.

It is rumored at Quebec that several British regiments are coming to Canada to be stationed at Halifax, Quebec and Vancouver. This new move is said to be made with the object of establishing transportation depots at different points along Canada's short route to India. It is said that several corps from India will soon pass through the Dominion on their way home to test the advantages to be gained by this way of travel.

S. D. Wester's warehouse, the largest in the city of Chattanooga, Tenn., was burned Friday night, loss $200,000.

A fire Friday at Oak Cliff, a suburb of Dallas, Tex., destroyed 13 houses. Loss, $39,000; insurance, $16,000.

The New York cricket team met last night and decided to play the visiting team of English cricketers. The match will take place on Staten Island, Oct. 5, 6, and 7.

Last Friday evening Sandy Ferry and James Darling, while blasting stumps with dynamite near Bradford, Penn., were instantly killed and horribly mutilated by a premature discharge.

A despatch from Warden Hale of the San Quentin prison, Cal., says the conspirators who have been in solitary confinement have confessed at last and the revolvers and cartridges concealed by them have all been surrendered.

The benchers of the Ontario Law Society have decided that there was no provision under the statute to cover the case of Miss Clara Brett Martine, who had made an application to be admitted as a student, and that lady students could not, therefore, be admitted.

Judge O'Brien of the Supreme Court, New York, decided Friday, that the Women's Memorial Fund Association cannot erect a statue of Mrs. George Schuyler, who was Miss Mary M. Hamilton, for exhibition at the Chicago fair in opposition to the wishes of her relatives.

The fertile brain of George Francis Train has been at work for the past month perfecting a monster fast, which he is to inaugurate on Oct. 5. The doughty "psycho" is not to be a participant himself, but has engaged the most renowned fasting talent at present idle. The one who stands the ordeal longest is to take the gate receipts.

Mr. Pacaud, the editor of L'Electeur, who, it is alleged, manipulated the Quebec subsidies to the Baie des Chaleurs railway for the benefit of himself, Contractor Armstrong and Quebec politicians, and who fled to Europe rather than appear before the Senate committee, is a passenger on the Parisian from Liverpool, which passed Father Point, Que., Friday night.

An accommodation train on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad ran into an open switch at Linden, Penn., three miles east of Pittsburg, Friday evening, and was wrecked. The engine went over a high embankment and a combination baggage and smoking car turned completely over. The other cars did not leave the track. Fireman Frank Maloy was fatally scalded, and Engineer Thomas Burton was seriously hurt. A number of passengers sustained slight injuries.

HIS PERSONAL DIGNITY.

He Managed to Keep it Intact, but the Feat Required Tact and a Strenuous Effort.

[Chicago Tribune.]

He was no longer young. Time had not bent his form nor sapped his physical energies, but had laid its hand gently on his head, silvering a thread here and there, and had touched with kindly fingers his brow, cheek and temple, leaving faint yet indelible traces of the caress.

In the firm, even tones of his voice there was no suggestion of failing powers. His eye was not dim nor his natural force abated.

"It is true, Miss Mildred," he said, "that there is some disparity in our ages, but that is a peculiarity that will become less noticeable as the years roll by.

"Call to mind the cases within your own knowledge, Miss Mildred," he continued, leisurely uncrossing his legs and crossing them again inversely, "in which the husband is about the same age as his wife, but looks a dozen years younger.

"The tendency of the humdrum home life is to make the wife become aged more rapidly, while the husband, on account of his inevitable connection with the busy world, retains his freshness to a much longer period."

"That is a strange argument for a man to use, Mr. Marshmallow—"

"Beg pardon, Miss Mildred, but no argument is a strange one for a man to use who is pleading his suit at the court of beauty."

And Mr. Marshmallow smoothed out a crease in his coat sleeve and looked smilingly at the young lady.

"But—"

"Beg pardon again, Miss Mildred. This is no ordinary affair with me, I assure you. I am deeply—I may say intensely—in earnest. In matters of this kind I never trifle."

"But let me say, Mr. Marshmallow——"

"Don't be hasty, Miss Mildred, I beg of you. Remember I am offering you my hand and heart, and that I fully mean what I say."

"I understand you, sir," replied the proud young girl, with something like a shiver, "and I respectfully decline."

"What!"

Mr. Marshmallow was both surprised and indignant.

"Is it possible I have heard you aright, Miss Mildred?" he asked.

"It is, sir. I do not know of any reason I have ever given you to suppose I would listen to a proposal of marriage from you."

"And you refuse?"

"I do, sir, emphatically. Further than that, sir, you will permit me to say I consider you presumptuous and forward to an unpardonable degree."

Mr. Marshmallow slowly uncrossed his legs, rose to his feet, drew himself up to his full height, took his hat, cane and gloves, and with the manner of a man deeply injured but personally superior to misfortune he said to the young woman as he made his way with unruffled dignity to the door:

"It grieves me beyond measure, Miss Mildred, to hear you speak in this disrespectful way to a man old enough to be your grandfather."

THE BOSTON STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations..............3 P. M.

LAND STOCKS.

	Bid. —Sept. 28—	Asked.	Bid. —Sept. 26—	Asked.
Aspinwall	10	..	10	11
Boothbay	.12	.18	.12	.18
Boston	..	6¼	..	6¼
Boston Water Power	3⅝	4	3⅝	3⅝
Boylston	..	4½	4¼	4½
Brookline	..	5½	5¼	5¾
Cambridge Field	..	..	..	6
Campobello	..	1½	..	1½
Cutler	1	..	1⅛	..
East Boston*	..	4½	4	4¼
Franklin Park	28	..	28	..
Frenchman's Bay	5	5½	5⅛	5½
Maverick	2½	..	2½	..
Newport	..	1¾	..	1⅝
Payson	1	..	1	..
Penobscot Bay	..	.60	..	.60
San Diego	18½	20	18½	21½
Sullivan Harbor	.25	..	.25	..
Topeka	.75	..	.50	..
West End	18⅝	18¾	18⅝	18¾
Winter Harbor	..	.50	..	.50
Winthrop	..	1	..	1
Wollaston	.62½	..	.60	..
RAILROAD STOCKS.				
Atch, Topeka & S Fe	45½	45¼	45¾	45⅞
Atlantic & Pacific	6	6½	6	..
Boston & Albany*	201	..	201	..
Boston & Lowell	175	..	175	..
Boston & Maine	..	179	177½	179
Boston & Providence	246	..	246	..
Central Massachusetts	18½	19	18¾	19¼
Central Mass pref	38½	39½	38½	39¼
Chi, Bur & Quincy	..	..	99	99½
Chi Junc R & S Yards	..	..	78¼	80
Chi Junc R & S Y pref	..	85	84¼	87
Chicago & West Mich	49	..	49½	50
Cleveland & Canton	..	7½	..	..
Cleveland & Can pref	23	24	..	..
Fitchburg preferred	..	77	77¼	77⅞
Flint & P Marquette	26	26½	..	..
Flint & Pere Marq prf	..	..	81	81½
Mexican Central	23¼	23½	23	23½
New York & New Eng	40¾	41	41	41⅜
New York & N E pref	105	..	106	108
Old Colony	167	..	167	..
Oregon Short Line	..	..	26	..
Portland, Saco & Ports	126	..	126	126¾
Rutland common	..	4½	4	4½
Rutland preferred	..	74	74	74¼
Summit Branch	..	7½	7	8
Union Pacific	42⅞	43⅛	43⅞	43½
West End common	..	77	76	77
West End preferred	..	84½	83½	84½
Wisconsin Central	21¼	21½	21¼	..
Wisconsin Cen pref	..	50	..	50
RAILROAD BONDS.				
Atchison, T & S Fe 4s	81½	81⅝	81	81½
Atchison incomes	64	64¼	64⅜	64⅞
Bos United Gas 1st 5s	86	88	..	89
Bos United Gas 2d 5s	75	76½	..	77
Chi, Bur & North 5s	100	100¼	100	100¼
Chi, Bur & Nor 2d 6s	100	..	100	101
Mexican Central 4s	72	72½	72	72½
Mexican Cen 1st inc	37	38	37	38
Mexican Cen 2d inc 3s	23¼	24¼	23¾	24½
Wisconsin Cen 1st 5s	..	95	93	94
MINING STOCKS.				
Allouez	1.81¼	2	1.81¼	2
Arnold	2¼	..	..	2¼
Atlantic	15	16	15½	16
Bonanza	..	.60	50	55
Boston & Montana	48½	49	48⅝	48⅞
Butte City	..	..	.40	.50
Butte & Boston	19	19½	19	19½
Calumet & Hecla	270	275	273	275
Catalpa	..	.30	..	.30
Centennial	19	20	19	20
Dunkin	..	.50	..	.50
Franklin	18	18⅝	18½	18⅞
Huron	.70	.75	.70	1
Kearsarge	16¼	16½	16	16½
Napa	4	5	..	5
National	..	3⅜	..	3¼
Osceola	38⅞	39	38	38½
Santa Fe	.50	.55	.50	.55
Tamarack	178	180	177	180
TELEPHONE STOCKS.				
American Bell	..	185	183	186
Erie	45	46	45½	46
Mexican	1.05	1.10	..	..
New England	40	50	..	50
Tropical	..	.90	.60	.90
MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.				
Butte & Mont Com Co	17½	17¾	17⅛	17¾
Eastman Car Heater	2	..	2	..
Edison Phono Doll	..	.62½	..	.62½
Lamson Store Service	..	20	..	20
National Cordage	95¼	95½	94½	95
Pullman Palace Car	195	197½	192	194
Reece Buttonhole	..	14	..	14
Stand Stave & Coop'e	103	104	103	104
Thomson-Hous Elec	50	50½	50	50⅜
Thomson-Hous E pref	26	26½	26	26⅜
UNLISTED STOCKS.				
American Cotton Oil	26	26¼	25⅝	25⅞
Bay State Gas	28	29	..	..
Detroit Electric	..	11	11¼	12
European Welding	..	..	50	55
Fort Wayne Electric	14¼	14½	14¼	14½
Illinois Steel	78	82	..	..
Illinois Steel 5s	94½	..	..	..
National Lead Trust	16⅝	16⅞	16⅝	16⅞
Sugar certific'ts com	90¾	91⅛	91¼	91¾
Sugar certific'ts pref	96½	97	..	..
Thom-H Elec, series C	8¾	9¼	8¾	9¼
Thom-H Elec, series D	8⅛	8¼	8	8⅜
Westinghouse El Tr R	14¼	14¾	14	14¾

*Ex-dividend.

A Good Reason.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A Woodward av. man dismissed a dissipated employe the other day and the culprit went into the private office for an explanation.

"Why did you fire me?" he asked plumply.

The gentleman addressed looked up quietly from his desk.

"Well," he replied, firmly, "I fired you because you sat around the place loaded all the time and I considered it dangerous."

That ended the argument right there.

At 11.30 P. M.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Mr. Pulpleigh, in explanation—Of course, you will understand, Miss Paperstock, that our store is so large that it is separated into many departments.

Miss P., with effort—And in what department are you?

Mr. P.—In the stationery.

Miss P.—Of course; how stupid of me. I might have known it.

And still Pulpleigh stayed.

The Lisp Made the Difference.

"Very interesting conversation in here?" asked papa, suddenly thrusting his head in through the conservatory door, where Ethel, Mr. Tomkins and little Eva sat very quietly.

"Yes, indeed," said Ethel, ready on the instant with a reply. "Mr. Tomkins and I were discussing all our kith and kin—weren't we, Eva?"

"Yeth, thath what you wath," replied little Eva. "Mither Tomkinth thaid, 'May I have a kith?' and Ethel said 'You kin.'"

CHECKERS.

EDWIN A. DURGIN..............Editor
BOSTON, Sept. 29, 1891.

All communications intended for this department must be addressed to Edwin A. Durgin, lock drawer 5220, Boston, Mass.

Chess Divan, 210 Tremont st. Chess and checker players meet day and evening.

Chess and checker players also meet daily at C. Taylor's, 118 Water st.

Solution of Position No. 1582.

BY A. J. HEFFNER, BOSTON, MASS.

Black men on 6, 8, 9, 12, 24, king on 14.
White men on 13, 15, 18, 19, 21, 23, 28.
White to play and draw:

21.17	18.14	15.11	19. 1	28.19
14.21	9.27	8.15	21.17	Drawn.

Solution of Position No. 1583

will be given next week.

Solution of Position No. 1584.

BY D. GOURLAY, GLASGOW, SCOT.

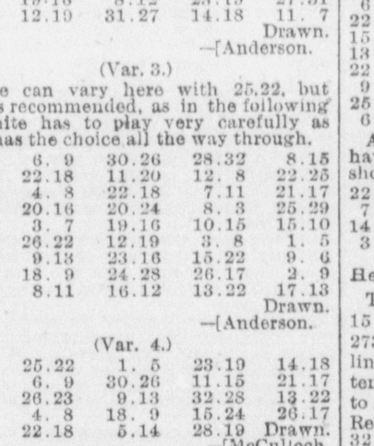
Black men on 3, 5, 6, 9, 10, 20, king on 26.
White men on 12, 17, 19, 24, 27, 28, king on 15.
White to play and win:

17.14	12. 8	19.16	27.23	15.13
10.17	3.12	12.19	20.27	W. wins.

Position No. 1589.

BY H. B. WASHBURN, BREWER, ME.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win.

BARKER-REED MATCH GAMES.

Game No. 2732—Defiance.

First game, Barker's move:

11.15	25.22	5.14	19.15	16.20
23.19	9.13	26.22	2. 7-5	2. 6
9.14	24.20	14.17	23.18-6	8.11
27.23	11.15-8	21.14	16.19	14. 9
8.11	32.27	10.26	18.14	11.16
22.18	15.24	31.22	3. 8-7	9. 5
15.22	28.19	8.11	15.10	19.24
25. 9	4. 8	30.25	7.11	27.23
5.14	22.18	11.16-1	10. 7	24.27
29.25	1. 5	20.11	11.16	23.18
6. 9-2	18. 9	7.16	7. 2	Drawn.

(Var. 1.)

Second game, Reed's move:

7.10	22. 6	17.22	13. 6	19.10
23.18	2. 9	21.17	31.24	20.16
3. 7	19.15	22.26	6. 2	12.19
18.15	13.17	17.13	24.19	Drawn.
11.18	25.21	26.31	2.11	

(Var. 2.)

The following is also a safe line of play for black:

11.15	11.15	23. 7	6. 9	20.16
24.20-3	32.28	2.11	17.13	18.23
15.24	15.24	26.28	1. 6	26.22
28.19	28.19	3. 8	27.24	23.27
4. 8-4	7.11	30.26	11.15	16.11
25.22	19.16	8.12	23.19	27.31
8.11	12.19	31.27	14.18	11. 7
22.17				Drawn.

—[Anderson.

(Var. 3.)

White can vary here with 25.22, but 24.20 is recommended, as in the following line white has to play very carefully as black has the choice all the way through.

25.22	6. 9	30.26	28.32	8.15
7.11	22.18	11.20	12. 8	22.25
24.20	4. 8	22.18	7.11	21.17
15.24	20.16	20.24	8. 3	25.29
28.19	3. 7	19.16	10.15	15.10
11.15	26.22	12.19	3. 8	1. 5
32.28	9.13	23.16	15.22	9. 6
15.24	18. 9	24.28	26.17	2. 9
28.19	8.11	16.12	13.22	17.13
				Drawn.

—[Anderson.

(Var. 4.)

*7.11	25.22	1. 5	23.19	14.18
19.16	6. 9	30.26	11.15	21.17
12.19	26.23	9.13	32.28	13.22
23. 7	4. 8	18. 9	15.24	26.17
2.11	22.18	5.14	28.19	Drawn.

—[McCulloch.

(Var. 5.)

In the 15th game of the Martins vs. Yates match Mr. Martins played:

3. 7	22.18	9.14	7. 2	14.18
25.21	7.10	15.10	22.25	11.15
16.19	15. 6	13.17	2. 7	19.23
23.16	2. 9	10. 7	25.29	Drawn.
12.19	18.15	17.22	7.11	

(Var. 6.)

In the 34th game of the same match Mr. Martins varied here with:

25.21	7.11	14. 9	31.26	10. 6
16.19	15.10	19.24	22.18	24.27
23.16	11.16	27.23	26.22	6. 2
12.19	10. 7	24.27	18.15	27.31
21.17	16.20	23.18	20.24	14.10
3. 8	7. 3	27.31	15.10	12.16
17.14	8.12	18.14	22.18	Drawn.

(Var. 7.)

12.16	14. 7	10.14	7. 2	22.13
15.11	3.10	25.21	13.17	14.18
7.10	11. 7	16.20		Drawn.

—[E. Crowell.

(Var. 8.)

In the Bryden-Ferrie match Mr. Bryden varied here with:

1. 5	22.18	22.25	25.22	8.12
32.27	17.22	27.23	18.14	2. 6
14.17	26.17	25.29	10.17	22.25
21.14	13.22	15.10	23.18	3. 7
10.17	19.15	29.25	22.15	25.29
27.24	9.13	10. 6	19.10	7.10
4. 8	24.19	7.10	17.22	29.25
23.18	13.17	14. 7	10. 7	6. 9
2. 6	28.24	3.10	12.16-A	5.14
18.14	17.21	6. 2	7. 3	10.17
6. 9	31.27			Drawn.

A—

11.15	15.18	18.23	23.27	27.32
2. 6	6.10	10.15	24.19	7. 3
				Drawn

Game No. 2733—Kelso.

Sixth game, Reed's move:

10.15	8.24	5. 9	7.10	9.14
22.18	28.19	22.18	23.19	11. 7
15.22	4. 8	2. 6	11.16-1	14.21
25.18	29.25	26.22	18.11	7. 2
6.10	8.11	10.15	16.23	10.14
24.19	25.22	19.10	31.26	23.18
11.15	9.13	6.15	23.27	14.23
18.11	27.24	21.17	32.23	26.19
				Barker won.

(Var. 1.)

12.16 looks like a draw, but it would lose, by the following play:

12.16	27.23	14.18	25.29	29.25
19.12	11.16-2	22.17*	4. 8	20.16
1. 5	24.20	13.22	29.25	15.19
32.27*	16.19	11. 8	31.26	11.15
9.14	23.16	22.25	25.29	18.22
18. 9	10.14	8. 4	8.11	26.17
5.21	16.11*			W. wins.

—[Durgin.

(Var. 2.)

10.14	24.27	18.14	24.27	14.10
31.26	18. 9	16.20	10. 6	18.14
21.25	27.31	22.18	27.31	10. 6
30.21	26.22	20.24	6. 1	23.18
11.16	31.27	18.15	31.26	6. 1
24.13*	23.18	23.18	1. 5	18.15
15.24	27.23	15.10	26.23	9. 6
22.18				W. wins.

—[Durgin.

Game No. 2734—Second Double Corner.

Seventh game, Barker's move:

11.15	9.13	25.21	32.28	6. 9
24.19	30.25	6. 9	11.15	5. 1
15.24	13.22	29.25	19.16	14.18
28.19	26.17	1. 6	12.19	1. 5
8.11	4. 8	31.26	23.16	18.25
22.18	17.14	9.13	10.14	5.14
11.16	10.17	18. 9	9. 5	7.11
25.22	21.14	5.14	2. 6	16. 7
16.20	8.11	6.10	25.22	3.17
22.17				Barker won.

Game No. 2735—Double Corner.

Ninth game, Barker's move:

9.14	12.19	10.14	15. 8	1. 5
22.17-1	21.17	18.15	4.20	18.15
11.15	5. 9	14.18	26.23	5. 9
25.22	17.13	29.25	9.14	22.17
15.19	2. 6	3. 7	25.22	7.10
24.15	30.25	27.23	14.17	15.11
10.19	7.10	18.27	23.18	9.14
17.10	22.18	32.16	17.26	10. 7
6.15	15.22	8.11	31.22	14.21
23.16	25.18			Drawn.

(Var. 1.)

Tenth game, Reed's move:

22.18	16.20	28.19	15.19	22.18
5. 9	29.25	12.16	23.18	31.26
24.19	20.27	19.12	19.23	6. 2
11.15	31.24	7.10	18.14	26.22
18.11	7.11	21.17	16.20	18.15
8.24	25.22	14.21	10. 7	22.18
28.19	10.15	22.17	3.10	15.11
4. 8	19.10	10.15	14. 7	B-1. 5
25.22	6.15	26.22	20.24	10. 7
8.11	32.28	9.13	17.14	23.27
22.18	2. 7-A	18.14	24.27	7. 3
11.16	24.19	11.16	14.10	27.31
27.24	15.24	14.10	27.31	3. 7

A—Why not 12.16 now?
B—Best.

Game No. 2736—Fife.

Twelfth game, Reed's move.

11.15	25. 9	2. 6	13. 9	3.12
23.19	6.13	24.20-1	8.11-3	31.24
9.14	29.25	15.24	32.28	7.11
22.17	8.11	28.19	15.18A	6. 2
5. 9	25.22	11.15	9. 6	14.18
26.23	4. 8	27.24	18.27	2. 6
9.13	22.17	6. 9	19.16	Barker
30.26	13.22	17.13	12.19	won.
13.22	26.17	9.14-2	24. 8	

(Var. 1.)

In the Barker-Smith match, Mr. Smith played:

17.13	13. 6	23.14	21.14	1.17
6. 9	15.18	10.17		

and Mr. Barker won, but the position has since been shown to be a draw.

(Var. 2.)

In the last Reed-Barker match, 29th game, Mr. Reed played as follows:

8.11	23.14	1.17	19.16	24. 8
13. 6	10.17	32.28	12.19	3.12
15.18	21.14	17.22		Drawn.

(Var. 3.)

The following line of play would have drawn:

14.17	19.10	17.22	14.18	1.10
21.14	7.14	32.28	9. 6	19.16
10.17	23.19			Drawn.

—[Durgin.

Again, 14.17 would have drawn.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.

Barker, 4; Reed, 0; Drawn, 20.

CHICAGO, Sept. 20.—Prior to the Fife which was played yesterday, and the white side of which Reed, in his endeavor to force the position, lost, there seemed to be a slight hope of victory. Today, however, all is despondency.

It is not generally known that Barker is backed by Providence money, and that for two months previous to the match the Boston boy was in the Rhode Island capital practicing and analyzing with Mr. Freeman. The taunts and slurs hurled at Freeman and his friends by Chicago players were borne patiently for a long time, but there was a jumping-off place, and the full force of their representative's wand is manifesting itself to a degree that is exasperating.

Laird and Lady.

The ending was as follows:
Black (Barker), 2, 3, 5, 7, 11, 12, 17.
White (Reed), 14, 18, 19, 23, 26, 29, 31.
White to play.

19.15	18. 9	9. 6	26.23	24.27
11.16	16.20	2. 9	19.26	6. 2
14. 9	23.19	19.16	31. 6	7.11
5.14	20.24	12.19		Drawn.

With the second side of the Laird and Lady Barker usually plays the 24.20 line; this time he varied at the 10th move, adopting 26.23 instead. The play was soon on new lines and developed the following position:

Black (Reed), 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 11, 12, 17.
White (Barker), 13, 18, 19, 20, 26, 27, 28, 30, 32.
Black to play.

1. 6	24.15	3.10	18. 9	24.15
27.34-A	10.19	28.24	5.14	14.18
7.10	26.22	8.12	20.16	15.11
19.16	17.26	32.28	12.19	6. 9
12.19	30. 7	10.14		Drawn.

A—Barker could have won here by playing 27.23.

Kelso.

The Kelso opening was next, and at sixth move Mr. Reed made a play with whites that is not to be found in the books, and one that very much disheartened Barker, who was pressed hard for a draw. After the game was finished Mr. Freeman stated that Mr. Reed overlooked a win, and submitted play in support of the statement. However, Mr. Barker found a neat "shot" which would have drawn.

Black, 2, 3, 5, 7, 11, 15, 19, 21.
White, 13, 14, 20, 22, 24, 28, 30, 31.
Mr. Barker to play.

2. 6	29.25	11.18	18.23	13.17
31.27-A	2. 6	7. 3	11. 7	3. 7
19.23	10.15	8.12	31.26	17.22
27.18	14.10	3. 7	15.19	28.24
6.10	7.14	18.23	23.16	23.27
22.17	17.10	7.11	20.11	24.20
15.22	25.22	22.18	26.23	22.25
13. 9	6. 2	2. 7	11. 8	30.26
22.25	3. 8	23.27	5. 9	27.18
9. 6	10. 7	7.10	8. 3	7.10
25.29	15.19	27.31	9.13	21.25
6. 2	24.15	10.15	7.11	Drawn.

A—This is where Reed was supposed to have overlooked the win, but Barker showed a pretty draw.

22.17	30.26	27.23	5. 9	11. 7
7.10	21.25	11.16	23.16	10.14
14. 7	31.27	20.11	30.23	17. 1
3.10	25.30			Drawn.

Here is Where Reed Met His Waterloo.

The Second Double Corner (11.15, 24.19, 15.24, 28.19) was next. (See game No. 2734.) The first game developed into the line won by Freeman off Barker last September, the ending of which Reed presumed to have corrected in the American Checker Review. Reed's play in the A. C. R. runs 32.28, 15.19 or 10.14. Barker adopted the 10.14 and in the end demonstrated that Reed had not yet solved the problem. It was all cut and dried long before the match, and Reed fell an easy victim.

In the 8th game Barker adopted the 18.14 "Bust." Reed lost the ending by attempting to force matters. He had a clear draw, as follows:

Black 5, 13, king 15.
White 14, kings 6 and 9.

Reed dropped 15.19, and was a "goner." 15.18 would have drawn.

The ninth and tenth games were on the Double Corner. (See game No. 2735.)

Saturday the Fife came, and it was expected that Reed would win at least one. Fate decreed otherwise, however, for he lost while playing the black side, and dumbfounded his supporters.

The following clippings are from the Chronicle-Telegraph:

With 20 Games to Play Reed is Away in the Rear—Barker Playing Great Checkers.

[Chronicle-Telegraph.]

CHICAGO, Sept. 19.—The Double Corner opening was selected for yesterday's games. Both were drawn. There was nothing brilliant in either of them, and they are scarcely mentioned; but the excitement is at fever heat. Everybody remarks the continued and seeming stolid indifference displayed by Barker and Freeman during the sittings. Barker's position is always erect and nothing gets within his range of vision save the problem on the board. He rarely ever looks up or around; is always deeply engrossed in his work. Freeman gives no expression of his knowledge of the game by outward sign "or any such thing." Aside from a nervous, quick wink of the eyelids and an occasional drying his lips and arranging his pretty little coal-black mustache, the Rhode Island magician is a sphynx, whose riddles it seems impossible to solve. Reed's temperament will not permit him to rest quietly; he seems all the better if moving around in his seat.

"Barker always goes wrong on the Second Double Corner" has often been heard among experts. He lost it three years ago, and again to Freeman last September, and now, with the Pequot at his side, he is able to win both sides of the opening from a master. This has excited considerable comment. There is no doubt of Barker's ability, but he is not the peer of his coach.

Reed says "there are some good shots in the locker yet." It is the opinion here now that if he does not "work them off" soon he will have a prefix to his title of champion.

Reed Playing Strong, but Cannot Win.

[Chronicle-Telegraph.]

CHICAGO, Sept. 23.—Single Corner was played in the checker match yesterday. It was hoped Reed would get rid of the cipher. He is playing strong, but Barker gives him no chance to score.

Of all his matches with Barker, this is the only one in which the Chicago man hadn't the call in the betting. He defeats the local players so easily, and was so confident of winning from the Boston chap that the World's fair people would have wagered big money. "Brother Isaiah" and "Me Too" Freer were the coachers whom they figured on as Barker aids. Reed is not in it, and his friends have about given it up.

THE CHECKER CHAMPIONSHIP.

It is Reed vs. Freeman and Barker, with Heffner in the Background—Barker Wins the Kelso.

[Chronicle-Telegraph.]

CHICAGO, Sept. 17.—The checker match has assumed a peculiar phase. Devotees are reminded of political convention times with the field against the probable winner. The cry is "anything to beat Reed." It has developed that August J. Heffner, ex-champion of America, has been coaching Barker for some time past at his home in Boston. Heffner is the man who defeated Freeman for the American championship in 1885, and was beaten by Barker in 1886. Should Reed be fortunate enough to win the present match it will certainly evidence his superiority over all. Of course, it is natural for Freeman to wish for Barker's success. That would place Freeman in the position of "king pin," because he has demonstrated frequently that Barker is no match for him. It is the East against the West. The three ex-champions of the East are struggling to win from the "Little Giant of the West."

Two games were played yesterday on the Kelso opening. The first was drawn, and Barker won the second. The Kelso is a favorite of the Eastern players. Freeman won it from Barker last year, and three years ago Reed forced a winning position with both sides against Barker.

Consternation Reigns in the Chicago Camp—Barker Still in the Lead.

[Chronicle-Telegraph.]

CHICAGO, Sept. 18.—Horror is the expression this morning among the Windy City players. Yesterday the Second Double Corner opening, another of Freeman's favorites, was picked from the hat. Heretofore Reed has always played this game with great power. He has printed an extensive analysis on it in the American Checker Review, and one of his coachers John T. Denvir, aided by Percy Bradt of Omro, Wis., has in course of preparation a book containing 1000 variations of the S. D. C.," and Joseph Maize has quite a reputation for his knowledge of the play on this opening. All this was to no purpose, however, for Barker demonstrated that they did not know it all, and easily won both games played.

It is something rare in restricted matches to have a win scored on each side of an opening by the same player, but the Bostonian did it yesterday right handily. Hope goes glimmering with each hour. Even Anson's return to the city will scarcely be sufficient to turn the tide. The score now stands: Barker, 3; Reed, 0; drawn, 5.

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS

Produce.

BOSTON, Monday, Sept. 28.

BUTTER—The butter market is quiet and has been in this condition for some time. The receipts are large and buyers are pretty well supplied. The prices are unchanged.

Nor. creamery, extra, ..@25; Western creamery, extra, ..@24; do, ex, 1st, 22@23; do, 1st, 20@21; Franklin Co. (Mass.) creamery, extra, box, 25@26; do, extra dairy, 23@24; Vermont extra dairy, 22@23; do, extra New York, ..@22; New York and Vermont extra 1st, 19@21; do, 1st, 17@18; Western dairy, extra 1st, 19@20; do, 1st, ..@17; Western imitation creamery, extra, ..@18; Western ladle-packed, ex. 1st, 17@18; do 1st, 15@16; Trunk butter, ¼ and ½-lb prints, extra, ..@25; Extra 1st, 23@24.

CHEESE—The cheese market is firm on account of a good demand and small receipts.

We quote: New York extra, ...@10c ℔ lb; do, 1st, 8½@9½; do, 2ds, 6@7; Vermont extra, 9½@10; do, 1st, 8½@9½; do, 2ds, 6@7; sage, 9@10½; part skims, 3@5; skims, 2@3; Ohio flat, extra, 9¼@9½c; do 1st, 7½@8½.

EGGS—Fresh-laid eggs are scarce and the prices are firm as they are in most demand. The supply consists mainly of held.

We quote: Near-by and cape, fancy, ..@25c ℔ doz; Eastern extra, 22c; do, 1st, 19@21; Vermont and New Hampshire extra, ..@22; Michigan extras, 20@22; Western 1st, 20c.

BEANS—The market is quiet and easier as there is a lot of inferior stock offering. Receipts for the week were 881 bbls, against 198 bbls the previous week.

We quote the current prices as follows: New York, small, hand picked, $2.25@2.35; New York, marrow, $2.20@2.25; do, screened, $1.80@2.00; do, seconds, $1.40@1.65; medium choice hand picked, $2.20@2.25; do, do, screened, $1.80@2.00; yellow eyes, extra, $2.20@2.25; do, seconds, $1.50@2.00; red kidneys, $2.00@2.50. Foreign Beans—Pea, $2.00@2.15; Mediums, $1.90 @ 2.10. Dried Limas, per pound, 4c.

California Pea beans, $2.40@2.50; do, do, hand picked, $2.50@2.60.

DOMESTIC FRUITS—We quote apples and other fruits as follows:

Apples—Gravenstein, $2.00@3.00 per bbl; New York mixed, $1.50@1.75; Native Porters and Pippins, $1.00@1.25; Pound Sweet, $1.50@2.00; Golden Sweet, $1.00@1.50.

Evaporated apple, fancy, 8@9c; fair to good, 7@8c; prime, 6@7c.

Peaches—Jersey, extra, $1.00@1.25 per bask; do, fair to good, 60c@$1.00; common, 40@50c.

Pears—Bartlett, per bbl, $2.50 @ 3.50; Seckle, $2.00@3.00 per bbl.

Grapes—Hudson River Concord, 2@2½c ℔ lb; do, Delaware, 3½@4.

Cranberries—Cape Cod, $4.50@6.00.

VEGETABLES—We quote the following current prices:

Native Rose and Hebrons, $1.50@.... per bbl.; Northern, do, do, 40@45c ℔ bush.

Cabbage, Northern, $3.00@5.00 per 100.

Onions—Native yellow, $2.00@2.12.

Squashes, marrow, per bbl., 50@60c.

Tomatoes, Native, per bushel crate, ..@25c.

Turnips—St. Andrews, Ruta Baga, 75 @ 90c; do, Maine, 75@85 per bbl.

HAY AND STRAW.—Following are the rates for hay and straw.

N. Y. & Can., $17.00@17.50 per ton; do, fair to good, $....@....; Eastern choice to fancy, $15.00@16.00; do, fair to good, $14.00@15.00; ordinary, $13.00@14.00; hay and clover, mixed, $11.00@12.00; poor to common, $11.00@12.00; swale hay, $7.50@8.50.

Rye straw, $14.00@14.50 per ton; oat straw, $7.00@9.00 per ton.

Groceries.

COFFEE—We quote: Java pa'gs, pale, 25 @ 25¾; do, medium brown, 25¼@25¾c; do, fancy brown, 26@....c; do, Timor, 24 @ ..c; do, Buitenzorg, .. @ ..c; do, Malang, ...@....c; do, Tagals, .. @ ..c; do, Ankola, 26¾@27¼c; Holland bags, 23¼c; Mandhelings and Ayer Bangies, ... @ 28c; Mocha, .. @ 25c; Rios, prime, 18¾@19c; do fair, 18¼@..c; do, ordinary, 16¾@17c; low ordinary, 16¼@..c; Maracaibo, 18½@19c; do ordinary, 17@18¼c; Bucramanger, 19¾@21c; Caracas, 20¼@22¾c; Languayra, 18½@20c; Costa Rica, ..@19¼c; Jamaica, 18¼@19¾c; Guatemala, 20¾@22½c; Mexican, 18@19c; Hayti, 16½@18c.

RICE—We quote: Louisiana and Carolina, Choice, 6 @ 6¼c; Prime, 5¾; Good, 5¼@5½; Fair, ..@..; Rangoon (duty paid), 4½@..; Java, 5¼@..; Japan, 5¾; Patna, 4¾@5.

FRUITS AND NUTS—Following are the current quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, $2.25@2.50; Muscatel, new, $2.50@3.00; Sultana, 22@23; Eleme, ..; Valencia, new, 7⅝@7¾. do, Ondara, 7@8. Currants, $5.00 @ 5.50. Citron, Leghorn, 17@20. Dates—Persian, new, 3½@5½; do, fard, new, 7@9. Figs—Layers, 12@20; do, keg, 7½@9. Prunes, French, case, 10½@15; do, Turk, new, 7@8c; do, bag, 5 @ 6c. Lemons—Palermo, $5.50@6.00; Messina, $4.00@5.00. Oranges—Jamaica bxs, $....@....; Sicily, $.... @ ....; Rhodi, $4.00 @ 5.00. Bananas—Baracoa, yellow, 90c @ 1.00; do, Red, ..@65c; Port Limon, $....@1.40; Jamaica, No. 1, $....@1.40; 8 hands, $1.35; No. 2, 60c. Walnuts, Naples, 14@15c; Castinas, 6½@8c; Pecans, 13@15c; Filberts, 9@10c; Almonds, 16@17c; Peanuts, hand-picked, 5@5½c; do, Fms, 2½@4c; Shellbarks, $1.50@2.00.

Flour and Grain.

FLOUR—Following are the current prices for carload lots of flour:

Fine flour, $2.90@3.25; Superfine, $3.50@4.00; Common extras, $4.25@4.50; Choice extras, $4.40@4.60; Minnesota bakers, $5.00@....; patents, $....@....; Michigan roller, $4.90@5.00; New York, do, $4.90@5.00; Ohio and Indiana, $4.65@5.00; do, straight, $4.90@5.10; do, do, patent, $5.10@5.30; St. Louis and Illinois clear, $4.65@5.00; do, straight, $4.90@5.10; do, patent, $5.10@5.30; Spring wheat patents, $5.40@5.60 ℔ bbl.

CORN—We quote: High mixed, 70 @ ..c ℔ bush; Steamer yellow, 69@...c ℔ bush; Steamer mixed, 68c ℔ bush; ordinary, 66c ℔ bush.

OATS—No. 1 and Fancy, clipped, 40 @ ..c ℔ bush; standard, do, ..@39c; No. 2, white, 38c ℔ bush; No. 3, do, 37c ℔ bush.

Fish.

FISH—Following are the current prices for the week past:

Mackerel—No 1 shore, $20.00; No 1 Bay, $22.00; Large 2s, $15.00@15.50; medium 2s, $13.00@14.00; Large 3s, $13.00; Small, $3.00; Medium 3s, $12.00.

Codfish—Dry Bank, large, $6.50@6.75; do, do, medium, $5.25@5.50; Pickled Bank, $4.25@6.00; Georges, $....@6.75; Shore, $....@6.25; Hake, $2.00; Haddock, $3.50; Pollock, pickl'd $2.25; do, slack salted, $3.00@3.50; Boneless Hake, 4c ℔ lb; Boneless Haddock, 5½c; Boneless Cod, 7@8c.

Herring—Nova Scotia Splits, large, $6.50; do, medium, $4.00; Labrador, $5.50; Round Shore, large, $4.00.

Miscellaneous.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, native packer, .@9½c; New England steers, green, 5½@6; do, cow, ..@4c; do, do, bulls, 3½; Salted steers, 7½ @ 8; cows, 5½ @ 6; bulls, 5½. Calfskins—deacons, 40@45c; 5@7 lbs, 65@70; 7@9 lbs, 70 @ ..; 9@12 lbs, 85@90. Texas dry salted, 8; Texas flint, 10@10½; Texas kips, 10; Buenos Ayres, 13¼; Rio Grande, 12½; Montevideo, 13¼; Cordova, 11½@14c; Sierra Leone, 12½.

WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week past:

Cattle, 4111; sheep, 19,103; veals, 1355; hogs, 36,943; horses, 426.

Western cattle, 3529; Eastern and Northern cattle, 582.

Western sheep and lambs, 1980; Eastern and Northern sheep and lambs, 17,123.

Prices of western beeves ranged from $5.75@6.50 per 100 lbs., for choice, and $4.50@5.50 for first quality, to $3.50@4.50 for common.

Northern cattle sold at 7 @ 7¾c for choice, dead weight.

PRICES OF HIDES, TALLOW, SKINS, &C.

Cents ℔ lb.		Each.	
Brighton hides..6	@7	Dairyskins ..	25@50c
Brighton tall'w.4	@5¾	Woolskins ..	75@$1.50
Country hides..5	@6½	Sheep skins..	25@50c
Country tall'w..3	@3½	Calfskins....	60@75c

Lambskins, 50c@$1.00.

Trade is quiet in the city markets and prices are steady. Choice beef is scarce.

BASE BALL.

Association Standing.

	Won.	Lost.	Played.	Per Cent. Won.
Boston	89	39	128	.695
St. Louis	83	51	134	.619
Baltimore	68	60	128	.531
Athletics	69	63	132	.523
Milwaukee	60	71	131	.458
Columbus	61	74	135	.452
Louisville	53	79	132	.402
Washington	41	87	128	.320

League Standing.

CLUBS.	Chicago	Boston	New York	Philadelphia	Cleveland	Pittsburg	Brooklyn	Cincinnati	Games won	Per cent. won
Chicago	—	13	5	9	15	12	13	14	81	.628
Boston	7	—	10	10	11	16	15	11	80	.615
New York	13	5	—	9	13	7	10	13	70	.565
Philadelphia	10	6	10	—	10	12	8	11	67	.515
Cleveland	2	9	6	10	—	11	9	13	60	.451
Pittsburg	6	3	12	8	6	—	10	10	55	.426
Brooklyn	7	5	6	8	11	9	—	9	55	.423
Cincinnati	3	9	5	9	7	7	10	—	50	.382
Games lost	48	50	54	63	73	74	75	81		

Why a "Limited" Train?

The question why is a "limited train" so called? has been propounded by a New York paper to General Passenger Agent George H. Daniels of the New York Central, who replies as follows:

First—It is limited as to its time.

Second—It is limited as to the number of cars and weight of train.

Third—It is limited as to the class of cars.

Fourth—It is limited as to the number and class of passengers permitted transportation thereon.

This last limit being adopted so that every passenger may have ample accommodation, and not to be crowded or interfered with by other passengers. The fact that an additional fare is charged on a limited train, and, further, that nothing but first-class tickets are accepted for passage, tends to limit the class of travel which is carried.

THE TYPEWRITER.

By H. G. HUMPHREYS.

Charles R. Bush, ruler and potentate of the flourishing firm of Bush, Merrill & Co., had advertised for a new typewriter, and Mrs. Charles R. Bush, supreme ruler and potentate of the afore-mentioned ruler and potentate, was on tenter hooks accordingly.

Now, there is something rather plebeian and vulgar about jealousy, even at the best, but jealousy promiscuously indulged in, and without respect of persons, is taut pis, as the French say.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Bush was not at all particular as to the persons against whom she turned the gatling guns of her ire and suspicion. They were directed alike towards her next-door neighbor, the vivacious little widow of a deceased banker, and the waiting-maid at her own table. Never had there been but one comely-looking servant in the Bush establishment, and she had been packed off bag and baggage within 24 hours of her arrival, for Mrs. Bush could forgive anything in a servant rather than good looks. Indeed, Mrs. Bush's domestics had came in time to have a kind of local reputation of their own for pronounced and extreme ugliness. As the genial head of the household sometimes remarked under his breath—it made his face ache to look at them.

But if Mrs. Bush held absolute and despotic sway under her own roof-tree, there were other places where she felt that the potent voice of her authority must, of necessity, be dumb, and such a place was the flourishing warehouse of Bush, Merrill & Co. If Bush, Merrill & Co. thought best to employ a female typewriter, Mrs. Bush found that she must "possess her soul in patience," even though it cost her a pang. If this female typewriter should turn out to be young and pretty, Mrs. Bush saw the necessity of still submitting to the inevitable, with, at least, outward composure, though it cost her another pang, even more intense than the former.

There was only one bright spot in Mrs. Bush's sombre thoughts that morning, and that was that she was momentarily expecting the arrival of a favorite niece of hers, Miss Janet Wells, who was coming, in response to an oft-repeated and cordial invitation, to make her a visit. Miss Wells had been educated abroad and had lived for the last 10 years of her life in Dresden, and so it had come to pass that Mrs. Bush had not set eyes on her niece since her marriage with the senior member of Bush, Merrill & Co.

When at last the cab had rumbled up to the front door and her aunt had piloted Janet to her room, where the outer coating of soot and grime attendant on a long railroad journey was duly removed from that young lady's fair exterior, Mrs. Bush felt that the responsibilities connected with her position of hostess had been accomplished, and, throwing her arms about Janet's neck, her overburdened heart found expression in a torrent of hysterical sobs.

"Dear, dear auntie, what is the matter!" exclaimed the surprised girl, meanwhile drawing Mrs. Bush down upon the lounge beside her and placing a protecting and comforting arm about the weeping matron's waist.

And then Mrs. Bush told her all.

"She will be beautiful, Janet!" exclaimed Mrs. Bush. "The other was pretty, but not pretty enough; so she was discharged. There will be no mistake this time—the new one will be beautiful, I tell you!"

"But then," remonstrated the girl, "Uncle John may never give her a thought, outside of a business way."

"Outside of a business way!" repeated her aunt; that's just it! Everything he does will be dictated purely by the requirements of his business! He can flirt with her all day long in his private office, and still it will be set down to a pressure of correspondence. Oh, I'd give almost anything if I could watch him just for one day, and see what really goes on in that inner office when the door is closed!"

"You can!" said Janet, after a moment's silence, during which a brilliant scheme had been gradually formulating in her active brain. "Am I pretty enough for a typewriter, auntie?"

"What do you mean, Janet?" said her aunt, staring in blank amazement.

"I mean, aunty," said the girl, as she rose to her feet and began putting on her jaunty little travelling hat, "that I intend to apply for the position of typewriter to the firm of Bush, Merrill & Co."

"Never, Janet! I will not let you!"

"But you cannot help yourself, auntie, dear," said Janet, with a decided little toss of her pretty head; "I am going to do it! You will never be happy until you know the truth, and you will never be able to know the truth in any other way. Uncle John will not know me, as he has never seen me, and if he hires me I can tell you faithfully what goes on in that inner office.

"The only question is whether I can get the position or not."

"No fear of that," said Mrs. Bush with a little shrug of her shoulders, as her eyes rested on the exquisitely proportioned figure and the aristocratic face of her niece. "You'll be hired fast enough. But can you run the typewriter, Janet?"

"I ought to be able to," answered Janet with a smile of assurance, "since I've done all father's amanuensis work with it for the last six years. I'm an expert, auntie!"

"Then you'll suit," said Mrs. Bush, with a half sigh. "But what shall we tell John when he meets you here and finds it out?"

"Oh, we'll tell him it was only a joke, auntie. I'll take all the blame, if there is any—goodby!" And having secured the address of Bush, Merrill & Co.'s warehouse, Janet kissed Mrs. Bush affectionately and went tripping lightly down the steps.

Arrived at the business of Bush, Merrill & Co., Janet found a heterogenous company of women, of all ages, kinds and descriptions, awaiting an interview with the head of the firm. Having waited her turn, she was at length ushered into the private office, where sat, among a pile of papers, a gentleman of perhaps 50, with iron gray hair and a pair of kindly blue eyes.

"Mr. Bush, I believe," said Janet, by way of introduction.

"Yes," said the gentleman, with a pleasant smile; "What can I do for you?"

"I—I have come in answer to your advertisement," faltered Janet.

"Ah, to be sure, the advertisement," said the merchant, evidently not a little surprised. "Are you a typewriter?"

"Yes, I am—that is, I have been one," stammered the girl, who grew more and more ill at ease under the keen scrutiny of the merchant.

"And you wish to be one again?"

Janet looked up quickly at the strange question, and thought she detected a merry twinkle in her uncle's blue eyes, which, however, vanished immediately.

"Yes."

"Do you think yourself competent to carry on the business of a large firm?"

"Perfectly."

"Could you furnish us references from your former employers?"

"I—I could, but it would take some little time," faltered Janet, who felt her heart failing her at the direction the conversation was taking.

"Well, perhaps it will not be necessary," said the merchant, after a moment's deep thought, during which he had drummed a soft tattoo on the desk before him with his fingers. "Will you be kind enough to sit down at the machine over there and let me dictate to you?"

With a feeling of relief Janet seated herself at the typewriter and the merchant began to dictate rapidly to her, evidently in answer to an open letter, which lay upon the desk before him. This is what he dictated and Janet wrote:

Messrs. Johnson, Fish & Co.:

DEAR SIRS—In reply to yours of the 8th inst. would say that I have decided upon having the coupe lined throughout with the dark russet velvet, as per sample shown me. Finish as quick as possible and ship via N. Y. & N. E. It must be here by the 1st of the month, as my wife's birthday occurs on the 3d, for which event it is intended as a gift.

Yours truly, JOHN C. BUSH.

The envelope was addressed to Johnson, Fish & Co., carriage builders, 93 Broad st., New York.

"Have you finished?" asked the merchant, in a rattling, business-like tone.

"Yes, sir," answered Janet, passing the printed sheet and envelope into his outstretched hand. He perused it rapidly, and then, with a grunt of satisfaction, said:

"Very well; try another."

And then he dictated rapidly again, and again Janet's nimble fingers flew over the keys, as the words fell from his lips.

Mr. Henry C. Barnes:

DEAR SIR—You had better send the bays through with a groom, and get them here by the 20th inst. You may cut the tails a trifle, but I do not wish them cobbed, as they are intended for my wife and she considers it a cruelty. Yours truly,

JOHN C. BUSH.

The envelope to this letter, when addressed, read, "The Henry C. Barnes Stock Farm, Cedar Springs, Ky."

Again the merchant took the letter from Janet's outstretched hand, and, having run his eyes rapidly over it, said:

"You'll do. Now about salary—what do you expect?"

"I—I had not thought about that," stammered Janet, blushing under this brusque, almost brutal treatment.

"Humph!" grunted the merchant; "it's necessarily quite a consideration with people who work for their living, however. We shall give you $10 a week to begin with. When you have been with us a month or two you may expect a slight advance—that is, if you give satisfaction and are competent. Is that satisfactory?"

"Perfectly," said Janet, who felt a strong inclination to rise like an offended goddess, and sweep from the now hated office and equally hated employer.

"By the way, what is your name?" asked the merchant, and as he did so his keen eyes were fastened upon the girl's burning face, with a fixed and prolonged scrutiny.

"Miss—Miss Granger," faltered Janet, whose presence of mind almost failed her in the light of the point blank lie which she found herself obliged to tell.

"Very well, Miss Granger," said her uncle, with, as it seemed to the girl, the last suspicion of an unpleasant emphasis upon the name.

"We shall begin work at once, if you are willing. Our hours are not long, but while we work, we work. If you fully understand this to begin with, it will save you a great deal of trouble in the end."

"I shall do my best," replied Janet, haughtily.

"We shall expect you to, Miss Granger," returned the merchant, shortly, and again it seemed to Janet that there was the same unpleasant emphasis upon the name.

It is safe to call that day the longest of Janet Wells' life. When the merchant said that work was work in the office he had spoken only the literal truth, and when, at the hour of 5 p. m., Janet was told shortly that she might "go" she escaped into the street with the feeling of a liberated prisoner. Too much exhausted and worn out to walk she called a cab and was driven rapidly to her aunt's house.

"Well, how is it, Janet?" asked the anxious matron, as the girl came rapidly up the steps to where she stood, bareheaded, upon the threshold.

But Janet answered never a word, but pushing hurriedly by her aunt, entered the parlor and threw herself upon the lounge in a torrent of sobs.

"What is it dear?" said Mrs. Bush, trying vainly to comfort her. "Is he so bad as that?"

"Yes, he is," moaned Janet. "Why didn't—you—tell me he was an—an—"

"What dear—a flirt?" suggested Mrs. Bush.

"No," snapped Janet; "but an ogre!"

And then she gave her aunt a detailed account of the events of the day and, in ending, said:

"And to think, that at the very moment you supposed him carrying on with me, he was preparing a delightful surprise for you, auntie!"

"A delightful surprise! What is it, Jane?"

"He's going to give you a beautiful birthday present, an elegant coupe, lined throughout in russet velvet, and a pair of Kentucky thoroughbreds, with their tails cut just a little, auntie. I know, because I wrote both letters myself. That's the kind of a faithless husband you've got!"

Late that night, when her husband returned home, Mrs. Bush, contrary to her usual custom, met him at the door with a beaming face.

"I'm so glad you've come, dear!" she said, as she kissed him affectionately; "Janet is here. Come into the parlor, I want to introduce you."

Mrs. Bush led her husband into the brilliantly lighted reception room, where Janet, attired in a clinging evening costume of soft mull, stood waiting in trembling expectancy. Both Mrs. Bush and Janet had looked for a quick start of surprise from the merchant when his eyes should first meet the figure of his quandom typewriter in that of his wife's niece. What was their surprise, then, when the gentleman advanced toward Janet and said, in the most cordially unaffected manner:

"As I told you this morning, my dear, work is work. But after hours, even an old fellow like myself may be permitted to enjoy himself," and bending over he pressed a courtly kiss upon Janet's cheek.

"What, you knew, John?" exclaimed Mrs. Bush, in consternation.

"Yes, I knew, Mary," said her husband, with a hearty laugh. "You really couldn't expect me not to, you know, when I've had her picture in your album for the last six months to look at whenever I wanted to. One doesn't forget a face like yours, Miss Wells, even though he knows he is expected to. But to what, if I may ask, was I indebted for my pleasant companion today?"

"Oh, it was only a little joke that Janet and I hatched up this morning, John," said Mrs. Bush, hurriedly, while Janet blushed scarlet.

"I thought as much," said the merchant, nodding his head, as if the lame explanation was an entirely satisfactory and conclusive one. He was a keen enough man of the world to have an idea or two of his own upon the subject, which, however, as a dutiful husband and uncle, he kept to himself.

"And now, sir," said his wife, playfully, taking him by the lapels of his coat and shaking him, "now, sir, what have you to say about a certain coupe lined throughout in russet velvet, and two Kentucky thoroughbreds, with their tails cut just a little? Come, sir, what have you to say to that?"

"Well," said Mr. Bush, with the merriest twinkle of all in his blue eyes, "as you and Janet seemed to relish a joke so much, I thought I would indulge in one myself. And that was my little joke, Mary."

GOODBY.

She Was Going On a Journey and She Got There After a While.

[Cincinnati Times-Star.]

She was going on a long journey, and she must say goodby to her friends whom she had been visiting. "Well, goodby, Annie," said George, with a handshake. "Goodby, George," replied Annie. "Goodby, Annie," said George's young wife, Stella, imprinting a kiss on Annie's lips. "Goodby, Stella," replied Annie, returning the salute.

"You must come again," said George. "Yes, do come again," added Stella. "Oh, I will," said Annie. "And don't forget to write," Stella added. "Oh, I'll write as soon as I get home," replied Annie. "And you must stay longer the next time," said Stella. "Yes, and you must stay with us all the time," said George. "Now, goodby, Annie," said Stella. "Goodby, dear," said Annie. "Goodby," said George. "Goodby, George," said Annie. "And say, George, you must write too," she continued. "Oh, I will," said he. "And, Stella, you must not forget to write," said Annie.

"Well, I'll write this evening, right away, before I forget it," replied Stella. "Now, you must come to see me," said Annie. "Oh, we will," said George and Stella together, "and you must come to see us again, too." "Oh, I will. I've had such a nice time," replied Annie. "Well, goodby, Annie," said Stella, with another kiss. "Goodby, Annie," said George. "Goodby, George," said Annie.

"Oh, what time will you get to Dayton?" asked George. "Oh, I don't know," replied Annie. "Well, you'll get there in time for supper?" queried Stella. "Oh, yes, I hope so," said Annie. "Well, the train is going to start, so goodby," said George. "And goodby," said Stella. "Goodby," said Annie.

They passed out of the car, but it did not start, and the next moment a soft voice was heard outside, as Stella came under the open window where Annie sat and said: "Goodby, Annie; I forgot to send my love to your mamma." "Oh, yes," replied Annie, "give my love to your mamma."

"Goodby, Annie," said George, coming up and reaching for a last handshake. "Goodby, Annie," said Stella, stretching up her hand, too. "Goodby, George; goodby, Stella," said Annie.

The train began to move. George shook hands and Stella threw a kiss. "Goodby, goodby, goodby." The last farewell had been said.

When a man starts on a journey, even be it to Europe, his friend says, "So long, old boy," and the incipient traveller says, "So long," and there is an end of the matter.

Miasma.

[Bradford Era.]

In the swailful swirl of the soughful wind, as the gust goes glooring by, I sit by the bole of a baneful borch, with a moan and a soulful sigh. The mellowing mists of the eve are low, and the frog in the dankful marsh chirps chirpingly sad in the ghoulsome gloom, in a swivering voice and harsh:

Oh, where is the swing of the swoonful swish,
And the voice of the flam-flam foul?
Methinks it moans from the murky mould,
And the home of the hootful owl.

Now, swivel me swift from the surging spring; I'm weary of wold and wind. The grewsome graik of the jobberwock comes jimmering to my mind. The feeble song of the sportsome frog comes solemnwise, soughing slow, and again I hear by the bournful birch the wail of his wimpled woe:

Oh, where is the swing of the swoonful swish,
From the land of the springful sprole?
Must the blue mists blur on the drinkful drale,
And freight with their frought my soul?

I dreamed I dreamed of Amelie Rives, in the dim of the danksome dark, and methought I rode on the moonful main in the prow of a pullful bark. I wrought a rhyme as I roamed along in the stream of the starful grote; I woke at dawn in the dimpled day, and above is the rhyme I wrote.

Not the Man.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Mr. Henry Brown went to the telephone in answer to a call:

"Is that you, dear?"

"Yessy." (Mr. Brown says he thought it was his wife.)

"Do you love me as much as you did yesterday?"

"I think you have the wrong Brown—my name is Henry," said Mr. Brown with Spartan virtue.

He says he heard a shriek of "Oh, m-e-r-c-y!" and the telephone was rung off, and he returned to his ledgers and the cold, cold world again.

WELL PAID WOMEN.

They Draw Fat Salaries for What They Do.

Mrs. Twombley's $3000 Housekeeper—Women Who Get $65 a Week.

A Workingwoman Who Draws $10,400 Every Year and Isn't Overpaid.

[New York World.]

New York city is thought to have a population of 375,000 workingwomen. Many of these brave little bread-winners have a hard time making ends meet, and their whole life is an Iliad of pain and unrest. But it would be very sad if there were no sunny spots in the great field of labor, if no lines were cast in pleasant places, and no smooth roads could be found that led to a happy prosperity.

In Huyler's candy factory several hundred girls are employed at the sweetest and lightest kind of work, averaging six hours a day, for which they are paid $7 and $10 a week. The firm provides a free lunch of crackers and oatmeal, or soup and bread and butter with a cup of tea; and there is a sick-room back of the lockers, with a kindly disposed and very intelligent matron in charge to look after the girls. This provision is necessitated by the sweet tooth of the sex.

The editor of the Metropolitan employs a pretty little blonde woman as head bookkeeper, and pays her $30 a week. She went into the office several years ago as an assistant correspondent, and worked her way to her present position. Her dealings are almost wholly with men, but she has preserved her femininity through it all, and her manners are gracious and charming.

Miss Cynthia Westover, Commissioner Beattie's secretary, draws a salary of $29, and does all the work that is done in that gentleman's office. She speaks German and Italian, pays off all the men in the service, has a fair knowledge of stenography, and can write a capital business letter, brief and courteous, that may mean nothing or a great deal, according to the requirements of the case.

Mme. Soule of West 28th st. pays Miss Plant, her fitter, $65 a week, but makes her responsible for the style and fit of every waist that leaves the house. The designer of skirts gets $25; the sleeve-maker, $22; and 15 finishers of waists are paid $20 a week.

Mme. Hartley, the Broadway and 5th av. modiste, pays a little French girl $35 a week for getting up special designs in mourning millinery. This quick-witted bonnet-maker goes to the house where death is with a box full of frames, a paper of pins and a pair of scissors.

Each of the ladies is fitted with a frame, and her name chalked in it. The next day the bonnets are brought back with the veils pinned in place, and it is the exception when alterations are needed.

Two stately young ladies in White & Howard's who receive customers command salaries of $16 a week. They are on duty eight hours a day, but all that they are required to do is to walk about the rooms and corridors and "carry themselves superbly." And they do it, too.

Miss Olga Newman, the Madison av. dentist, would not fill the smallest cavity in your tooth for less than $10.

Fifteen years ago Miss Cornell went into Macy's shoe department as a stock girl. Now she is the manager, has an army of girls under her, designs costume slippers and fancy shoes for stage favorites and society women, and is worth $5000 a year to the firm.

She is a most unassuming little creature, not any taller than a 14-year-old girl, and goes about the store like the rest of her assistants in a black Pilgrim dress and black muslin apron.

Stern Brothers employ 75 clerks in the suit, millinery and dressmaking departments, at salaries varying from $16 to $40 a week, and Best & Co. are very glad to pay $20 a week to the young women who can sell goods and make suggestions for catchy Liliputian suits.

Richards, the glover, pays his girls $18 a week, but aside from sellings goods he looks to them for ideas in selecting salable stock and getting up novelties.

The young woman employed as stenographer by the general freight agent of the Grand Central depot gets $75 a month, and is as gay as a lark.

Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly has a nursery governess that she pays $40 a month, and her housekeeper, a gentlewoman, who met with reverses that compelled her to relinquish her position in one of the most exclusive circles of New York society, draws a salary of $250 a month.

Mrs. John Rockefeller has a private school for her children in one of the Astor houses in West 55th st. The young woman who is preparing the daughters for college is engaged from October till June at a salary of $2000 a year for four hours' instruction five days in the week. This is a much larger salary than any woman teacher in the public school service receives.

In the New York custom house, Collector Fassett employs 16 women, 9 as inspectresses and 7 for charwork. The inspectresses receive $21 a week.

Mrs. Bremer, the factory inspector, draws a salary of $83.33 1-3 per month, but there are days when she works 15 hours at a stretch.

At a rough guess there are 2000 women employed as cashiers among the New York merchants, who receive not less than $15 a week, and a stenographer who writes 90 words a minute has no difficulty in getting $2 a day. A dressmaker who goes out to work commands $3 a day, and if she brings her assistant she gets $5, and very often board and lodging.

Girls who have charge of the ladies' toilet room in first-class theatres get $40 a month for attendance during the evening and afternoon performances, and about the same wages are paid in banks and restaurants for similar service.

Taking Altman & Co. as an example, it will be seen that the life of a dry goods clerk is far from oppressive. In this firm there are 1500 employes, perhaps half of whom belong to the gentler sex. Little girls in their teens who sell goods are paid from $5 to $7 a week. Those of a few years' experience get $10, and more reliable saleswomen are paid $2 a day.

Head saleswomen, who have charge of their respective departments, get between $18 and $20 a week. Managers of departments receive $30, and five young women between the ages of 25 and 30, who buy goods, earn between $50 and $60 a week. The foreign buyers go abroad twice a year for suits, cloaks, millinery, underwear and infants' and children's clothing, and are absent two or three months.

They travel first class, live at the best hotels and charge all expenses to the firm. There is not one case on record of these women buyers falling among thieves, nor are there any mystifying sundries on their expense accounts to bother the auditor and cashier.

The woman in the dressmaking department who gets up special designs draws $50 a week; reliable fitters get $40; expert drapers, $25 and $30, and good all-round operators on skirts and basques $20 and $22.

There is a demand at all times for trained nurse girls at wages varying from $30 to $50 a month, which, in consideration of the excellent homes they enjoy, is equivalent to $60. Ladies' maids who can sew, dress hair, read, shop and do fine needlework if required, can get all the employment they want in New York at $35 a month, and select their employers.

Any expert typewriter who knows how to spell correctly and can take a dictation on the instrument is able to command a salary of $75 a month. In the Casino Theatre company a dozen girls earn all the way from $12 to $20 a week sewing on costumes, and 40 costume menders, who repair gloves, lace, silk hosiery and embroider, patch dresses and cloaks, put fresh "sweepers" in trains and fresh ruffles in coats and basques, get between $10 and $18 a week for a few hours' work a day.

Mme. Loe, who has charge of the Casino wardrobe, draws $1800 a year, but she is an artiste and worth every penny of it.

Miss Isabel Parcell, principal of the Normal College Training School, gets $1750 a year, which is the highest salary paid any woman in the public school system.

Mme. Cottrelly, as stage directress in Palmer's Theatre, drew $200 a week, or $10,400 a year, by all odds the best pay for a workingwoman in the city, if not in America.

Good proofreaders in newspaper composing-rooms make $21 a week, but publishers pay considerably less. Miss Griggs, who is employed by a 5th av. publishing house, sells books on commission and clears $1200 a year.

Miss Abrahams, in the employ of Brentano, Miss Lynch in Denning's and Miss Kinnear in Macy's, hold responsible positions in the book departments of the above houses and each receives the comfortable sum of $1040 a year.

Suddenly Changed His Mind.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The conductor of the open car was chatting pleasantly with a passengar on the rear seat when he noticed the young man next the passenger take out a notebook. Instantly he lost all interest in the conversation and let the passenger ramble along as he pleased, while he peered over the young man's shoulder. The writing, however, was too small to be deciphered from that distance.

When the young man put up his notebook the conductor shuffled nervously back and forth on the rear platform, tried to whistle, and neglected to stop the car for two women who were running down a side street waving their parasols. And the young man seemed to have a strange fascination for him.

Finally he stopped just back of the young man and said with a nervous laugh:

"Well, it's my last trip, anyway."

"Yes?" said the young man, interrogatively.

"Oh, yes. I'd made up my mind to resign. I don't like the business."

"No?" queried the young man, disinterestedly.

WONDERFUL TREES.

An Interesting Talk About Some Peculiar Specimens—Trees That Produce Bread, Milk or Tallow.

[Philadelphia Times.]

The study of vegetable life shows us many things as strange and as wonderful as the animal kingdom affords; and when it comes to longevity, animal life makes a very poor comparative showing.

If we were inclined to travel far enough we might sit under the shade of trees that spread their branches when little Moses slept in his wicker basket among the bullrushes of the Nile. The gigantic trees of California are very old, but they are infants compared with some of the wonderful trees of the old world.

There is an African tree called the baobab, which lives to be thousands of years old. Humboldt called it "the oldest organic monument on our planet." One specimen of it that was carefully examined by an English botanist, proved to be 5150 years old.

At least that was the result of the usual tests for determining the lives of trees. This particular tree was 30 feet in diameter, and the spread of its branches was enormous.

Another wonder of longevity is the so-called dragon's blood tree of Teneriffe. Resin obtained from this tree has been found in sepulchres, where it had been used for embalming the dead. Trees of this species are now standing which are estimated as being older than the Egyptian pyramids.

One of the strangest of trees is the Ita palm, found abundantly on the banks of the Amazon and other South American rivers. In the swampy regions, which cover immense areas, the Ita palm furnishes food, drink, clothing and comfortable homes for the natives.

The Indians that inhabit these swampy districts make a tolerable wine from the sap of the palm, and they distill a stronger stimulant by crushing and fermenting the young fruits. The food is derived from the soft inner bark of the stems, and is a substance that, in taste and appearance, closely resembles sago.

The soft and fibrous bark is used for garments and for making string, ropes, hammocks and the like. In times of high water, often lasting two or three months, the natives make floorings in the trees with the bark ropes, and live there in comfort and contentment.

The tree of most varied usefulness is probably what is commonly called the American aloe. It can hardly be dignified by the name of tree, and might more properly be called a plant. It grows in South America, and is found all the way from the plains to elevations 10,000 feet above the sea.

It furnishes thread for sewing and ropes from which cables are made strong enough to suspend a bridge more than 100 feet long. Humboldt mentions one bridge 130 feet long, swung from cables four inches in diameter, that were made from this palm bark.

Paper and clothing are also made from the bark, and the leaves are used for cleansing, scouring and the manufacture of razor strops. By evaporating the water from the thin sap soap is obtained, "as detergent as castile, and will mix and form a lather with salt water as well as with fresh," as a reputable authority tells us.

The sap also contains sugar, and this is used largely in the manufacture of liquor. It is said that a very intoxicating brandy is another product of the sap, and as the natives seem to have rather intermittent attacks of sobriety the statement is probably correct.

The bread-fruit tree flourishes in many of the islands of the South Pacific ocean, and also in some of the islands of the East Indies. It is a comparatively large tree, averaging, perhaps, one foot in diameter.

The fruit is as large as a child's head. It is covered with a thin skin and has a relatively small core. It is snowy white and about the consistency of newly baked bread. In order to prepare it for food it is cut into large slices and roasted.

It is said to be easily digested and very nutritious, and it certainly forms a staple article of food for thousands of people.

Another wonder of this kind is the cow tree of South America, which is credited with yielding a lacteal fluid which in color, taste and nutritive property closely resembles the offerings of your milkman. It forms large forests in some districts of Venezuela, and is much prized for its product.

The tallow tree of China is so called from the fact that it produces a substance resembling tallow, and which is used for similar purposes. The fruit is enclosed within a pod.

A white pulp is found within, and this substance the Chinese use in making candles, mixing a little oil with it to make it softer and more pliable.

The paper trees of the South seas is a species of the mulberry. Its inner bark is so delicate that a soft and pleasant-feeling cloth is made from it, which the natives use in making their "best suits." It is also used in the manufacture of a very fine grade of paper.

The fiction about the deadly upas tree of Java, which was published in Holland a little more than a hundred years ago, and which was believed for many years, has only this substantial basis:

The tree exudes a poisonous juice, which the natives dry and mix with other ingredients for the tips of their arrows. Furthermore, the upas tree is found in the low valley of Java, where deadly carbonic acid often escapes from crevices in volcanic rocks.

WHAT IS INSIDE OF THE EARTH?

The Question as Affected by What is Known of the Interior Heat.

[Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.]

Many scientific gentlemen are devoting their lives to finding out all that can be learned about the interior of this wonderful globe of ours. One of the interesting problems on which they are engaged is the depth and geological limits of the permanently frozen soil. The British Association has collected a large amount of data on this question.

It has already told us some curious things, such as the fact that excellent wheat land north of Manitoba overlies frozen earth that never thaws.

Some geologists find strata of rock that they are able to show must have been buried at a remote age 10,000 feet under the surface. These upturned edges of rock, which some terrible convulsion lifted to the air, give us a glimpse of the condition of the interior some way below the greatest depth to which we can attain.

The workmen in the deepest mines in Europe swelter in almost intolerable heat, and yet they have never penetrated over one-seven-thousandth part of the distance from the surface to the centre of the earth. In the lower levels of some of the Comstock mines the men fought scalding water, and could labor only three or four hours at a time, until the Sutro tunnel pierced the mines and drew off some of the terrible heat, which had been 120°.

The deepest boring ever made—that at Sperenberg, near Berlin—penetrates only 4172 feet, about 1000 feet deeper than the famous artesian well at St. Louis.

The result of this imperfect knowledge is that there are more theories and disputes among scientific men with regard to the interior of the earth than about any other problem of physical science. Some eminent physicists, for instance like Sir William Thompson, have believed that the crust of the earth is at least 100 miles thick. The majority adduce good reasons for believing that the crust is only 25 to 50 miles thick.

All agree that the temperature within the earth continues to increase, as it does near the surface—at the rate of one degree, Fahrenheit, for about every 55 feet of descent. All igneous rocks must be fused at no great depth.

In fact, at this rate of increase, the temperature at 200 miles is 28,000° Fahrenheit, which is Prof. Rosetti's estimate of the probable temperature of the sun.

It is improbable, however, that this rate of increase is maintained for a great distance and many physicists believe that at some unknown but not very great depth the increase in temperature ceases. One of the most wonderful things in the study of science is the fact that the mysteries of one science are sometimes completely or partly explained by knowledge gleaned in some other department of study.

It is thus that the naturalists who have investigated the fauna and flora of scores of Pacific islands have learned how far south Asiatic types prevail, and have added great weight to the conclusions of geologists that these islands were once a part of the big continent north of them.

Suitably Represented It.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Here is my baggage, sir," said the dusty tourist in the long frescoed linen ulster, handing a lean, consumptive valise over the counter. "I am the advance agent of a celebrated theatrical attraction."

"What is the name of the attraction?" asked the hotel clerk in a dry, hard, pay-in-advance tone.

"Cheek!" responded the dusty traveller, folding his arms with dignity.

COLTON BLOSSOM CLUB.

Electrified by Recollection Johnson of N. C.

His Address on the Futility of Wealth and Sour Milk.

Better Shindig Watkins, Supported by His Wife, than a Millionnaire.

[New York World.]

After the meeting had been regularly opened, Brother Gardner announced that the regular routine of business would be suspended in order to listen to an address by Hon. Recollection Johnson of Goldsboro, N. C., who had arrived in New York two days previously. The title of the address was given as, "Does Riches Make Happiness; or, Why Should Sweet Milk Sour During a Thunder Storm?"

"Befo' dis pusson, who is now in deauntyroom, is let into de hall, I want to say a few words," observed the president. "In de fust place, I want Elder Toots an' Judge Cadaver to keep awake doorin' de lecture. It's an insult on a man to go to sleep an' snore while he am talkin'.

"In de next place, if Shindig Watkin frows dat cucumber which he has got in his pocket at Samuel Shin, I shall be lookin' right at him, an' befo' de meetin' closes his fucher life will be made wretched. Kurnel Cabiff an' Judge Chewso had better git as fur from each odder as possible, an' I shall depend upon Giveadam Jones to keep his eye on Uncle Bradley an' de ole man Taylor. De honorable gen'lan will now be brung in."

The man from the Tar-Heel State created a favorable impression at first glance. He was the beau ideal of an orator—three stories high, loose in the knee-joints and a wild expression to his eyes.

As he took his place on the platform it was noticed that he toed out and covered a great deal of space with his feet, and this was also taken as a further favorable sign of his intellectual greatness.

There was no sign of nervousness in his actions, and it was clearly evident that he was in the habit of addressing large and critical audiences. He poured out a glass of water, carefully scraped a nutmeg into it, and, after removing his coat, necktie and collar, he advanced to the front of the platform and began.

"My fren's," he said, as he locked his fingers together and then looked benignly down upon the shiny bald cranium of Judge Cantelope White, "does riches make happiness or does she not? At de fust go-off it would 'pear dat she did. When we see a rich man ridin' by in his keeridge, his arms folded, his head up high an' his black hosses prancin' along as proud as peacocks, we am apt to envy him an' to wish we was in his place.

"We see only outside appearances. If we could foller dat posson to his home of luxury, we should take a different view of de case. De minit he gits into de house his wife wants fo'teen thousand dollars fur new dresses; de chill'en cry fur him to buy 'em an elephant; de cook has broke 12 plates while washin' de dishes, an' de gas bill is ober seben dollars mo' dan it was fur de month befoh.

"De proud smile on dat rich man's face flees away, an' he goes out behind de ba'n an' kicks hisself an' wishes he had nebber bin bo'n. (Cheers, shouts and wild applause.)

"Yo' go into a rich man's house," continued the orator, "an' yo' see lace curtains, kivered cha'rs, fine carpets an' heaps of brick-a-bats. Some of 'em hev got as many as five beds upsta'rs, an' if yo' go down cellar yo'll find a hull bar'l of pork and 16 bushels of 'taters.

"Nuffin' seems wantin' to complete dat man's happiness, but dat's all on de outside. He may be sittin' around on dem fine carpets or lookin' at hisself in one of dem lookin'-glasses which nebber cost less dan nine dollars, when he gits a telegraph. He opens it to find dat somebody has robbed de grave of his gran'fadder out in Chicago, and demands one millyon dollars to restore de body." (Applause so vigorous that two legs fell out of the stove and a serious calamity was narrowly averted.)

"I war in de private office of a millyonnaire de odder day. He was cuttin' de coupons off his bloated bonds. Dar' war 17 bags of gold on his right hand, an' 16 bar'ls of silver on his left. (Suppressed excitement.) Dar' war' fo' bushels of diamonds piled up behind de stove, an' about two bar'ls of pearls an' opals ober by de washstand. (Whispers of "Yum!" "Yum!")

"Dat pusson owned de awfulest, biggest plantashun in de hull Souf. He had 6,000,000 horses an' cattle. He owned fo' banks an' five railroads. He owned all de judges an' juries an' lawyers in de State. If yo' frowed a tater at his dawg he could hev yo' sent to State prison fur life. (Sighs and groans.)

"An' yit, wid all dis power an' riches, was dat man happy? No! He had a sore heel; his stomach was outer order, he was gittin' bald on top o' de head; he woke up in de night an' saw spooks wavin' deir arms over him, an' he said he would gib all he had on airth to be like me. (Applause which put out three lamps and upset the water-pail.)

"No, my frens'," calmly continued the orator, after sipping a little more nutmeg, "riches doan' make happiness. Dey is jest handy when you feel you'd like to git measured fur fo' new shirts, or you want fried chicken fur dinner. All de rest is vanity, an' am suah to bring yo' trubble.

"Take de case of Shindig Watkins of dis club, at whose cabin I am temporarily stoppin', free of charge. He's got a rag carpet an' three cane-seat cha'rs in his parlor. He's got three dawgs an' an ice-chest an' a chromeo of 'Napoleon Crossin' de Alps.' He's got a cukoo clock dat cost him 'leben dollars, an' he bought an ole lounge for $2, an' kivered it ober wid new stuff an' made it wuth $10. His wife kin airn a dollar a day while he sits on de front steps, an' his chill'en save deir pennies to buy him terbacker an' beer.

"From Sunday mawnin' to Saturday night Brudder Watkins is perfeckly happy an' content, an' he will lib' thirty y'ars longer dan any rich man. (Vociferous applause from all except Brother Watkins, whose modesty is well known.)

"An' now, why does sweet milk sour doorin' a thunder storm?" asked the orator after getting his breath. "Yo' may think dis has nuffin' to do wid de case, but it has. It has a heap to do wid it. De rich man has to use sweet milk, same as de pore.

"A panful of it is sittin' down cellar on de shelf, an' we is gwine to hev puddin' an' milk fur supper. 'Long comes a thunder shower, an' de ole woman goes down to find de milk all sour. Why? Whence? Fur what reason? Yo' do not stop to inquar', but yo' jump up an' down an' lick de chill'en.

"If yo' would only sot down in de rockin'-cheer an' philosophize a leetle yo' would diskiver why it was thus. De electrified condishun of de atmosphere has simply absorbed de energetic radiometer of de liquid, an' de result is a perdigerous situashun of de magnetic illiberality. My fren's, de hour is late, an' I will not occupy any mo' of yo'r valuable time."

When the speaker retired he was followed by round after round of applause, and he must have been highly pleased with his successful hit. When silence was restored Brother Gardner said:

"Gem'len, I hev no doubt dat we hev all bin made de better men fur listenin' to dat address, an' dat it will be wise fur us to treasure up in our memories de varus facts brung out by de orator, but at de same time I want to caushun yo' dat great men am only mortal after all.

"Should de Hon. Recollection Johnson want to borrow any money of yo' it will be eminently safe to reply dat you has just tooken all yo'r change to de bank, an dat yo' doan' 'spect to hev any mo' befoh next week. We will now go home."

The Figure Nine.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A remarkable figure is the 9. Set them down in multiplication, thus:

1x9= 9
2x9=18
3x9=27
4x9=36
5x9=45
6x9=54
7x9=63
8x9=72
9x9=81
10x9=90

Now, do you see in the 10 column that it runs, reading down, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and reading up in the unit column it is 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and another curious fact is that the two columns when added make 9; 1 and 8, 2 and 7, etc.

Automatic Delivery of Letters.

[Iron.]

An invention which is exciting a good deal of interest on the continent, where the flat system of residence is so much in vogue, is an automatic electric letter and parcel deliverer, produced by a resident of Geneva. As its name implies, the apparatus is designed to distribute automatically on each floor and to all the tenants of a house the letters or parcels which may be addressed to them.

A large box situated on the ground floor contains as many apertures as there are floors or tenants in the house. When a letter or other object is introduced into one of these openings the box rises and, in passing, distributes in each of the receptacles fixed in the antechamber of the addresses the articles intended for them, each tenant being in turn advised of the arrival of the article by the ringing of an electric bell.

The working of the apparatus is extremely simple, as the following few details will show, and its cost is insignificant. The object introduced into the box on the ground floor effects, at the top of the house, an electric contact, which opens the valve of a water tank.

The water fills a cylinder, which serves as a counterpoise, and raises the letter box, which, while in the act of passing each private box, opens itself by an ingenious yet simple mechanical arrangement, and deposits the respective contents therein.

When the carrier box has arrived at the top floor the cylinder empties itself and the box descends to its place and is ready for another trip.

HER SWEDISH SERVANT.

She Built a Fire in the Oven, but When She Went Away Both She and Her Mistress Cried.

[New York Recorder.]

"I must confess," said a little woman with a small, red-headed boy leaning against her knee, "that while I have had a great many funny experiences with servants, I have never had an unpleasant one.

"When I first went to housekeeping I had little or no money to spare and couldn't have justified to myself the extravagance of a servant, except that Dicky here was in his cradle. I took a young Swedish girl who could speak just one word of English; that word was 'salt.' She explained to me afterward that on the voyage over she learned 'potatoes' and 'salt,' but was unlucky enough after landing to forget 'potatoes.'

"In consideration of her strong arms and her pleasant blue eyes, and her ability to say 'salt,' I agreed to pay her $8 a month, and I doubt if for that summer any human being was ever served before with such devotion. She scrubbed for me and scoured for me until I was afraid she would serve the house as the 'cracker' said the natural guardians of a 'pore leetle baaby' down in Florida served the child when they subjected it to daily baths, and 'washed it clean plumb away.'

"When there was ice cream for dinner she put aside her own appetite and saved the delicacy 'for Meeses ——'s breakfast,' the cream melting peacefully in the cupboard meanwhile.

"I was puzzled every day to know how to make her understand. One morning I wanted a hot oven for baking, so I opened the door and pointed and said 'hot, hot,' many times. Minna knew 'hot' and nodded with emphasis. Pretty soon the smell of smoke began to come up strong in my sewing-room. I rushed to the kitchen. There stood Minna puzzled and frightened; she had built a fire, as she imagined I had told her, in the 'ofen.' But Minna's blue eyes were eyes I came to be very fond of, and when she went away to be married she and I both cried."

CLOAK-HOUSE MODELS.

They Are Very Scarce and Control Fair Salaries.

[New York World.]

Cloak manufacturers are complaining of the great scarcity of desirable models. There was a time, they say, when an advertisement for a model or figure, as they are called in the business, would bring forth a flood of replies. This is the busiest season of the year, and many new models are required to "try on" in the work and salesrooms.

There are thousands of young women in this city who imagine themselves physically cut out to be a cloak model, but they are far from it. The public knows very little concerning the requirements for a figure. The fact that they are paid from $10 to $18 per week for comparatively easy work is a sure indication that they are not to be had in great numbers.

It doesn't require any experience to be a model. One must be graceful and have fine physical proportions. Good looks don't count, either, though a showroom figure must have some attractions and dress much better than an unknown model.

Manufacturers as a rule require a woman of about 5 feet 6½ inches in height. She seldom goes under that, but sometimes half an inch more is desirable. Misses figures go according to age, and in very few cases become good women models. The professional figure has a natural grace about her that cannot be acquired by artificial means.

Any young woman who has the height mentioned above, a bust measurement of 36 inches, waist, 24 inches, length of back from 16½ to 17 inches, arms 24 inches, neck 12½ inches, hips 42 inches and 13½ inches across the shoulders, is a perfect figure, and can find steady employment in any cloak house at any time if she chooses.

January, February, July and August are the busiest months in the cloak business. During the first two months out-of-town buyers flock here in great numbers to purchase goods for the spring and summer trade. The last two months are used for laying in a supply of fall and winter wraps and suits.

The show-room figures generally have a contract for all the year round, and are paid in full for the same, but they seldom have to do much outside those four months. The workroom figures are always kept busy. They are the hardest worked of any in the establishment. The sample model must be the most perfect.

She, too, is compelled to toil the year around. Manufacturers would not have to pay for other than actual working time if there were not a dearth in models. The biggest cloak house in this city employes 15 figures. The "trying on" to show to customers is done by either an examiner or the lady assistants.

"A model must not be too attractive," said a manufacturer. "A beautiful face draws too much attention when a person is buying, and results in a neglect of proper inspection of the article displayed. What is required is to show the stock to its best advantage without drawing unnecessary attention to the model.

The Temperament of Genius.

[London Globe.]

An eminent literateur, who like other journalists seems in the season of the big gooseberry—the season, too, described by a leading publisher as the dullest on record—to suffer from lack of matter from his monthly gossip, has raised, apropos of Mrs. Ireland's new book, the old question of the celibacy of writing men

He says to the matrimonially-minded virgin, "Don't marry a man of genius." So and on much the same grounds has the author of "Virginibus Puerisque" spoken.

To quote him, "The practice of letters is miserably harassing to the mind; and after an hour or two's work all the more human portion of the author is extinct; he will bully, backbite and speak daggers."

But the doctors differ. A day or two ago I was talking to one of the most eminent and also one of the busiest of our literary men.

I asked him what portion of life he thought most enjoyable. "Those in which I am hard at work," he answered, without a moment's hesitation. "And does it not make you feel nervous and irritable?" was my next query. "Not at all," he replied; "on the contrary, a spell of composition exhilarates me like the drinking of champagne.

"I never feel depressed or gloomy except when idle."

One fancies that Sir Walter Scott did not make a bad husband, and he worked about as hard as most men. Depend upon it, the marriage of a literary man is as much of a lottery as any other wedding.

Foibles of Men and Women.

[Atchison Globe.]

The trouble in love affairs is that the parties to it love too much to love lung.

Some people give their confidence, as others give presents, for the sake of what secrets they will be told in return.

Men judge a man's religion by his actions outside the church, and the women judge it by the brilliancy of his prayers within.

Men are brutes; they have better times occasionally without their wives, and tell them so. Women are hypocrites; they enjoy life without their husbands once in a while, but they will never admit that they were not miserable without them.

Probably Not.

[Echo.]

Mrs. Brown (to her pretty daughter in the elevator)—I will speak to the guard if that young man over there don't stop staring at me.

Daughter (innocently)—I don't think he's staring at you, mamma.

Poor Dog.

[Yenowine's News.]

Maud—I am sorry to hear that you have lost your Fido.

Clara—Yes, and it makes me cry to think of his painful end. He swallowed a Waterbury watch, and the spring got loose inside of him.

Deserved to Win.

[Binghamton Republican.]

He—The artists say that 5 feet 4 inches is the divine height for a woman.

His darling (crossly)—You know I am 5 feet 8 inches.

He (quickly)—You are more than divine, dear.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

He Said it Would Rain Before Night and it Did.

Then He Bet Her a Million Dollars to a Cent, but Didn't Pay.

Later He Thinks He is Robbed, and Mrs. B. Gets a Moral Lesson.

[M. Quad in New York World.]

"Mrs. Bowser," solemnly began Mr. Bowser as he came home to dinner the other evening, "what did I say to you when I left the house this morning?"

"You said it looked like rain," she answered.

"I said it would rain before night, and it has. I'm wet to the hide."

"That's too bad."

"Too bad! and whose fault is it? My mind was occupied with business affairs, and you knew it was, and yet you saw me walk off without an umbrella. Mrs. Bowser, I——"

"Why, you took your umbrella along," she interrupted.

"Never!"

"Of course you did! Don't you remember of dropping it at the gate? You walked right out of the office and left it there."

"I did, eh? Why don't you call me a first-class idiot and be done with it?"

"You must have done so, for you surely carried it away with you."

That's exactly what he did do, and he knew he did, but he squirmed out of it by offering to bet her a million dollars to a cent that the front door had been left wide open all the afternoon, and that a hall thief had carried off half the stuff down stairs.

One morning there was a smell of gas down cellar, and Mr. Bowser went down to see if he could discover a leak. He put on an old hat kept for "poking around," and when he left the house he wore it away. It was rusty and spotted and broken, and it was only when the boys down town began to "shoot that hat" that he tumbled to it. Then he flew back home with his eyes hanging out and his face of a plum color, and he was no sooner inside the door than he shouted:

"Look at it, Mrs. Bowser—look at that infernal old junk-shop which you deliberately saw me wear away on my head and never said a word about it!"

"Did you wear that hat down town?"

"Did I! Did I!" he shouted as he banged it on the floor and jumped on it.

"But I didn't see you go. I was up stairs when you went, Mr. Bowser. You are very absent minded."

"I am, eh! It's a wonder that I don't forget to come home, isn't it? Mrs. Bowser, if there is another house in the United States as badly mismanaged as this I'd like to see it!"

"But can you blame me because you wore your old hat away?" she protested.

"That' it—that's it! Shoulder it off on me! The papers talk about the startling number of divorces. It's a wonder to me there are not five times as many!"

One day Mr. Bowser brought home a patent corkscrew, which some fakir had sold him, and Mrs. Bowser saw him drop it into a wall-pocket. A week later, after wandering around the house for half an hour one evening, he halted before her and said:

"I'll be hanged if I don't get some chains and padlocks and see if I can't have things left where I put them!"

"What is it now?"

"I brought home a can-opener a few days ago and left it on a bracket in the dining-room. It's gone, of course—probably given away to some big, lazy tramp! It's a wonder we have a thing left in this house!"

"A can-opener!"

"Yes, a can-opener. If you never heard of a can-opener, I'll hire some one to write you out a history of it. It was invented to open cans."

"Why, we have two or three in the kitchen. Do you mean a can-opener?"

"I don't mean windmills or threshing machines."

"You had it in a pink paper?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"It was the day the man fixed the gate?"

"It was."

"Well, I saw you drop it in that wall-pocket, and it is a corkscrew and not a can-opener."

"It is, eh? Perhaps I don't know a hitching-post from the City Hall," he growled, as he reached for the parcel and unrolled it. It was a corkscrew. It could only be used as a corkscrew. It was made and sold for a corkscrew.

"Didn't I tell you?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"Tell me what! Told me it was a corkscrew, and it's a can opener, just as I said it was!"

"It's a corkscrew!"

"It's a can-opener!"

And as long as Mr. Bowser draws the breath of life he will stick to it, because he said so in the first place.

Like other husbands Mr. Bowser is greatly worried over the safety of his wallet while around the house. He has an idea that Mrs. Bowser would give 10 years of her life to get that wallet in her hands for about two minutes, and that she lies awake a good share of every night in the year wondering where he hid it when he went to bed. He makes it a religious duty to conceal it every night and to count over his funds the first thing in the morning.

One morning, strange as it may seem, he left the house without taking his wallet, which he had hidden the night before under the bureau. He had been gone about an hour when there was a great clatter on the front steps, the door flew open, and he rushed into the back parlor and stood before Mrs. Bowser.

She was so upset that she could only faintly gasp:

"Mr. Bowser, is mother dead?"

"Mother dead!" he yelled in reply, "what do I know about your mother? Mrs. Bowser, I've been robbed!"

"No!"

"And in my own house at that! Some time during the night some one got out of bed and stole my wallet!"

"Impossible! Was it in your coat?"

"Well, no—not exactly. For fear of burglars I—"

"You what?" she asked, as he hesitated and looked confused.

He rushed upstairs, and she followed in time to see him pull the wallet from under the dresser.

"Then you were not robbed!" she tartly observed.

"N-no—not quite; not this time. But let this be a great moral lesson to you, Mrs. Bowser—never to meddle with my wallet! That's something no husband will put up with."

"I never touched your old wallet!"

"And see that you never do! And don't talk back, Mrs. Bowser. You have had a very narrow escape, and you ought to be thankful for it—very thankful. Some husbands would have raised a row, but I think you understand me, and I think the lesson will not be lost on you."

HOME AGAIN.

Two Sweet Girls Had a Lovely Time and Tell About It.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"Have a good time?"

"Lovely! Did you?"

"Perfectly elegant!"

"Where'd you go?"

"To the country—the loveliest old farmhouse and the most beautiful woods Where'd you go?"

"To the seashore."

"You did?"

"Yes, indeed. Had the loveliest time I ever had in all my life!"

"Did you bathe?"

"Bathe? Well, I should say so! In every day once and sometimes twice."

"Did you enjoy it?"

"Oh, it was just grand!"

"Didn't you feel awfully the first time you put on a bathing suit and went out before folks?"

"Oh, yes; but one soon gets over it. How'd you like the country?"

"Oh, it was lovely?"

"Well, the seashore's beautiful, too."

"Is it?"

"Just lovely!"

"But it's real nice to be at home again, isn't it?"

"Oh, ever so nice."

"Home's the best place after all, isn't it?"

"Yes, it just *is*."

"I think so, too."

"So do I."

"You're coming soon to see me?"

"Yes, *real* soon."

"You must."

"But don't you wait for me."

"Oh, I won't. I'm coming over real soon."

"*Do!* I've got lots to tell you."

"I've hundreds of things to tell *you*. Goodby."

"Goodby."

"Goodby."

"Goodby."

"Goodby."

"Remember you—goodby."

"Yes—Goodby."

"Goodby."

"Goodby."

Betting on Currency Numbers.

[Cincinnati Commercial.]

One of those men who are never satisfied unless they are gambling met another man of the same disposition a few days ago, and was "done up," in the vernacular of the sporting world. They didn't happen to be any cards about, or dice, or any of the other appliances for the accommodation of sporting blood, and so the gentlemen concluded to match pennies.

This became tiresome after a bit and one of the men produced a roll of bills and offered to bet his companion that he couldn't guess whether the last figure on the number of each bill was odd or even, for a dollar a clip. "I'll do it if you'll tell me the series of each bill," was the reply. This was agreed to, and in a very short time the man who had made the proposition had lost all his money.

A private investigation made by him shortly afterwards revealed the fact that his friend had cleverly outwitted him, for he discovered that the last figure of the number of series A and C were odd, and that of B and D were even.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A Bachelor-Poet's Idea of Woman.

[Fitz-Greene Halleck.]

All honor to woman, the sweetheart, the wife,
The delight of the fireside, by night and by day,
Who never does anything wrong in her life,
Except when permitted to have her own way.

Woman's Rights.

[New York Herald.]

To charm, to flirt, to smile to frown,
To lead her lovers up and down.
To shop, to boss, to coax, to scold,
And secrets she should keep unfold
Are undisputed "woman's rights,"
In which all womankind delights.

A Hidden Face.

[W. J. Henderson in New York Times.]

There is no poem in my empty heart,
The page is bare—tonight I cannot write;
And yet my thought doth touch some fleeting part
Of one great dream of wondrous light.

Methinks 'tis like a woman sweet and fair;
Her words are filled with music of the sea,
And like the night in summer is her hair;
But ah! her face is hid from me.

The Old Story.

[Denver Sun.]

I asked the maid, with heart aglow,
Will you be mine? She answered, No.

Next week I asked again, and she
Said with a sigh, it cannot be.

A fortnight after that I said,
Be mine, she smiled and shook her head.

Next time I asked, instead of no,
She said, Oh, please, don't plague me so.

Last night I asked again, and she
Said, Yes, just to get rid of me.

As Well Swear by "the Inconstant Moon."

[Brandon Bucksaw.]

His arms with strong and firm embrace
Her dainty form enfold;
And she had blushed her sweet consent,
When he his story told.

"And do you swear to keep your troth?"
She asked with loving air;
He gazed into her upturned face,
"Yes, by yon elm I swear."

A year passed by, his love grew cold,
Of his heart she'd lost the helm;
She blamed his fault, but the fact was this,
The tree was slippery elm.

No Pulling Wool Over Kitty's Eyes.

[Brandon Bucksaw.]

"Seven sheep were standing
By the pasture wall.
Tell me," said the teacher
To her scholars small,
"One poor sheep was frightened,
Jumped and ran away—
One from seven—how many
Woolly sheep would stay?"

Up went Kitty's fingers—
A farmer's daughter she,
Not so bright at figures
As she ought to be—
"Please, ma'am,"—"Well then, Kitty,
Tell us if you know."
"Please, if one jumped over,
All the rest would go."

The Whiskers and the Wind.

[Eugene Field in Chicago Daily News.]

Clarence Wells had wondrous whiskers,
Which he cultivated duly;
Long and flossy, sleek and glossy,
They were hirsute marvels, truly!
With pomatum and cosmetics
Clarence was attentive to 'em—
Yet all vainly, for profanely
Did the wind go blowing through 'em.

Though their shape was all the fashion,
And their texture soft and wavy;
Though their color was no duller
Than the pink of roast beef gravy;
Though the poets sung their glory
And the damsels loved to woo 'em,
Still the gusty gales and lusty
Kept adversely whisking through 'em.

Clarence Wells at last surrendered
To fate's fitful draughty phases,
And, one day, sir, with a razor
Off he swiped those crinose daisies!
Fortune favored him divested
Of his whiskers pink and flowing—
With no furry freaks to worry,
All at once the wind stopped blowing.

Bud's Sister.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Bud thought a pile 'o her, he did, an' when she went an' took
Them things an' laid it onto him, you'd orter seen him look
So kinder queer; but when I sez she's bad al through, he shook—
Jes' shook his head an' sez to me:
"Don't you believe it."

They sent him up for ninety days, an' he never once let on
As how he did the stealin' o' them things she tried to pawn.
But I jes' hustled right up front and tried to tell about
The way she laid it onto him, when Bud he shouted out:
"Don't you believe it."

When he came back from th' island I met him at the pier,
An' Bud jes' gripped me by the hand an' asked how things wuz here.
An' when I told him she was jes' as bad as ever yet,
Bud jes' whispered, husky like, with his teeth all kinder set:
"Don't you believe it."

The Rising of the Wind.

[Youth's Companion.]

Amid the empty silence of the night
I heard the western wind arise and creep
With breath-full lips and footfall swift and light
Among low shrubs and 'mid the reeds which weep

Beside the brook. He touched the tiny waves
Rocking the lilies sleeping in their beds;
The flowers knew who called them from the caves
Of winter, bending low their gentle heads.

Then, gathering strength, beneath his feet he bent
The daisy-sheltering ferns, and ran amid
The far-off leaves, which trembled as he went,
Spilling the dew-drops in their bosoms hid.

And then he rushed along the front aisles,
And ev'ry bough and ev'ry leaf awoke;
He shouted loudly down the long defiles,
And all the sylvan echoes answering spoke.

Around the gabled house as one in pain
He howled, then, fitful, laughed in savage glee;
Bringing wild murmurs from the distant plain
And hollow echoes from the raging sea.

Then with quick hands before the stars he drew
A shifting veil of black and ragged clouds,
And hid the silver-streaming moon from view
In thick-piled phantasy of ebon shrouds.

Unchecked, untamed, he raged below, above,
Till the large falling drops of rapid rain
Stilled the wild tumult, as the voice of love
Calms passion into peace and rest again.

Cuored o' Skeerin'.

[James Whitcomb Riley in Indianapolis Journal.]

'Lish, *you* rickollect that-air
Dad-burn skittish old bay mare
Was no livin' with—'at skeered
'Tever'thing she seed or heerd?
Th'owed *Ves: Anders.*—And th'owed *Pap*,
First he straddled her, *k-slap!*—
And *Izory*—well—th'owed *her*
Haint no tellin jest *how* fur!—
Broke her collar-bone—and *might*
Jest a-kilt the girl outright.

Well—I'd heerd 'em make their boast
She'd th'ow any fellow, 'most,
Ever backed her! S'I, "I know
One man 'at she'll never th'ow!
So I rid her in to mill—
And, jest comin' round the hill,
Met *a traction-engine!*—Ort
Jest a-heerd that old mare snort,
And lay back her yeers, and see
Her a-tryin' to th'ow *me!*
'Course I never said a word,
But thinks I, "My Ladybird,
You'll get cuored, right here and now,
Of yer dy-does, anyhow!"

You know what I done?—I jest
Stuck her—tel she'd done her best!
Then I slides off—strips the lines
Over her blame head—and finds
Me a little saplin' gad
'Side the road!—And there we had
Our own fun! Jest wore her out!—
Mounted her, and faced about,
And jest made her *nose* that-air
Little *traction-engine* there!

THE COUNT'S PICTURE;

—OR,—

The Mystery Surrounding Silvio.

BY ALEXANDER PUSHKIN.



We were stationed at the little village of Z. We used to meet at each other's rooms, where we never saw anything but one another's uniforms.

There was only one man among us who did not belong to the regiment. He was about 35, and, of course, we looked upon him as an old fellow. He had the advantage of experience, and his habitual gloom, stern features, and his sharp tongue gave him great influence over his juniors.

He was surrounded by a certain mystery.

His principal recreation was pistol shooting. The walls of his room were riddled with bullets—a perfect honeycomb.

One afternoon about 10 officers were dining with Silvio. They drank as usual; that is to say, a great deal. After dinner we asked our host to make a pool. For a long time he refused on the ground that he seldom played. At last he ordered cards to be brought in.

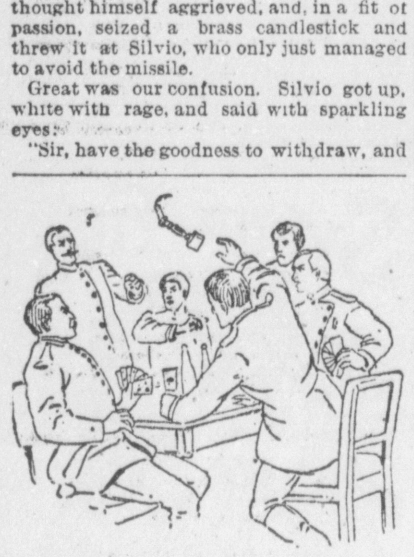
Among us on this occasion was an officer who had but lately joined. While playing he absent-mindedly scored a point too much. Silvio took the chalk and corrected the score in his own fashion.

The officer, supposing him to have made a mistake, began to explain. Silvio went on dealing in silence. The officer, losing patience, took the brush and rubbed out what he thought was wrong.

Silvio took the chalk and recorrected it. The officer, heated with wine and play and irritated by the laughter of the company, thought himself aggrieved, and, in a fit of passion, seized a brass candlestick and threw it at Silvio, who only just managed to avoid the missile.

Great was our confusion. Silvio got up, white with rage, and said with sparkling eyes:

"Sir, have the goodness to withdraw, and



HURLED A BRASS CANDLESTICK.

you may thank God that this has happened in my own house!"

At the riding school next day we were already asking one another whether the young lieutenant was still alive, when he appeared among us. We asked him the same question, and were told that he had not yet heard from Silvio.

We were astonished.

We went to Silvio's and found him in the courtyard popping bullet after bullet into an ace which he had gummed to the gate.

Silvio did not fight. He accepted a flimsy apology and became reconciled to the man who had insulted him.

Silvio's letters used to be addressed to our regiment, and he usually called for them himself. On one occasion, a letter having been handed to him, I saw him break the seal and, with a look of great impatience, read the contents.

"Gentlemen," said Silvio, "circumstances demand my immediate departure." With these words he hurriedly left.

I went to Silvio's shortly after to bid him goodby.

"Perhaps we shall never meet again," he said. "Before saying goodby I want to have a few words with you.

"You thought it odd," he continued, "that I did not require satisfaction from that drunken maniac. Six years ago I received a slap in the face, and my enemy still lives."

"Did you not fight him?" I inquired.

"I did fight him," replied Silvio, "and here is a memento of our duel."

He rose and took from a cardboard box a red cap with a gold tassel and gold braid.

"In my time dissipation was the fashion," he went on, "and I was the most dissipated man in the army."

"My comrades adored me, while the commanders of the regiment, who were constantly being changed, looked upon me as an incurable evil.

"I was calmly, or rather boisterously, enjoying my reputation, when a certain young man joined our regiment. He was rich, and came of a distinguished family—I will not name him.

"I took a dislike to him. His success in the regiment and in the society of women brought me to despair. I tried to pick a quarrel with him.

"At a ball at the house of a Polish landed proprietor, seeing him receive marked attention from all the ladies, and especially from the lady of the house, who had formerly been on very friendly terms with me, I whispered some low insult in his ear.

"He flew into a passion, and gave me a slap on the cheek. We clutched our swords; the ladies fainted; we were separated, and the same night we drove out to fight.

"It was nearly daybreak. I was standing at the appointed spot with my three seconds. How impatiently I awaited my opponent! The spring sun had risen, and it was growing hot.

"At last I saw him in the distance. He was on foot, accompanied by only one second. We advanced to meet him. He approached, holding in his hand his regimental cap filled full of black cherries.

"The seconds measured 12 paces. It was for me to fire first. But my excitement was so great that I could not depend upon the certainty of my hand; and, in order to give myself time to get calm, I ceded the first shot to my adversary. He would not accept it, and we decided to cast lots.

"The number fell to him, constant favorite of fortune that he was! He aimed, and put a bullet through my cap.

"It was now my turn. His life at last was in my hands; I looked at him eagerly, trying to detect if only some faint shadow of uneasiness. But he stood beneath my pistol, picking out ripe cherries from his cap and spitting out the stones, some of which fell near me.

"His indifference enraged me.

"'What is the use,' thought I, 'of depriving him of life, when he sets no value upon it?' As this savage thought flitted through my brain I lowered the pistol.

"'You don't seem to be ready for death,' I said; 'you are eating your breakfast, and I don't want to interfere with you.'

"'You don't interfere with me in the least,' he replied. 'Be good enough to fire; or don't fire if you prefer it; the shot remains with you, and I shall be at your service at any moment.'

"I turned to the seconds, informing them that I had no intention of firing that day; and with this the duel ended. I resigned my commission and retired to this little place. Since then not a single day has passed that I have not thought of my revenge; and now the hour has arrived."

Silvio took from his pocket the letter he had received that morning, and handed it to me to read. Some one (it seemed to be his business agent) wrote to him from Moscow, that a certain individual was soon to be married to a young and beautiful girl.

"You guess," said Silvio, "who the certain individual is. I am starting for Moscow. We shall see whether he will be as indifferent now as he was some time ago, when in presence of death he ate cherries!"

. . . .

Many years passed, and family circumstances obliged me to settle in the poor little village of N—.

Four versts from my place was a large estate belonging to Count B—; but the steward alone lived there. The countess had visited her domain once only, just after her marriage, and she then only lived there about a month.

However, in the second spring of my retirement there was a report that the countess, with her husband, would come to spend the summer on her estate, and they arrived at the beginning of June.

The first Sunday after her arrival I went to the village and presented myself to the count and countess as their near neighbor and humble servant.

The doors opened, and a man, about 32 and very handsome, entered the apartment.

I tried to be self-possessed, and began to introduce myself, but he forestalled me.

His easy and agreeable conversation soon dissipated my nervous timidity.

I was already passing into my usual manner, when suddenly the countess entered, and I became more confused than ever. She was indeed beautiful.

The count presented me. I was anxious to appear at ease, but the more I tried to assume an air of restraint the more awkward I felt myself becoming.

Meanwhile I walked about the room examining the books and pictures.

In pictures I am no connoisseur, but one of the count's attracted my particular notice. It represented a view of Switzerland. I was not, however, struck by the painting, but by the fact that it was shot through by two bullets, one planted just on top of the other.

"A good shot," I remarked, turning to the count.

"Yes," he replied; "a very remarkable shot."

"The best shot I ever knew used to shoot every day," I said, "and at least three times every day before dinner."

"And what sort of a shot was he?" asked the count.

"This sort, count: if he saw a fly settle on



"WE CLUTCHED OUR SWORDS."

the wall—you smile, countess; but I assure you it is a fact—when he saw the fly he would call out: 'Kouska, my pistol!' Kouska brought him the loaded pistol. A crack, and the fly was crushed into the wall!"

"And what was his name?"

"Silvio was his name."

"Silvio!" exclaimed the count, starting from his seat. "*You* knew Silvio?"

"How could I fail to know him? We were comrades; he was received at our mess like a brother officer. It is now about five years since I last had tidings of him. Then you, count, also knew him?"

"I knew him very well. Did he never tell you of one very extraordinary incident in his life?"

"Do you mean the slap in the face, count, that he received from a blackguard at a ball?"

"He did not tell you the name of this blackguard?"

"No, count, he did not. Forgive me," I added, guessing the truth, "forgive me—I did not—could it really have been you?"

"It was myself," replied the count, greatly agitated, "and the shots in the picture are a memento of our last meeting."

"Oh, my dear," said the countess, "for God's sake do not relate it! It frightens me to think of it."

"No," replied the count; "I must tell him all. He knows how I insulted his friend. He shall also know how Silvio revenged himself."

The count pushed a chair towards me, and with the liveliest interest I listened to the following story:

"Five years ago," began the count, "I got married. The honeymoon I spent here in this village. To this house I am indebted for the happiest moments of my life, and for one of its saddest remembrances.

"One afternoon we went out riding together. My wife's horse became restive. She was frightened, got off the horse, handed the reins over to me and walked home.

"I rode on before her. In the yard I saw a travelling carriage and I was told that in my study sat a man who would not give his name, but simply said that he wanted to see me on business.

"I entered the study and saw in the darkness a man, dusty and unshaven. He stood there, by the fireplace. I approached him, trying to recollect his face.

"'You don't remember me, count?' he said, in a tremulous voice.

"'Silvio!' I cried, and I confess I felt that my hair was standing on end.

"'Exactly so, he added. 'You owe me a shot; I have come to claim it. Are you ready?' A pistol protruded from his side pocket.

"I measured 12 paces, and stood there in that corner, begging him to fire quickly, before my wife came in.

"He hesitated, and asked for a light. Candles were brought in. I locked the doors, gave orders that no one should enter, and again called upon him to fire. He took out his pistol and aimed.

"I counted the seconds. . . . I thought of her. . . . A terrible moment passed! Then Silvio lowered his hand.

"'I only regret,' he said, 'that the pistol is not loaded with cherry stones. My bullet is heavy; and it always seems to me that an affair of this kind is not a duel, but a murder.

"'I am not accustomed to aim at unarmed men. Let us begin again from the beginning. Let us cast lots as to who shall fire first.'

"My head went round. I think I objected. Finally, however, we loaded another pistol and rolled up two pieces of paper. These he placed inside his cap: the one through which, at our first meeting, I had put the bullet. I again drew the lucky number.

"'Count, you have the devil's luck,' he said, with a smile which I shall never forget.

"I don't know what I was about, or how it happened that he succeeded in inducing me. But I fired and hit that picture.

The count pointed with his finger to the picture with the shot-marks. His face had become red with agitation. The countess was whiter than her own handkerchief, and I could not restrain an exclamation.

"I fired," continued the count, "and, thank heaven, missed. Then Silvio—at this moment he was really terrible—then Silvio raised his pistol to take aim at me.

"Suddenly the door flew open; Masha rushed into the room. She threw herself upon my neck with a loud shriek. Her presence restored to me all my courage.

"'My dear,' I said to her, 'don't you see that we are only joking? How frightened you look. Go and drink a glass of water and then come back; I will introduce you to an old friend and comrade.'

"Masha was still in doubt. "'Tell me, is my husband speaking the truth?' she asked, turning to the terrible Silvio; 'is it true that you are only joking?'

"'He is always joking, Countess,' Silvio replied. 'He once in a joke gave me a slap in the face; in joke he put a bullet through this cap while I was wearing it; and in joke, too, he missed me when he fired just now. And now I have a fancy for a joke.' With these words he raised his pistol as if to shoot me down before her eyes.

"Masha threw herself at his feet.

"'Rise, Masha! For shame!' I cried in my passion; 'and you, sir, cease to amuse your-



"FIRED AND—"

self at the expense of an unhappy woman. Will you fire or not?'

"'I will not,' replied Silvio. 'I am satisfied. I have witnessed your agitation, your terror. I forced you to fire at me. That is enough; you will remember me. I leave you to your conscience.'

"He was now about to go. But he stopped at the door, looked round at the picture which my shot had passed through, fired at it almost without taking aim, and disappeared.

"My wife had sunk down fainting. The servants had not ventured to stop Silvio, whom they looked upon with terror. He passed out to the steps, called his coachman, and before I could collect myself drove off."

The count was silent. I had now heard the end of the story of which the beginning had long before surprised me.

The hero of it I never saw again. I heard, however, that Silvio, during the rising of Alexander Ipsilanti, commanded a detachment of insurgents and was killed in action.

HAS SIX CHILDREN.

Fassett's Wife Was Jennie Crocker, a Millionnaire's Daughter.

Mrs. J. Sloat Fassett, wife of the Republican candidate for governor of New York, is one of the most attractive women imaginable. She is highly magnetic, and wins friends with an ease that is wonderful. She does not look an hour older than her 32 years, and it amazes a stranger to be told that she is the mother of six children.

Mrs. Fassett was Jennie Crocker, daughter of the California millionnaire. She is worth several millions of dollars in her own right. Her home is a charming one, and some of the furniture and bric-a-brac could not be duplicated for any sum. Nobody need wonder, after this, that she leads Elmira society, and that her word is law among the most exclusive people there.

Withal, she is a charitable woman, and has endeared herself to the poor people of Elmira by her unobtrusive acts of well-doing.

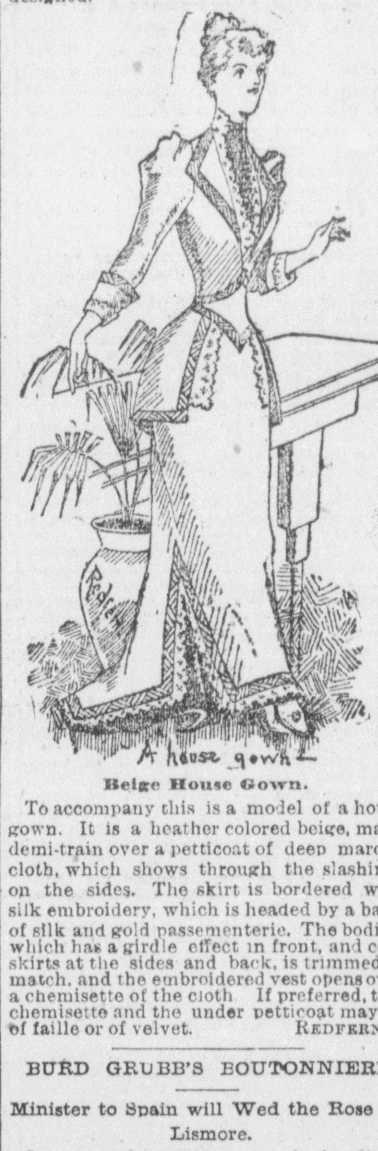
TWO REDFERN MODELS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—As a number of swell weddings are on the programme for next month, many of which will be followed by full-dress receptions, it will be well to give our readers some idea of the new opera wraps. The one we illustrate today comes direct from our 5th av. establishment, and is a cape cloak.



Silver Green Cape Cloak.

It is of silvery green cloth, with a large arabesque design upon the sides and back, braided in mixed silver and gold braids. This wrap is bordered with black fox bands, and is peculiarly arranged so that the front may be lapped and fastened at one side to show but a single band of the fur, and producing a rolled collar effect. This idea may be carried out in very long winter wraps, some of which are already designed.



Beige House Gown.

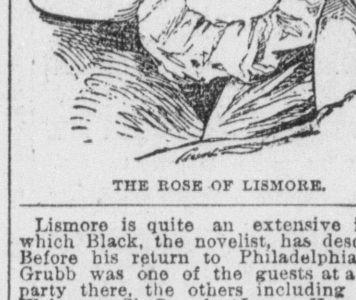
To accompany this is a model of a house gown. It is a heather colored beige, made demi-train over a petticoat of deep maroon cloth, which shows through the slashings on the sides. The skirt is bordered with silk embroidery, which is headed by a band of silk and gold passementerie. The bodice, which has a girdle effect in front, and coat skirts at the sides and back, is trimmed to match, and the embroidered vest opens over a chemisette of the cloth. If preferred, this chemisette and the under petticoat may be of faille or of velvet. REDFERN.

BURD GRUBB'S BOUTONNIERE.

Minister to Spain will Wed the Rose of Lismore.

It appears that it was not only in diplomacy that Gen. E. Burd Grubb, minister to Spain, made his stay in Madrid so interesting. He has, besides arranging a treaty for his country, negotiated a treaty of the most delicate and romantic character with Violet, the beautiful daughter of the Hon. Thomas Sopwith of Lismore, Scot. She is under 30, tall, with a splendid figure, dark blue eyes, a fine complexion and nut-brown hair—the typical high-bred daughter of the Highlands that Sir Walter Scott has pictured.

She is beloved all the country round where her father's extensive estates lie, and is known as "the Rose of Lismore."



THE ROSE OF LISMORE.

Lismore is quite an extensive island which Black, the novelist, has described. Before his return to Philadelphia Gen. Grubb was one of the guests at a house party there, the others including Baron Walamere, Sir Crawford Logue, Hon. Henry Powell, Capt. Rich of the royal navy and Baron Neff.

The bride-elect is accustomed to spend the season in London, where they have a town house on Cromwell road, but it was not there Gen. Grubb met her.

They met at a dinner given by the British minister in Madrid, and although even there the lady had other suitors in her train, the gallant ex-commander of Philadelphia's City Troop, after a short and decisive courtship, captured the prize.

The young woman's father has extensive interests in lead mines in Spain, which explains his presence in Madrid.

Gen. Grubb has been several years a widower.

Small Headgear the Thing.

The newest thing from across the water is an eccentric use of the bonnet-string. It appears that all of the headgear, this winter, will be close-fitting and comparatively small. Turbans, toques, and narrow, slightly crowned bonnets will show only a vague modification on last summer's trimming. In fact, strings are depended upon to furnish this season's chiefest novelty.

For some time past women have shown an inclination to make any possible disposition of the ribbons save fasten them under the chin. They are carried round and tied fancifully at the back, or crossed in front and drawn upward behind, with ends held by jewelled pins on the crown of the head.

But now it seems that fashion has widened the strings to a couple of inches or even more, and commands her followers to wear a neat bow directly under the chin, with very short loops and ends that fall to the hem of the dress, says the Illustrated American.

He Couldn't Blame Her.

[New York Herald.]

"How did you feel when Miss Longhead became a sister to you?"

"I could not help feeling that she had taken a wise course, although the family is becoming alarmingly large."

COMB THE FRIZZ.

What Fashion Inflicts on Fair Woman.

Laces and Ribbons the Stylish Fall Garniture.

There Will be Flies on the Gowns Worn by the 400.

NEW YORK, Sept. 17, 1891.



IN PRINCESS FORM.

Although the sex by courtesy called the stronger, affects to look with disdain upon woman's love of such baubles as bits of lace and ribbon, ornamental pins, curled feathers and the like, yet, even in this land of much-vaunted republican simplicity, how often nowadays do we see the breasts of men's coats literally loaded down with badges, medals and orders suspended by pieces of bright-colored ribbon, until this much-bedecked mortal might well pose as a walking advertisement for some ribbon counter.

The truth is that, male or female, the human eye is pleased with bits of bright color wherewith to break the monotony of modern attire.

It may be said that lace and ribbon have divided the honors this season, and the prospect is that these two styles of garniture will maintain their popularity during the autumn and winter. So long as skirts are made up plain and flat, lace and ribbon, artistically applied, become necessary to soften the severity of outline.

I see broad Scotch ribbon used with exquisite effect for ceintures, and on one skirt I counted 12 rows of narrow ribbon encircling it at the bottom.

Corsages continue to be made up with lace basques, and there are sometimes a cascade of the same lace at the throat. The wide sleeves are also finished with lace.

A silver-gray crepe de chine had its plain, flat skirt charmingly relieved by a ruche of satin in the same tone, and the corsage vest, made with revers, opened on a chemisette of corn-colored mousseline de soie.

A very simple but extremely stylish reception dress is pictured in my initial illustration, made in princess form, of silver-gray cloth, with a pleatred plastron and draped sleeves of a figured silk in harmony; broad passementerie girdle, with graceful pendant ends.

My second illustration represents a very pretty costume for a young miss, and may be made up in silk or woollen material, with openwork embroidery used on the sides of the corsage, for the yoke and sleeves, and also for the two bands of insertion. The embroidery must be lined with silk of the same color as the dress material. The corsage closes invisibly with hooks and eyes at the back. The sleeves have bows of ribbon on the shoulders.



FOR A SCHOOL GIRL.

It is quite evident that the towering sleeve has had its day, and that Queen Fashion will ere long decree its abolition; but, in the meantime, what is surrendered in height is made up in fulness at the shoulder, which serves quite as well to give the broad-shouldered effect, so yearned after by the women of fashion.

The corsage vest, with its broad revers of lace opening upon the light-colored chemisette, imparts a width of figure without resorting to the towering sleeve.

Bands of embroidery crossing the bust, while the upper corsage is heavily pleated at right angles to them, also give a widened effect to the figure.

With the return to town a woman's thoughts naturally revert to wraps, mantles and mantelets. Even if not absolutely necessary to protect from the cold a stylish mantle is nevertheless an indispensable adjunct to a lady's wardrobe. They are made up in silk or wool, according to individual taste.

In my third illustration I set before you a very stylish long mantle in bengaline, a delicate pearl gray. It is made to fit the figure and buttons in front. The waist has only one dart, but the skirt has several pleats at the back.

The wide collar is of the same material, gathered and trimmed with lace, while there is a coquille of lace, front and back, reaching almost to the bottom of the garment.

For those who wear a wrap merely for the refined air which it imparts to a street costume, black lace ornamented with jet will continue to be the favorite materials. The one seems almost made for the other—such a harmonious ensemble results from a happy union or the two.



WRAP OF GRAY BENGALINE.

My fourth illustration pictures one of these elegant garments, the jet passementeries being particularly rich and effective.

Some of these lace mantles are very long and are made up on yokes finely pleated and outlined with a double row of jet nail head, with a ruche at the neck mounted upon a standing collar. There are epaulets of the lace with long flowing sleeves.

For debutantes, I think pure white will be much affected the coming season, made up with striking simplicity; but the young married women will resort to lace garniture, in the shape of deep flounces, caught up in various graceful ways, with bunches of pink ribbon. Alencon lace will be used to drape corsages and set in sleeves, while the ribbon ceinture will also be trimmed with lace.

Gray will continue to be the favorite color for travelling costumes, made with jacket corsage, leg-o'mutton sleeves, buttoned at the wrist, straight collar, edges turned over, and black silk tie. The front of the skirt is perfectly plain, with fan pleats at the back.

A very useful garment for the fall of the year is a travelling jacket in cheviot or vicuna, closing with two large invisible hooks. At the collar and at the waist there are two tabs with two large round buttons. Turn down collar with small revers; under the collar you wear a silk cordelier which you tie in front, thus giving a style and finish to the jacket.



WITH JET GARNITURE.

I see some charming foulards trimmed with guipure, or, to give it its correct name, art guipure; but the lady of good taste is very careful not to make use of jet or heavy metal trimming on thin material like a foulard.

A very stylish white crepon has the corsage set off by an application of guipure for collar, yoke and basques. The skirt was made quite plain in front and had guipure quills on each side. The sleeves, which were rather high and bouffant, had three rows of guipure below the elbow.

In my last illustration you will find a very pretty costume for a child, the material being a white surah, richly trimmed with lace. The square yoke in front is run with narrow ribbon, while the collar is also of lace pleated and run with ribbon, which is tied in a bow at the front.

I am told we are to have a novelty this winter in the shape of ornamental flies, not artistic ones, which might puzzle the entomologist to name and classify, but real natural ones, with all their legs, and even with the hair that ornaments some species.

That the fair lady of fashion should think of decorating herself with such a horrid little creature is a surprise to me; but perhaps these flies will be no more repulsive than the snakes and lizards which have such a vogue.

The modish coiffure still persists in being the Greek; the coil being used as a sort of pincushion to display several handsome shell pins, which, by the way, are very stylish and becoming to all orders of beauty. The hair on the forehead is slightly crimped and then combed back a bit, so as to give the face an intellectual cast.

The winter promises to be very prolific in



NOTE THE CHILD'S DRESS.

the line of readings, lectures and literary amusements, hence no doubt this early injunction to comb the frivolous frizz somewhat off the forehead.

It will be fashionable to talk books and even to discuss the various reforms of the age, everything, in fact, except to wear blue stockings in good earnest.

MYRTLE MEADE.

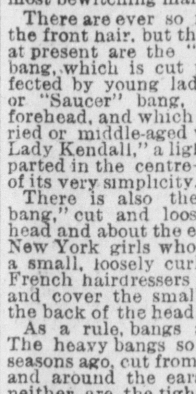
A WOMAN AT THE BOTTOM OF IT.

[Life.]



EVER-POPULAR BANG.

Latest Style Which Dangles Over Boston Girl's Brow.



More effective than anything which adds or takes away from women's appearance is the ever-popular bang.

When properly cared for, artistically cut and shaped by the real Parisian coiffeur it not only softens and brings out to the best advantage every feature of the face, but shades the eyes in a most bewitching manner.

There are ever so many ways of cutting the front hair, but the most popular styles at present are the "Boston," or "Rosette" bang, which is cut pointed and much affected by young ladies; the "New York," or "Saucer" bang, cut square across the forehead, and which is well suited to married or middle-aged women, and the "New Lady Kendall," a light, loosely curled bang parted in the centre—effective on account of its very simplicity.

There is also the "Broadway sporting bang," cut and loosely curled on the forehead and about the ears, quite popular with New York girls who wear the "Pentiado," a small, loosely curled pug made by the French hairdressers in various sizes to fit and cover the small knot of hair worn at the back of the head.

As a rule, bangs are cut more sensibly. The heavy bangs so much in vogue a few seasons ago, cut from the crown of the head and around the ears, are no longer worn, neither are the tight curls; fashion favors the light, loose curl which so much resembles the natural curl of the hair.

The latest plates from Paris introduce the coiffure a la vogue. This is arranged by waving the long hair slightly at the back and sides, drawing it up in graceful loops over the crown to suit the features, the soft coils being pinned in place with light amber pins, which are very stylish.

This makes a very charming evening coiffure, and is often embellished with bands of narrow ribbon to match the costume or ornaments.

The rhine-stone hair ornaments worn in such profusion a short time ago have passed by, and again the handsome gilt bands worn some 18 years ago will adorn the coiffures of the summer belles.

"Her Heart's Desire."

It appears now that "her heart's desire" is no longer a complete silver set, says the Illustrated American, but rather a few toilet articles of tinted ivory, hard to get, and consequently vastly more valuable than the ordinary plate. Of a creamy brown, with its polished surface fading and deepening by turns, each piece is to be treasured and added to at every opportunity.

When carved the value is greatly increased, but even more elegant and effective is the use of ciphers—as the fantastic monograms are called—when done in gold or silver and embedded in the ivory. For bridal gifts nothing is so really rare and fine, and though full sets will cost something like $800, three of the principal articles—brush, comb and mirror—furnish a nucleus not to be despised.

SEEING ROYALTY'S GOWNS.

Growth in Redfern's London Establishment.

Wales' Princess Orders by Far the Simplest Costumes.

But Ellie O'Brien of Dublin Will Have the Smartest Garment.



London, Sept. 18.—It was such a charming visit that I had to Redfern's! Mr. Redfern conducted me all over his New Bond and Conduit st. establishment. He showed me every garment in the place, even those that were just begun, and cuts of those not yet put into cloth.

There were gowns for royalty, and for Americans, and for the people of all the civilized nations of the earth. For beauty of material and elegance of design I never yet have seen their equal; and the absolute faultlessness of the fit was nothing short of consummate art.

The gowns which I have chosen to write about are those which Mr. Redfern assured me would be the most popular types during the coming season, and as they are for the most part for distinguished people, of whom



DUCHESS OF FIFE'S TARTAN.

everybody has heard, they cannot fail to interest, I am sure.

I will begin with the princess, because we ought to put this lovely women first, and not because her gown was smartest or handomest, for Mr. Redfern says of all the gowns he makes the princess' are always the simplest.

This latest of all her gowns was of dark fawn colored Bedford cord. It had a habit skirt trimmed with a wide fawn braid, above which was an edge of fine Russia braid. The long-skirted coat fitted smoothly over the hips, and opened over a mauve silk blouse, fastened at the waist with a belt.

The standing collar was distractingly high, a fashion that can be followed only by such swan-throated beings as the princess. The sleeves were cut in coat fashion, the princess never having adopted the high shouldered, large sleeves.

A little fawn felt bonnet with a mauve ostrich aigrette and velvet chin-straps completed this sweet costume.

The young princesses, Victoria and Maud, had gowns in a rich tan colored camel hair, made perfectly plain without the least apology for garniture, with straight habit skirts and long snug fitting coats, fastened with handsome bone buttons down the front.

The Duchess of Fife was having the largest number of gowns made. Among them was one magnificent tartan, the stuff of which was woven especially for the duchess, after the design of the historic Duff plaid.

The plaid formed the skirt, which was finished by a six-inch footing of rich green cloth embroidered in gold and green russia braid. The long slashed coat was of the plain green and was embroidered exquisitely with the russia braid all about the



DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER'S GOWN.

edges and over the revers and standing collar and plastron.

A green felt Brighton hat was wound with a silken tartan scarf, out of which sprang two long-pointed wings in deep wine color, and was the supreme touch to a costume of which, for richness and aristocratic style, I did not see the equal in all the great establishment.

Mr. Redfern tells me that tartans of all colors are to be extensively worn the coming winter; and who is not glad? for they are such cheerful looking things of a winter's day, and when they are trimmed with bands of bear fur, as he proposes for most of his, will they not be just the cosiest thing in the world?

A most distingue gown in black was another in the duchess' wadrobe. It was a coarse, hairy cheviot, with a habit skirt and an uncommonly-long coat, reaching quite to the knees. Both skirt and coat were braided heavily in black, the braid being in a number of different widths, and put on in military fashion on the snug-fitting coat.

A black felt hat, with a severe band, and a high black cockade will accompany the costume. The Duchess of Manchester was having a gown made in one of the deepest, warmest of plum colors, the rich plum that verges to red rather than the blue in its deep tones.

The gown was of fine faced cloth, with long bell skirt and the inevitable long coat. It was trimmed with black and gold braid on all the seams, across the waistcoat and about the bottom of the skirt.

A dainty little bonnet of crumpled plum velvet, with a feather aigrette and wide chin straps, also belonged to the costume, which was to be worn to something or other in Dublin supplementary to the horse show there.

One of the handsomest gowns for an American customer was of dark red broadcloth, and intended for a bright-skinned girl with dark eyes. It had a short habit skirt and military coat trimmed with black braid.

A black felt Spanish hat with a pile of black pompons on one side went with it.

Redfern's new jackets are very swagger, and his ulsters the smartest things, while his ring capes and camails and evening wraps are admirable.

The very, very smartest thing, however, that he has to show in outer garments is the long ulster or great coat for Miss Ellie O'Brien, the little, saucy Irish beauty, who played such havoc with hearts at the Dublin horse show.

It is of mixed tweed, loose-fronted, and extravagantly plain—not even so much as a button in sight. It has a high choker, and is turned away in short revers, that can be fastened straight up to the shoulder when Miss Ellie desires a change.

The ring capes, which are made in one piece, are very long and hang off the shoulders in very full folds. They are invariably



MISS O'BRIEN'S COAT.

of rough navy blue cheviot, and are lined with all sorts of gaudy things—bright yellow, scarlet and gorgeous plaids.

Sealskin garments are exceedingly rich this season and are made principally in half-long reefer shape with excessively high collars and big cuffs. Some have astrachan or sable sleeves and are much more expensive than the all seal in spite of the fact that they are not half as pretty or becoming, looking very much cut up and patchy.

Redfern has made some new straight camails in seal that are elegant. They are fitted to the back, and hang straight down in front. They are essentially for ladies of middle age.

MARIE JONREAU.

PRINCESS OF GAMBLER'S PARADISE.

Monaco's Wife is a Great Friend of a Duchess of from La Crosse, Wis.

Monaco, the gamblers' paradise, is not very much of a principality, having not more than six square miles of territory and not more than 6000 inhabitants; its princess keeps her state in the old palace of the Grimaldis, quite as if it meant something to be a princess even of Monaco, but a



ALICE DE MONACO.

curiously modern and incongruous note is introduced by the fact that her son, the little Duc de Richelieu, is a day pupil in a very usual sort of way at a very usual sort of Monaco school.

Alice de Monaco is not the wife of a powerful potentate, but she is considered one of the most beautiful and accomplished women in Europe, and she has made Monaco a centre of attraction for other people than gamblers.

Pierre Loti and Hugues le Roux and Oscar Wilde and George Meredith and Sir Frederick Leighton, with scores of others as divergent seemingly in thought and aim, being among those she has called friends. Robert Browning more than once visited her, and she is especially proud of having possessed his acquaintance.

The Countess Macchetta, who is better known on this side of the water as Blanche Roosevelt, or, better yet, to a small but intimate circle as Miss Tucker of La Crosse, Wis., is one of the Americans who are counted in the Monte Carlo winter circle of literary and artistic and musical people whom Alice of Monaco gathers about her.

Her summers she spends in England, and she is in London at the present time. At the Princess of Wales' garden party, a few weeks ago, she was called the most beautiful woman in attendance.

Most Americans who go to Monaco have seen the state apartments of the palace, which is one of the oldest in Europe and built in the form of a parallelogram, with one side looking over the ramparts deep into the Mediterranean.

The white marble staircase, after the model of that of Fontainebleau; the Galerie d'Hercule, with its arabesques representing the labors and death of Hercules; the Salle Grimaldi, which has been used for the fetes of three centuries, and which was lighted by electricity for the ball given during Queen Victoria's recent visit to Grasse; the Salle des Guardes, recalling the days when the princesses of Monaco were of consequence enough to have guards, and all the other public rooms of the rather grim old palace are familiar to many, but few have penetrated to the princess' boudoir.

Her boudoir is a quaintly charming room, hung in yellow brocade and furnished after a fashion that would try most complexions—in yellow and green. Some of the green comes from southern foliage, for palms and flowering shrubs fill the windows and are coaxed to grow in all the corners.

The Duc de Richelieu was the princess' first husband, and she has two children by him—the young duc, who has been mentioned as attending a day school, and Mlle. de Richelieu, who has an English governess.

Aside from children and her husband Alice of Monaco's time is given to books, music and clever people, and so she has a pleasant life of it on the crag where the palace lifts itself out of the purple of the slumbering sea.

Before the Engagement.

[New York Herald.]

She—You have no bad habits?

He—No.

She—You are of good family and wealthy, I know.

He—I am.

She—You will let me have my own way in everything?

He—Always.

She—And—I almost forgot—you love me?

He—I adore you.

She—Well, perhaps, mamma will not object.

LUNCHEON HINTS.

Tasty Things for Midday Easily Made.

Sandwiches, Beef and Tongue, Egg and Cheese, Ham and Chicken.

Many Ways to Make Attractive This Usually Neglected Meal.



What woman is there who does not, once in a while, at least, put up luncheons?

Not the picnic party affairs, with their extensive assortments of elaborate and indigestible dishes.

But good, wholesome, tasty, attractive luncheons, that will not add a new complication in the already taxed system of the school children, or interfere with the easy finishing of the day's work by husband or son.

And what is the first thing she thinks of in putting them up?

Sandwiches.

So often does the idea of "sandwich" convey the idea of an unattractive combination of hard bread and tough meat that one sometimes forgets how easily the same materials can be made up into one of the dantiest kinds of food.

A luncheon for worker by hand or brain must nourish and sustain the body, and yet be of such a nature as can be easily carried without spoiling books or clothes.

In some schools are lunch counters where children can get certain edibles, but this, while it saves trouble at home, is rather expensive.

Besides, the children are apt to indulge in things they would be better off without. Pie and cake are poor food for the brain to work on.

The wise housekeeper can here utilize many "left-overs," and make quite a variety of hasty things for luncheon. Both children and grown folks like variety.

Be sure and have plenty of clean napkins to put up the luncheon in; they need not be of the finest linen, but use a fresh one each day. Nothing is more unappetizing than the odor of yesterday's luncheon around that of today.

Have always on hand nice, stale bread, so that you can cut neat slices from the loaf.

Corned-Beef Sandwiches.

Cut the meat in thin slices, place between buttered slices of bread with a dash of mustard, press tightly together and cut into squares.

Cheese Sandwiches.

These are very fine. Chop half a pound of cheese, add 1 tablespoonful of French mustard and work this to a smooth paste, spread on bread, put the slices together and cut into diamonds or long narrow strips.

Chicken Sandwiches.

Take cold boiled or roast chicken and chop the meat fine; if you want to make these extra nice use only the white meat. To every cupful add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a saltspoonful of salt and two dashes of white pepper.

Mix until smooth, spread on thin slices of buttered bread, trim off the crusts, cut into diamonds.

Egg Sandwiches.

Powder and rub to a paste the hard-boiled yolks of eight eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a little salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Mix and spread between buttered slices of thin bread.

Indian Sandwiches.

Take the meat of cold chicken and chop fine; add to it half a cup of cold boiled ham or tongue chopped fine; add a teaspoonful of essence of anchovy, a tablespoonful of essence of good stock, a dash of cayenne pepper and the juice of half a lemon. Mix and rub the whole to a smooth paste.

Take a round biscuit cutter and cut out pieces from thin slices of bread. Spread these with a little butter, and toast in the oven until a golden brown. Spread a layer of the mixture on each of these. Place two together.

Should you wish to have a surprise for supper, rub four tablespoonfuls of Parmesan cheese and two tablespoonfuls of butter together. Spread a thin covering of this paste on the top of each sandwich; stand in the oven a few moments and send to the table hot.

Tongue Sandwiches.

Chop the meat fine, with a little of the fat, season with pepper and a dash of French mustard, spread between slices of buttered bread or tea biscuits.

Ham and Egg Sandwiches.

Mix the yolks of six hard-boiled eggs with one tablespoonful of French mustard to a smooth paste, then add one cup of finely-chopped cold-boiled ham. Spread a good layer of this on thin slices of bread, press the slices firmly together and cut into neat shapes.

Sardine Sandwiches.

Cut thin slices of bread and cut off the crusts. Remove the sardines carefully from the box, split them open and take out the bones, cutting off heads and tails.

Place halves of the sardines over one-half the slices of bread, cover with the other slices, press tightly together and cut into long narrow pieces.

Anchovy Sandwiches.

Chop four hard boiled eggs very fine. Sprinkle over them a teaspoonful of onion juice, then add four teaspoonfuls of olive oil (melted butter can be used if preferred), one teaspoonful of Tarragon vinegar, one tablespoonful of salt; rub the whole as smooth as possible.

Cut bread into thin slices, spread each slice with this mixture, then place small pieces of prepared anchovies over one-half the slices; put together firmly and cut into squares or diamonds.

Beef Loaf.

An economical dish, which makes good sandwiches, is a beef loaf. Chop very fine three pounds of uncooked beef and three-fourths of a pound of raw salt pork.

Roll one dozen common crackers; add one-half of the crackers to the beef with two eggs. Season with pepper and salt; mix all thoroughly and form into a solid loaf. Cover with the remaining crumbs and bake one hour. Eat cold.

Moulded Veal.

For those who are partial to veal the following makes nice luncheons.

Chop three and one-half pounds of uncooked veal with half a pound of ham very fine, add to them one cup of bread crumbs, two well-beaten eggs, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful of onion juice, half a teaspoonful each of pepper, sage, cloves and allspice and press into a square pan to mould.

Turn it out on a baking pan, brush over with beaten egg, and bake in a slow oven for two hours, basting three or four times, while baking with a tablespoonful of butter melted in a half cup of boiling water. Eat cold, cut in thin slices.

Italian Cheese.

Chop one pound of veal, one and a half pounds of calf's liver and half a pound of ham, all uncooked. Before chopping the liver cover it with boiling water for five minutes and dry it.

Add two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of salt, half spoonful of pepper, a dash of cayenne, half teaspoonful of powdered sage and one small grated onion. Mix well.

Grease a plain mould well with butter, press the meat tightly into the mould, cover and boil or steam three hours.

When you remove the lid you will find the meat has shrunk, leaving half an inch of space, partly filled with liquid. Carefully remove the liquid, put it into a saucepan on the fire, add to it ¼ of a box of gelatine (which should have been covered with cold water and soaked half an hour), and sufficient water to fill the space and cover the cheese.

Stir until the gelatine is dissolved, add salt and pepper to taste, pour back into the mould around the cheese, and stand away to cool. Turn out of the mould when cold, and cut into thin slices. If properly made the meat should be encased in jelly.

Any of the mixtures for sandwiches will keep for two or three days in a cool, dry place.

Either.

[Chicago Tribune.]

He—Shall we try the tricycle or buggy this morning, Laura?

She—Either, George. I'm yours for wheel or for whoa.

HOWARD'S LETTER.

He Wants Full Liberty of Vocation for Women.

Let Them Preach or Practice the Professions if They Want To.

Many Kind Men Are Stupidly Inconsiderate to Wives.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—What's all this talk about a daily paper "for women only?"

I saw, but where just now I don't recall, a suggestion that some men in Boston, with more money than knowledge of human nature, contemplate starting a journal of that description.

There is nothing easier than to start a journal of any sort. The chief difficulty is in keeping it going.

While, of course, men of means can, by constant infusion of shekelific aid and comfort, secure the daily publication of anything for years, experience teaches that after a very brief indulgence in that expensive luxury they weary of the experiment, the deliciousness cloys upon their palate and the normal sequence comes, death.

There must always be a reason for the starting of a paper before one could reasonably expect to make a success.

The same rules apply in journalism that apply in other lines of life. No man would think of starting a second butcher shop, meat stall, or whatever, in a town that barely supported one.

You never find two drug stores next each other.

The fact that in this great city there are 14,000 gin mills, and that there are neighborhoods in which in every tenement liquor is sold, has nothing to do with the case.

The abnormal appetite for liquor has never extended into the realm of journalism, so far as I know.

There is no doubt that there are women enough in the world, and, from all accounts, Massachusetts has more than her share, the good old Bay State having, as the census shows, many thousand more of the fair sex than of their masculine alleged protectors.

But that doesn't cover the case.

Trade papers are published for the information of traders. I have often wondered at their success, yet as their success is phenomenal, and as some of the best paying properties in this and other cities are what are technically known as trade journals, it stands to reason that I am wrong and those who publish the papers and those who subscribe for and advertise in them are right in their faith.

Did You Ever See a Paper

devoted to any special trade in the shop, store, office of a man in any other trade? Did you ever find a brewers journal, for instance, in the office of an electrician? Did you ever find the organ of the jewellers in a saddlery shop? Did you ever find a financial journal in a tailoring establishment? Of course you didn't. Take any one of these trade papers and you will find that their columns are not utilized by tradesmen outside of their specific line, and that is a subject to me of wonder.

If a brewer's journal or an electrician's mouthpiece or a haberdasher's organ goes into the establishments of 15,000 or 20,000 individuals throughout the land, one would suppose that they would be particularly good media for advertisers in other lines. Surely there are brewers, electricians, dry goods men, candy merchants who need horses, carriages and hats, why then wouldn't men who deal in horses and carriages find it to their advantage to advertise in these trade journals?

I should think that would be the case, but as these men understand their business infinitely better than I they are doubtless right in not advertising, and I am unquestionably wrong in thinking it might be to their advantage to advertise.

You take a trade paper devoted, we will say, to the interests of dealers in liquors. Look through the advertisements. Hundreds of pages of advertisements—of what? Of liquor dealers, of men with wines, brandies, whiskeys, spirits of various names to sell, absolutely nothing else, and so in all the several realms.

The profits from some of them are enormous.

Does that apply to women?

Is a woman in her ideas, her tastes, her inclinations, her appetites, her habits, her necessities, so

Different from a Man

that a journal, daily, mind you, specially provided for her can hope for sufficient patronage to make it pay?

What is a woman?

You don't catch me giving an unpondered answer. On the contrary I quote:

"And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept, and He took one of the ribs and closed up his flesh thereof, and the rib which the Lord God had taken from man made He a woman, and brought her unto the man and Adam said, 'This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, and she shall be called woman because she was taken out of man. Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh.'"

Now, precisely what Adam meant by saying that a man should leave his father and his mother, he never having had either father or mother, and what he meant by cleaving unto his wife, he never having had a wife, has nothing to do with the case.

The point is that so far as Scripture tells us a woman is part of a man, and although we fortunately live in a land flowing with the milk and honey of civilization, where women are respected, loved and cared for by the decent men, and are sought for companionship by all men, it is a fact that in other days and in other lands, and I blush to add now and then even in this favored part of the world,

Women Are Treated

as though they were not only masculine, but sometimes as though they were even less than man.

They are treated like beasts of burden.

They are yoked literally to the plough.

In our own farming districts we find women in the fields side by side with their brothers, neighbors, friends, tilling the soil, plucking potatoes, picking hops, hoeing corn, garnering grain, raking, pitching and stowing hay.

Coming into the cities, we find in stores, shops, bazaars, women behind the counters side by side with men. We find them in the great sweat-shops sewing with men.

Your tremendous factories offer occupation to men and women, boys and girls, at one time and on the same terms.

On the stage men and women work together.

A merciful Providence has given to some larger brains, quicker instincts, than belong to the majority of the human race, and to those quick instincts and brainy outworks are we indebted for the sewing machine, the art of stenography, the typewriter, and in the utilization of the sewing machine, the art of stenography and the typewriter, women share with men.

In the vast realm of teaching the two work side by side.

In the field of medicine common sense is gradually bringing women to the front as the proper conserver of the health of women.

And so we go.

And so we go through every realm until we touch the household, where, of course, are found the two. It is rather a poetic fiction to say

"There Woman Reigns."

But fiction or poetic license, or whatever, the bald fact remains that men and women re found together, man and wife, friend and friend, comrades, helpers, co-workers in every range of life.

So how about that paper?

Is there any line of information in which women are interested and men are not?

Of course there is.

And don't you suppose that THE BOSTON GLOBE and its great contemporaries understand that as well as the new-comers on the block of enterprise.

Look at the "woman's page," look at the fashion notes, look at the thousand and one paragraphs printed concerning the great, the good, the petty and the mean women notorious through the earth. What are they put there for? Their insertion is secured for the same purpose that knowledge in any line of life is.

I have noticed with much interest that certain journals published weekly, ostensibly for the household, contain at times many pages of reading matter quite as interesting to men as to women.

The fact is that men and women wish to be clothed.

Women wear one style of costume, men another, but the great fact that they need to be, desire to be, protected from the weather remains.

Equally true is it that men and women desire to be informed. They are not interested always in the same line, but, as a rule, the general fact remains, a desire for information; and while there may be some articles of costume more suited to a man than to a woman, and vice versa, and there may be bits of information and lines of thought calculated to interest women more than men, and vice versa, the great central fact is that the race on the one hand

Needs to be Clothed,

and on the other that the race needs to be educated and informed as to the ongoings of the world.

I take no stock in the cant phrase "woman's rights" any more than I would in man's rights. I believe in the rights of the human family. The right to breathe, to live, to think, to speak, to work in such manner as best suits the individual, male or female, young or old, the one animating principle being, do unto others as ye would be done by.

It seems to me that settles the whole question.

It seems to me that that is the very pith of all the teachers, of all the philosophers, through the ages down to today.

Certainly experience teaches us that, as honesty is the best policy, so kindness and consideration shown to others is the surest, the safest and the speediest, and the all-around most certain mode of bringing peace and comfort and happiness to ourselves.

I confess I don't like to see women working in the field; equally do I dislike to see men selling behind the counters; but if, under certain conditions, the women are so numerous that it is impossible for the men to support them, and they have the physique to endure exposure to the elements, so be it; and if, in the unhealthy atmosphere of modern conditions, merchants find that women clerks are

Rude, Impertinent, Careless

and inefficient to such an extent that the customers complain, and for their business interests it becomes necessary to employ men, and men are willing to accept, so be it.

It stands to reason, however, that, as the race ascends in the course of an ascertained thousand years from level to level, women must of necessity refine gold and paint the lily.

There is nothing more beautiful known to life than a thoroughly educated, refined woman, and as women rise in the plane of development it stands to reason that for many occupations which are an absolute necessity for the protection, the conservation of human institutions, she is manifestly unsuited.

Think of your mother, your wife, your sister, your daughter swinging a policeman's club in front of a corner grocery.

Think of her as dashing, one of a gallant corps, pushing with red-hot speed and wild vociferations, in a midnight storm, to the rescue of men and women and children in a burning tenement.

Think of her as digging the sewers in your streets, of driving the engine 60 miles an hour, of climbing the telegraph pole to adjust the wires, of handling the whip on days of storm and nights of gloom over the cab horse, or driving the dusty highway with a livery wagon.

Men object to women in the pulpit, so do I, but, with very few exceptions, I object to men in the pulpit.

When a woman comes before an audience with ideas in her head, and an ability to explain them, I shall welcome her in the pulpit, on the platform, in the forum.

Others object to women as doctors. The only earthly objections I can think of in that line are purely physical, the necessity of

Going Out at Night,

and the ruffianly treatment they might expect at certain times and under certain circumstances.

I don't recall a solitary instance in which a sister of charity has been assaulted or rudely treated on the street, in field, or even in the gin mills, where, I regret to say, I frequently see the Little Sisters of the Poor asking contributions, generally attended by a little girl, whose moral sensibilities one would think must at least be wounded, and whose eyes certainly are confronted with unaccustomed sights.

This is a tribute to the latent spark of manhood in the human breast which we all of necessity appreciate.

It proves that there is in human nature a something which recognizes the potency of universal judgment. Universal judgment is that sisters of charity are pure and holy women who devote their lives to the care and the comfort and the succor of the poor and the unfortunate. It is possible that there have been such instances, but I have never read or heard of one, that a member of that great and benevolent organization has been annoyed, insulted or assaulted, and that would be a strong argument in favor of women as physicians.

It certainly would appear to be in the line of delicacy to have women as physicians for young girls, and for all of their own sex.

That opens, however, a field of discussion so broad, in which argument runs so readily into bitterness, that for the present, at all events, I don't care to enter upon it.

I do believe, however, in the emancipation of women from the thraldom in which they are held, unconsciously I often think, by hundreds of thousands of men who treat their wives and daughters with kindness, but

Not with Consideration.

I saw in a letter printed in some journal the other day a story told by a woman who was a passenger on an ocean steamer to the effect that a very wealthy lady, a fellow-passenger, having made her acquaintance on the trip, offered her a brooch valued at $150 for $15, explaining the extraordinary act by the assertion that she hadn't had one dollar in literal cash in her hands in six months, and she wanted some money.

That is an extreme case, yet it is well known that there are thousands of men who permit their wives to run up bills which they cheerfully pay, but never under any circumstances let them have money with which to do as they please.

Other men give their wives money now and then, but invariably ask for an accounting.

What of it?

This human nature is a very curious institution. Dressmakers understand it; dealers of all sorts and kinds recognize it and many a man has paid $150 for a dress which cost but $100, an excessive price at that, certified to with great alacrity by the wife to whom the extra $50 goes through the hands of the convenient purveyor.

There is no surer breeder of dishonesty and deceit than financial meanness, pecuniary smallness in a husband to a wife.

To thousands of readers of THE BOSTON GLOBE this will seem not only extraordinary but outrageous. That I am not responsible for. Facts are facts.

But that paper?

Oh, I forgot. I guess we'll have to "stop it."

Fashions in Night Dresses.

A woman who knows it all has made the rounds of our great bazaars and this is what she depicts.

Silk undergarments or whatever they may be are slightly on the wane in public favor and the newest models are of finest batiste, daintily trimmed in lace and hand embroidery.

Tambou embroiderry and hand-run Limerick lace in combination trim charming breakfast jackets constructed to fasten in the back. Others are elaborately decorated with guipure de gene lace.

Night dresses are made with wide square collars of open work embroidery, edged with cobweb-like torchon and real valenciennes lace. Point de Paris lace and other varieties are attached to the batiste with the finest of hemstitching. Ribbon of delicate tint is still plentifully used.

In brief it may be said that the collections of these goods, together with neglige gowns—a mass of lace on a groundwork of silky texture—are well worth seeing.

In respect of the costumes, street gowns of camels hair cloth, serge and cheviot, the acme of style, and including the daintiest and most becoming of tints, are more numerous than for some seasons past.

A noticeable one is of a diagonal ribbed cheviot which shades lavender and fawn color.

The straight draping is fringed for six inches, making a full effect about the feet.

Fawn-colored ladies cloth is used for pocket lapels on the hips of the skirt and on the corsage, decorated with changeable buttons.

A novel bodice belt fastened to the skirt clasps and finishes the lower part of the bodice. The cheviot collar is fringed.

Who'd have thought it?

The carriage, evening and calling costumes are legion, many of them magnificent.

An evening dress of rich white moire, patterned in narrow stripes of gold and black, has a plain bell shaped skirt connected to the bodice by a wide peasant belt of gold and black embroidery.

White mousseline de soie covers the silk of the waist and elbow sleeves, finished at the throat and elbow by the embroidery.

A superb creation is of royal blue satin in combination with the faintest shade of pearl blue and trimmed with black poult de soie and jet.

Elegant cloaks are an entire costume themselves; opera mantles 46 inches long are exceptionally beautiful. One such is of heavy cream broadcloth, elaborately embroidered with jewels, deeply bordered with ostrich feathers, a mingling of black and the colors seen in jewels. Whew.

HOWARD.

FOREIGN NEWS,

Which Include More or Less Credible Rumors of War.

Russian Forces Giving a Hint to Roumania—Tourists Killed.

Notable Events Carefully Condensed for Busy Readers.

LONDON, Sept. 24.—The Standard's Vienna correspondent records a discussion which was carried on at the table of the Archduke Albrecht during the Austrian military manœuvres as to whether it was wise to allow a known enemy to complete preparations for war or whether it was not preferable to force a conflict.

No names were mentioned, says the correspondent, but all understood that Russia was meant.

Emperor William said emphatically:

"I strongly believe that the enormous responsibility which modern warfare imposes must override all military theories. I would not begin war if conscious that by delaying it I could secure a single year, nay, a single month, of peace by trusting in the success of my good cause. Even if the chances are equal on both sides there is much to be gained by having several months of peace."

The King of Saxony expressed himself to the same effect, pointing out instances where diplomacy had averted an apparently inevitable conflict.

Archduke Albrecht also dilated upon the enormous responsibility of forcing a war, in view of the murderous perfection of modern weapons.

The correspondent says Emperor William's remarks made a deep impression on the high rank German and Austrian officers present.

FRENCH EXPECT WAR.

It is Considered Imminent by Diplomats in Paris.

LONDON, Sept. 24.—The bulk of the French newspapers give a churlish reception to the decree commanding the relaxation of Alsace-Lorraine passport regulations.

They are of the avowed opinion that Germany was only forced to an act of justice by circumstances.

The Chronicle's Paris correspondent, indeed, declares that the feeling that war is imminent is growing hourly in France, and that this opinion is more or less openly expressed at every embassy in Paris.

CHINA WILL ACT.

Has Ordered a Fleet to the Disturbed Region to Protect Foreigners.

PARIS, Sept. 24.—The Chinese charge d'affaires in this city had an interview today with M. Ribot, the minister of foreign affairs, and communicated to the latter the contents of a despatch he has received from the Chinese government.

The substance of the message was that the Pekin officials had ordered the Chinese northern fleet to proceed to the disturbed region with instructions to protect foreigners from molestation.

BELGIUM ADVISED TO ARM.

Von Moltke's Counsel Given to One of King Leopold's Suite.

BRUSSELS, Sept. 25.—The Journal de la Meuse of Liege publishes an opinion on Belgium's military establishment, which the late Count von Moltke imparted to a Belgian general attending King Leopold on the occasion of the latter's visit to Berlin.

Count Von Moltke said in effect that in the event of war the whole Belgian army would be required to garrison Antwerp and the Meuse forts, leaving none to take the field; that although the Meuse forts were built as a protection against Germany, Belgium had more to fear from France; and that Belgium should add 70,000 more men to her army and adopt military institutions suitable for modern requirements.

TOURISTS KILLED.

Many Families Perish in Accident on Spanish Railway.

LONDON, Sept. 25.—A despatch to the Standard from San Sebastian says: It is reported that Seymour Lucas and Maurice Long, the latter British vice-consul at Malaga, were killed in the railroad collision between Burgos and San Sebastian.

Several entire families perished. Some Englishmen with tourist tickets were also killed. Most of the passengers were asleep at the time of the collision.

Twenty dead and 23 injured, four of whom died since, were extricated from the debris. Many children were killed.

John Seymour Lucas, one of the victims, is a well-known artist, who came into prominence in 1875. He was about 42 years of age. Other Englishmen, whose names have been received, are Horance Young of Bilbao and William Cotton, a barrister, both of whom were among the killed.

Later details from the scene of the Burgos railroad disaster show that Mr. John Seymour Lucas, A. R. A., the distinguished English painter, who was reported to have been one of those killed, is not dead. Mr. Lucas, however, is severely wounded.

Matters Growing More Serious in China.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—A special to the Herald from Shanghai says:

"The situation here is much worse. Disorders are increasing at Ichang, and this is the prelude to other disorders. The valley of the Yang Tse Kiang is in rebellion.

Wu Chang, the central seat of the viceroy, is ready to revolt, and then those towns open to strangers—Hankow and Chunking—are likely to follow.

The latter town is difficult to defend by war ships, owing to the shallowness of the river.

Strangers are fleeing from Shanghai, which is among the threatened towns, but measures of defence are being taken.

Three ships of war are at Wu Chang, and the fleets are concentrating at Shanghai.

Minister Lemaire of France has left here for Pekin.

Planned to Wreck a Train.

VIENNA, Sept. 25.—Shortly before the Cracow express train was due at Sussenbrun, great excitement was caused at the station there by the discovery by a trackman that the rails had been torn up for a distance of twenty yards at a point where the derailed train was certain to be precipitated over a high embankment.

Fortunately the discovery was made just in time to allow the approaching train to be held at a neighboring station. It was crowded with passengers who, when they learned the facts, expressed the greatest indignation. The police are actively investigating the outrage, which, it is surmised, was the work of disaffected anarchists. No clews have yet been obtained.

Bogran's Death Denied.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—A special cable despatch to the Herald from San Salvador says the reports about the assassination of President Bogran of Honduras are utterly false.

Notes.

The mysterious refugees who were smuggled aboard the flagship San Francisco in the harbor of Valparaiso the night before the vessel sailed, a fact which gave rise to the rumor that Balmaceda was one of them, were two in number, namely, Ovalle Vicuna, the deputy, and Col. Vidaurra, the president of the court that tried the young men for conspiracy at Los Canos. The prisoners, 42 in number, whose ages ranged from 16 to 18 years, were afterwards massacred. There are 50 Balmaceda refugees now in Lima. They express their doubts as to the stability of the present government in Chili, and denounce its acts.

The Gaiety Theatre, Liverpool, was destroyed by fire, Friday morning. The first alarm was sounded at 8 a. m. Within two hours only the bare walls and iron columns of the building were left standing.

A sad scene occurred at Waterloo station, London, Friday afternoon. A few minutes before the special train carrying passengers from London to Southampton to catch the Hamburg-American line steamer Fuerst Bismarck, bound for New York, was upon the point of leaving, a group of excited railroad officials gathered about one of the compartments of a first-class carriage. Then a tall, stout gentleman was lifted out of the carriage and laid upon the platform. A physician was promptly sent for, but before he could reach the station the traveller died, without uttering a word. Papers found upon the dead man's body showed him to be Mr. A. L. Dessau of New York city.

Twenty-eight farms, with all the cattle and stores, have been destroyed by a fire of incendiary origin at Kozieglow, in Russian Poland. In order to delay the fire engines, the incendiaries cut the ropes of the fire bells.

Seven thousand Jews have left the Crimea for the Argentine Republic. The exodus continues daily from Odessa, Kieff and Kischeneff. Many of the emigrants are bound for America.

H. M. S. Goshawk has been despatched to Cape Juby, on the west coast of Sahara, where the Moors have rebelled and threaten to destroy a factory owned and operated by British subjects.

The commercial treaty now being negotiated between Russia and Persia will provide for the relegation of the duty of representing the two countries abroad to a single representative. This probably implies a Russian protectorate over Persia.

A despatch to the London Times from Lisbon says that the Delagoa Bay railway question is causing great anxiety in official circles owing to alarming reports circulated that the government has received the arbitration terms, to which it must reply within 30 days.

Letters from Nijni Novgorod merchants state that Afghanistan has been opened by the Ameer to free commercial intercourse with Russia. The concession is due to Russian adroitness, and to valuable gifts, etc., sent by the Czar.

The Porte denies that the Turkish governor and all the other Turkish officials have fled from Sana, the capital of Yemen, and that the insurgents have captured Hodeida on the Red sea. The Porte also denies that there is any truth in the reported massacre of Christians in Armenia by a band of Kurds.

The Times Paris correspondent says: "It has become known here that the governors of the Chinese provinces in which the riots occurred have declined distinctly to be held responsible therefor, and have declared it impossible to pay indemnity. The inference to be drawn is that China's circular to the powers aims simply at delay in order to shirk indemnity, and therefore not to be held to account by Europe."

Russian troops are practising forced night marches and other night manœuvres across the river Pruth on the Roumanian frontier with the aid of electric lights. The Roumanian government has become alarmed at these warlike demonstrations. Consequently it is also concentrating troops on its frontier, and has ordered a force of Roumanian cavalry to upper Moldavia.

Baron Henri de Worms has been offered the position of under foreign secretary, in succession to Sir James Fergusson, who has been appointed postmaster-general of Great Britain.

Nine boxes of dynamite and six sacks of powder have been discovered at Port San Gievanni, intended for shipment to Rome. Several important arrests have been made in connection with the discovery.

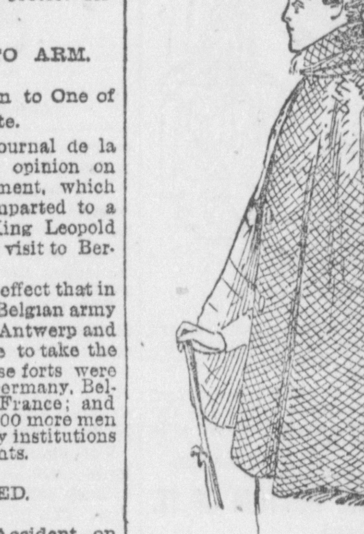
The project to hold a universal exhibition in Rome has been abandoned, as neither the government nor the municipal authorities have taken sufficient interest in it to make liberal contributions to the necessary funds.

TUDOR CAPE NO MORE.

It Has Been Superseded by the Natty Cawdor.

The Tudor capes, which one sees reproduced in all materials, has quite had its day abroad, unless it be reproduced in sable or sealskin. The popular style of wrap is the Cawdor, and is of rough, check cloth in a variety of combination of the popular shades.

Of these, the newest is the absinthe, a combination of old rose and green in the



THE CAWDOR.

shot effects which are seen in everything, and a more pleasing is an old rose shot with tan. An inverness garment of this color with a deep cape and hood entirely lined with satin to match the rose shades was being tried on a beautiful but lifeless appearing young girl in a down town shop yesterday.

"This," the saleswoman assured the critical mother, "is a shade which has entirely superseded the tans of last winter and spring."

Then the young lady was made to walk back and forth to display every fold of the garment while in motion.

The hood of this garment may be unbuttoned and removed, and the cape may be worn as quite a separate garment from the rest.

In England such a garment may be made quite as waterproof as a mackintosh, but here one's success in this direction is quite unsatisfactory.

One of the most experienced mackintosh makers of Boston says it is quite impossible.

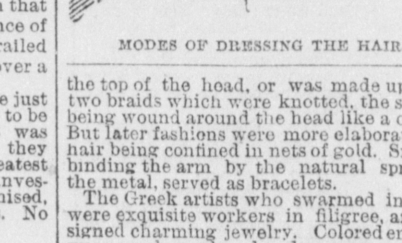
The mackintosh process presses a sheet of rubber between two layers of cloth. This cannot be done with single garments for obvious reasons, but the effect is attempted by boiling in paraffine.

This, however, wears out and washes out in a very short time.

Knocked Roman Dudes Silly.

The Roman lady was a perfect mistress of the art of heightening her charms, and the poet Ovid warns lovers against prying into the secrets of their mistresses' toilets.

In early times the hair was worn in a simple knot at the back of the neck, or on



MODES OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

the top of the head, or was made up into two braids which were knotted, the surplus being wound around the head like a crown. But later fashions were more elaborate, the hair being confined in nets of gold. Snakes, binding the arm by the natural spring of the metal, served as bracelets.

The Greek artists who swarmed in Rome were exquisite workers in filigree, and designed charming jewelry. Colored enamels were much employed and gems were cut in cameo or intaglio.

Engraved gems were set in rings worn upon the fingers.

Strings of pearls were worn around the neck or were intertwined with the hair. Pearls of great size were much esteemed, Cæsar paying $232,000 for a single stone of great beauty.

The Male and Female Voice.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

The difference between the tone of the voice of men and women arises chiefly from the variation in the length of the vocal cord; the longer the cord the more slowly it vibrates.

The length of the vocal cords in men and women differ as follows: In the case of a man their length, when at rest, is generally about 77-100ths of an inch, and when they are stretched to the greatest extend about 93-100ths of an inch. In the case of a woman their length varies from 51-100ths to 63-100ths of an inch.

It will, therefore, be seen how it is that a deeper note, or one in which there are a smaller number of vibrations per second, proceeds from the vocal cords of a man than from those of a woman. One of the deepest notes sounded by a bass voice is produced by no more than 80 double vibrations in a second, while a soprano voice can give forth a note in which there are 992 such vibrations.

The different quality of the notes depends also to some extent on the character of the walls of the larnyx. In women and children these are more flexible and smoother than in men. The male voice owes its greater roughness to the greater hardness and firmness of the cartilages of the male larnyx, approaching in old age nearly to ossification.

THE DAWNING STAR.

Feature of the Invasion of the Indian Territory.

Oklahoma Boomers Making Haste to Secure Their Claims—Hard Times.

Many Disappointed Who Sought to Be First in New Nation.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Sept. 22.—Again has a nation sprung into life in a day full panoplied for existence.

When Oklahoma was opened to settlement two and a half years ago it was thought that never again would such scenes be enacted, but the events of the past 24 hours have discounted the wild scramble which was noted at that time.

Where last night all was quiet and dark, tonight is alive with a struggling throng of humanity.

Camp fires dot the lands in every direction as far as the eye can reach.

Cities have sprung up as if by magic, and now fully 20,000 people of the white and colored races occupy the lands which heretofore have been the sole possession of the red men.

It is a remarkable horological fact that all the watches along the whole border line were two hours faster than central time. At 10 o'clock the word went down the line that it was noon, and no one was willing to take the time to make a correction.

There were some features in the opening of Oklahoma 29 months ago which were not noticed in this rush, and there were many features today which were not seen then.

At that time, on April 22, 1889, the people who went to the new lands were compelled to cross the Cherokee strip before they could reach the coveted land, and the entry was a mad race across that 20-mile tract, which ended in a scramble for the best portions of the territory.

Here the rush has been made at close range, and while there have not been so many people here as there were, the scarcity of land compensates for the difference.

A careful man estimates the number of actual settlers who went into the Indian lands today to be close to 20,000. Of these it is estimated that 10,000 will settle in the new cities and towns which will spring up all over the new territory. The other 10,000 are men and women who want a farm.

The total number of acres which have been thrown open to settlement is 800,000. This, divided into tracts of 160 acres each, will give farms to 5000 people, and the result is that not less than 5000 others will be disappointed.

When, in connection with this, is taken the fact that of the 800,000 acres ready for settlement at least one-eighth of it is unfit for cultivation, it can readily be seen that there will be more suffering in the new lands than was witnessed in the Oklahoma opening.

Long before daylight this morning the whole army of settlers were astir, and long before dawn every breakfast had been cooked and eaten, and the horses had been fed and hitched to the wagons, buggies and carts ready for the races.

By 8 o'clock the line presented a most peculiar appearance; every vehicle was ready, like racers at the starting point, and all around the whole border stood the line, becoming each minute more and more excited.

It was probably the queerest congregation of humanity ever brought together on the face of the earth.

Not less than 500 women, married and single, have joined in the race, and have taken their chances with the stronger sex in a scramble for a home.

Over 100 young women camped all night on the border, and when the start was made went in with the first and staked off their claims as well as the men, who, with a courtesy scarcely to be expected under the circumstances, made way for them.

There is not an instance to be recorded where an insult was offered to a female or where undue advantage was taken of them in any way.

All along the Canadian river, clear across the Pottowatomie lands, there was not a claim vacant when the watches of those not interested marked the noon hour. It was in this part of the country where trouble was looked for, but up to this hour there has been no report of bloodshed.

At Tohee, the capital of the Iowa reserve, the greatest crowds assembled, for it was the best point from which to make the rush for the fine lands of that reservation.

Couriers had been engaged by the various newspapers to accompany their correspondents, and they stood all along the line at the most available points ready to fly to the nearest telegraph station with the news as soon as the start was made.

This method to spread the news was as exciting and interesting as was that of the home-seekers who went in.

Just at 9.57 o'clock this morning the patience of the people was well-nigh exhausted, and every one was on the qui vive for the signal, when a shout came from no one knows where, and in an instant the word was taken up all along the long line, and was caught up and carried around the whole country both ways until it met again.

Mile after mile was the shout carried until the whole country seemed to be filled with a vast volume of sound which is simply indescribable.

Then started the maddest of mad rushes and scrambles ever seen on earth. It was virtually a race in the dark, helter skelter, over the prairie into the new country, for not one man out of every 500 knew what lands were taken by the Indians in their allotment.

The majority of the racers were after town lots, and tonight Chandler and Tecumseh, the new county seats, of the two new counties are vast cities of tents.

This morning's sun arose on unbroken prarie, and tonight there are at least 5000 people camped on each site.

The people settled down on their claims like a swarm of bees, and utterly exhausted by their long vigil and excitement, they are tonight lying quietly, and scarcely a sound can be heard over the entire tract.

Gov. Steele took it upon himself to issue a proclamation, telling the people that they could not enter the town sites until tomorrow, but the people said they did not recognize his right to keep them out.

Almost a state of collapse prevails in the entire community, and it will be several days before they fully recover. There is now a great need of food and water over the entire country, and the next few days will bring much misery to the home-seekers.

BAD AND GOOD.

Town Lots at Enormous Premiums—Others Fall 300 per Cent. in Value.

GUTHRIE, Ok., Sept. 26.—The news from Chandler today is more encouraging. Plenty of provisions are now on the ground, and people no longer suffer from hunger and thirst. Water was discovered at a depth of two feet 100 feet from the centre of the government town site. It is cool, clear spring water.

As soon as the people are allowed to ascend the bluff and view the broad plateau on which the county seat is located, they will discover that it is a much finer town site than appears from their present point of view. There will be a tremendous rush for lots, and petitions are being circulated asking the military to shut out all horses and vehicles. If this is not done a dozen people will probably be crushed in the wild rush into the town.

A large party sneaked into the town tonight and pulled up several hundred stakes. This has delayed the survey, so that the town site cannot be thrown open before Monday. A number of cowboys threatened to rush in by force today, but were soon scared away by soldiers.

Yesterday afternoon the 3000 people who had staked off lots on the section adjoining Chandler were ejected by the soldiers. The entire crowd, numbering 10,000, is now temporarily located on the school section and 30 stores are running in tents there.

Gov. Steele is camping with Judge Allison on an old Sac and Fox farm. There are four log huts, which have been cleaned up and put in good order. One is used for a bedroom, one for a parlor and one for a dining-room. The kitchen is out of doors. The Governor seems to enjoy roughing it. He got used to it when a regular army officer.

A man named Johnson of Missouri rode his horse so hard for a claim near Chandler that the horse fell dead, falling on the rider and killing him.

A party of men digging a well north of Chandler found a large pocket of pure lead ore. Rich specimens were brought to this city tonight, and caused the wildest excitement.

A courier from Tecumseh tonight says business lots have dropped 300 per cent. since Friday, and that the people are leaving by the hundreds.

Water cannot be reached there under a depth of 100 feet, acd the soil is the poorest of sand.

New Boston Music.

The Oliver Ditson Company head their list of instrumental music for pianists with "Lightning Flash," a concert polka for four hands, by John F. Gilder. Its brilliant treatment and showy execution ensure it the applause of all who hear it and appreciate good music; $1. An easy and very pleasing work for four hands is the "Circus Maximus March," E. Wittich; 50 cents. A favorite of the dancing academies and beginning to be popular elsewhere, the caprice dance, "Dainty Step," Henry Lamb, will be sought eagerly; 40 cents. There is an easy and pretty rondo, "Echo of Love," E. S. Phelps; 35 cents. Among the new songs, "Constancy," for a medium voice, by C. F. Webber, has high merit. It appears in a new and tasteful style, with words and music printed in sepia; 35 cents. Ross Winans has a new song from words of G. P. Lathrop, "Sunset and Shore;" 35 cents. A jolly, Dutch humorous song and chorus is entitled "Holsteiner's Band," by R. T. Whitehouse and S. E. Farwell.

STRENGTH UNKNOWN.

People's Party in Ohio an Undetermined Factor—Reported That It is Fast Losing Ground as Election Approaches.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 27.—It seems to be the general impression at the headquarters of both the Republican and Democratic State committees that the new People's party in this State is losing ground very fast and unless the disintegration is checked within the next two weeks they will not cut much of a figure at the election this fall.

The leaders of the new movement, however, claim that they are gaining strength every day and that Seitz, their candidate for governor, will receive not less than 75,000 votes, and some of the more enthusiastic leaders place the figures as high as 150,000, although this estimate is certainly wild.

In this fight in Ohio the People's party is the unknown quantity, and both parties are watching it very closely. Whether they have lost ground or not, it is certain that there is not the enthusiasm among the adherents of the party that there was a month ago. In some counties which they claimed they would carry they are hardly heard of now, while in others they are apparently as strong as ever and are forcing the fighting.

The members of the party and particularly their speakers have no use for Sherman or McKinley. Some of them boldly declare that if they can defeat these two men they will have accomplished all they want in this campaign. It is also a noticeable thing that the new party has a very friendly feeling for Gov. Campbell, and in all the speeches of the People's party orators no word is ever said against him.

At the Democratic State headquarters it is claimed that the disintegration of the People's party would inure to the benefit of Campbell. It is also asserted that about 60 per cent. of the discontents who will vote the People's ticket have been Republicans, who will not return to their old party under any circumstances. There are many indications to prove that such is the case.

In Morrow county, which is very close as between the Republicans and Democrats, the People's party exhibited considerable strength about a month ago. The first alliance in Ohio was organized in this county, and that order is quite strong there.

A poll of the county shows that the People's ticket

Will Cast About 150 Votes,

in a total vote of about 1900, when the party expected to have at least 500. It has developed that most of the Alliance men will vote for Campbell, although many of them will vote for their People's county ticket. Miller Purvis, ex-State lecturer of the Alliance and editor of the Alliance Herald, in Morrow county, has always been a strong Republican until this year.

He told THE GLOBE corrrespondent at Columbus the other day that, although he is a People's party man, he was compelled to acknowledge that his party was losing ground in Morrow county and several other localities.

"I do not want to see McKinley elected. He represents all that the Alliance is fighting," said Mr. Purvis, with emphasis. "If I become satisfied that there is a good chance for Campbell, and I can do anything toward beating McKinley, I will turn my paper and personal influence to Campbell before the election. I am satisfied that Campbell will gain in our county. We have a large number of silver Republicans and they are also disgusted with the McKinley tariff."

H. F. Barnes, chairman of the People's party State committee, who has always been a Republican, declares that the new party will draw a much larger percentage from the Republicans than from the Democrats. Mr. Barnes complains bitterly about the action of the Republican State committee in sending spies to Tiffin to watch his movements and to gain what information they can about the strength of the new party. It is said that a short time ago the Cleveland Leader succeeded in getting a tramp printer a job in the office of Mr. Barnes' paper, and he stole a lot of private documents, and they were published in the Leader.

It is undeniable that the Republicans are a good deal more worried about the People's party than the Democrats. In many legislative districts the latter have combined with the People's party on legislative nominations. In Clinton county is presented the rare spectacle of the Democrats, People's partyites and Prohibitionists supporting the same candidate for representative.

The great event in the Ohio campaign will be the joint debate between Campbell and McKinley, which will take place at Ada, Hardin county, on the afternoon of Thursday, Oct. 8. All the railroads in Ohio will run excursion trains, and it will undoubtedly be the largest political gathering ever seen in the State.

Ada is a town of about 3000 inhabitants, chiefly noted as being the seat of one of the largest normal schools in the West. It is in the centre of a rich agricultural region, and Hardin county is one of the closest in the State, neither party having more than 100 majority at any election.

The Proverbial Good Luck

of Gov. Campbell still sticks to him, for he won the choice, and will open and close the discussion. He will speak one hour and five minutes, and McKinley will occupy one hour and a half. Then Campbell will have 25 minutes in closing.

Many of the shrewdest politicians think that this joint debate will have an important bearing on the result of the election, and it will be made a great occasion by both parties. Campbell is a much readier man than McKinley on the rostrum, and his frinds are anticipating that he will have decidedly the best of it.

The fight for the senatorship between Sherman and Foraker is hardly less interesting than the gubernatorial contest. It is by no means improbable that the Democrats and People's party will together control the senatorship, but everybody is looking on at the scramble between the friends of Sherman and Foraker with amused interest. At this time Sherman seems to have a shade the best of his young and ambitious rival. He has the support of the national administration, and is using the official patronage for all it is worth.

For the first time in his political career Mr. Sherman is putting his hand into his pocketbook. It is reported that he has agreed to give $25,000 to the State campaign committee without counting what he spends in his own personal interest in the legislative districts. The Republicans have plenty of money this year, and they are putting it where they think that it will do them the most good. The opening meeting at Niles cost at least $10,000. Special trains were run from everywhere, and there was a free ride for anybody who wanted to attend.

Most of the money thus far has come from the manufacturers in Pennsylvania, who have promised $100,000 to help elect McKinley.

The Democrats will have a fine array of oratorical talent in the State during this contest. The four leading candidates for the speakership of the national House of Representatives have all tendered their services. Mills is here now, and Springer of Illinois is booked for 20 speeches next month. Crisp of Georgia and Bynum of Indiana will also fill a number of appointments. It is the policy of the Democrats to fire off all their great guns during the last two weeks before the election. The State committee think that the Republicans have been too hasty in opening their campaign and that there will be a reaction.

The fight as it stands is a very pretty one, and the claim that McKinley will have 20,000 majority is only a bluff which is having no effect. It is an even race at this time, and if anything the chances are in favor of Campbell succeeding himself.

Abridged History of a Courtship.

[Cincinnati Commercial.]

Met him.

Met him again—in love with him.

Met him again—but no longer in love with him, but he in love with me because I am so beautiful.

Met him again—he is still more in love with me, not only because I am beautiful, but because I am also good. Sorry for him.

Again I met him—he is colder than he was. Think he has forgotten my beauty and my goodness. I, however, am inclined to think that I am in love with him after all. How lucky he is, and how angry mamma will be!

Mamma proved to be strangely pleased. Makes me angry, for I know she was not a good judge of a young girl's heart.

Flirted with him outrageously to make mamma mad—didn't succeed.

Engaged to him—glad.

Married to him—sorry.

Gratifying to All.

The high position attained and the universal acceptance and approval of the pleasant liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs, as the most excellent laxative known, illustrate the value of the qualities on which its success is based and are abundantly gratifying to the California Fig Syrup Company.

HIS STEERAGE TRIP.

Homeward Voyage of a Man "Broke" in London.

He Worked His Passage by Helping the Man Who Made Immigrants Sick.

One Phase of Ocean Travel Not Often Described by Letter-Writers.

[C. H., in Chicago Times.]

I had crossed the ocean on a speculative tour—otherwise a wild-goose chase—and at the end of a few fleeting months I found myself wiser but poorer. As in London I walked in and out among the newspaper offices in the Strand, I realized that I was stranded upon a foreign shore.

Alone and penniless upon the tossing billows of London's humanity. "Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink;" men and women everywhere, but not a soul to turn to. How I longed for a sight of the statue of liberty in New York bay! But how could I manage it?

By one of those queer chances of providential interferences I was thrown into association with a man of influence. I had no idea of pecuniary help unless worked for, but professed my willingness to work my way across the Atlantic. When this gentleman, in the most delicate and almost timid way, said he could manage to obtain permission for me to work my passage across the ocean I eagerly jumped at the chance.

Little did I dream of the 13 days that were ahead of me on the ocean. I turned out a beard so that no chance acquaintance would know me, and, dreaming of some duties as a steward in a gilded saloon, I went to meet my fate.

On board the steamer Italy I was well dressed, and the sailors took me for a cabin passenger. I reported to the purser. Then I was sent to the chief steward. This man had one eye, and was snag-toothed and bow-legged. He looked me over from the top of my tile to my shining shoes, and with a diabolical grin assigned me to the steerage. Still as a lamb to the slaughter I went forward and made the acquaintance of "Jimmy," the steerage steward. Jimmy was an Irishman, and his name was Thompson. I donned an old jacket and cap of Jimmy's and was shown into the after steerage. The place was being renovated, for in the passage over from New York it had been used for cattle.

Never did the baseless fabric of a dream fall with such a dull thud as did mine.

Obeying directions I began to sweep vigorously all by my "lonely" in the dirty place. Presently I was joined by Larry, a Liverpool tough, who was working his way over for the third time, and who informed me that lots of "swag" could be made "out of the d—d Jews." If I did not know how, watch him.

Before time for starting next day we had the place cleaned (?), plank bunks like enlarged pigeon-holes built in the rear, some hammocks swung, and 10 rough plank tables ranged on either side. The forward steerage, reserved for the women, was transformed similarly. Much to his delight my companion, Larry, was assigned to the woman's department.

Then they began to come. Tumbling down the hole came mattresses, blankets, quilts, tin cans, cups and plates, dirty gripsacks, oaths in English, Irish, Italian and Polish. Mixed with the blasphemy came the men, and then ensued a wild rush for the choice bunks. I jumped upon a table as the mob went by, not at all inclined to exert my authority as ship's officer. In the midst of the melee in came "Jimmy" with the brass buttons of his authority.

The Jews and Poles up to this time, by reason of their greater number, being some 300 strong, had secured the bunks and were busy filling them with their bedding. Jimmy knew which side his bread was buttered on. The Jews and Poles never willingly give anything to the steward. What he gets from them is by bulldozing and stealing. Jimmy had two or three bunks planked in.

These he now sold to some respectable English emigrants. Then mustering together all the English and Irish, with the assistance of some of the sailors, who were on the lookout for booty, he, by the way of preliminaries, jumped upon a little black-whiskered Jew, shouting, "You dirty spalpeen! You lice-eaten dog, get out of this!" and grabbing him by the collar, sent him sprawling on the floor, with mattress and tin cans on top of him.

Then began the attack in earnest; the little Jews and Poles went mad and swore, the English and Irish sulking or laughing. The former made a brave resistance until the rocking of the ship brought demoralization into their midst, when their bunks were taken possession of by their victors.

They were taking their first lesson in American politics. "To the victor belongs the spoils." The Jews took possession of the hammocks, put their beds on the floor, under the tables and into every hole and crevice large enough to accommodate them.

It was now growing late and the first gong for supper had sounded. With this Jimmy, Larry and I rushed to the culinary department. We brought back five big cans of beef, five of baked potatoes, five of coffee—and such coffee!—and any quantity of alleged butter.

"Feed 'em all the grease you can," were Jimmy's instructions. "That'll make 'em sick and we won't have so much work to do."

Jimmy went around first with the meat can to show us how. He would dip his dirty paw in, throw the piece of meat down on the table, sometimes hitting the plate, sometimes missing it. But it was all the same to Jimmy; he got there just the same.

Most of the Polish Jews had to do without meat, as their religion forbade them eating any save that which had been prepared by their butcher-priest. But a few of them were nevertheless clamorous for "fleisch, fleisch." I followed Jimmy, ladling coffee out to them. Next we followed with the baked potatoes, grabbing three and four in our hands and slinging them down into the plates and laps of the guests.

It was during this course that one of the non-religious Poles on the other side of the apartment began to clamor for "fleisch." Suddenly Jimmy wheeled, with a big, soft potato in his hand. "Take that, you dirty dog, and be still." The surprised Pole sank into his place, with the potato spattered over his forehead and his hat rolling away to leeward.

There would be an occasional diversion when some late comer or one of the Jews would take his seat at the table among the gentiles. He was hustled out so quick that he never attempted it again.

After the meal was finished began the picnic. By main force, with fists and feet and boards, we had to drive them upon deck until the apartments were cleaned. We scraped all the potato peelings, etc., into cans, threw them overboard, and then scrubbed and sponged the tables.

Many a time I scrubbed these tables with the heat from the boiling water coming up into my face, and, combined with the rocking of the ship, making me so sick that every scrub seemed the last. Luckily I did not become really ill until the second day out.

The first night I was "on watch" from 12 until 3. The vessel was rocking famously, and I walked my rounds, falling up against the bunks and forms in the hammocks. Then other sounds began to strike the ear; sounds which, alas! too soon would find a responsive echo in my own—what shall I say?—stomach. The ocean was receiving involuntary contributions and care and pain sat enthroned upon every visage.

Side by side on the slippery floor sat the gentile and the Jew, all differences of religion and race lost in their common woe.

There is something in race and training, for before the morning was over the Irish and English had struggled on deck to get the benefit of fresh air, while the Poles and Jews lay weltering on the floor.

Then the order came from Jimmy to "steam 'em out." We turned on the hot water and steam and filled the room with it. Then they struggled up, with disheveled hair and beard, with clothes awry, with blanched faces, and wild and staring eyes.

Some of them were assisted to rise by Jimmy's gentle boot, and, looking through the steam like ghosts from a forgotten world, they reached the deck and sank once more into a mass of sentient rags. Some of the sick were like the poor—we had them always with us. There were men of all kinds in the steerage—men who through drink had been brought low, who were seeking the West with new hopes and new resolutions.

There were three Englishmen who bound themselves by solemn oaths never to touch a drop of liquor after setting foot in the new world. One of these, a well-educated and well-dressed man from Liverpool, landed in New York without a penny. He had been a drunkard, squandered his employer's money, and was escaping across the seas.

One poor woman with an only child was crossing to meet her husband; the child sickened and died, and was consigned to the deep.

We had nights of peace, nights of sickness and storm and fog, of song and laughter, of sorrowful retrospection and wild debauchery. We saw the Poles at their religious exercises, with their mystic bands around arms and head, muttering their prayers or chanting their hymns.

Just at dark every night we searched the decks and drove the women down stairs, but sometimes they would escape and be found later, lingering in the arms of love, when the hose would be turned on them and they would slink away to their quarters drenched to the skin.

Scratch, scratch, scratch was the order of the day among the Poles, and glad were we all when Castle Garden separated us, and the United States had a new batch of embryo citizens.

ON IRISH POLITICS.

Michael Davitt Thinks Parnell Will Be Buried.

CHICAGO, Sept. 26.—Michael Davitt, the well-known Irish agitator, arrived in this city this morning, and is staying at the residence of Mr. Alexander Sullivan.

Mr. Davitt is accompanied by his wife and two children.

To an Associated Press reporter Mr. Davitt said that his trip was purely a private one, and had no connection with politics. He said he had no disposition to introduce the unfortunate domestic trouble in Irish politics among his countrymen in America. "We will settle that in Ireland the next general election," said Mr. Davitt, "and when it is settled the settlement will leave Parnell out of Irish politics. I have been invited to speak several times since I came to America, but have deemed it my duty not to accept any such invitations for the reason I have given."

In answer to a question, Mr. Davitt said he would not attend the league convention to be held here next week. He was on his way home, and he and his family being tired, simply broke the journey in Chicago, where he desired to pay his respects to and spend a few days with his esteemed friend, Alexander Sullivan.

Mr. Davitt said he did not believe a single one of Parnell's followers would be elected at the next general election.

Try This When You are in a Hurry.

The novelty in four-in-hand ties, the Oolah knot, has caught all wearers of this popular style of neckwear.

There are many who have struggled with the new knot, which gives a peculiarly natty effect, and those who are able to tie the scarf have been in demand to explain the proper manner of arranging the folds to their less knowing friends.

The knot is a simple one, when you know it, and no one need be afraid to attempt it. Simply tie as an ordinary four-in-hand, but neglect to pull the end through the final over fold.

Instead, draw the first cross fold down, and drawing the end over the final fold, push it through the loop thus formed, draw it into place and there you have it. A little practice will enable the tasty dresser to tie the scarf easily and with good effect.

The knot was first introduced by the well-known Oolah Club, one of the members having discovered it.

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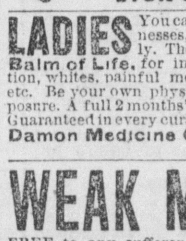
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